THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXXV. — MARCH, 1895. — No. CCCCXLIX.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

PRELUDE.

To Sir Edward Seaforth, Bart., *of Sangley Hope in Derbyshire, and Seaforth House in Hanover Square.*

Dear Ned, — You will have them written, or I shall be pestered to my grave! Is that the voice of a friend of so long standing? And yet it seems but yesterday since we had good hours in Virginia together, or met among the ruins of Quebec, and you gave me back my sword that Bedford, Monro, and yourself honored so in gallant fighting, and they made sacred by their death while using it. My memoirs, — these only will content you? And to flatter or cajole me, you tell me Mr. Pitt still urges on the matter. In truth, when he touched first upon this, I thought it but the courtesy of a great and generous man. But indeed I am proud that he is curious to know more of my long captivity at Quebec, of Monsieur Doltaire and all his dealings with me, and the motions he made to serve La Pompadour on one hand, and, on the other, to win from me that most perfect of ladies, Mademoiselle Alixe Duvarney.

Much that I might write, touching upon large public matters wherein I was an humble instrument to great ends, is of little present moment. Our bright conquest of Quebec is now heroic memory, and honor and fame and reward have been parceled out. So I shall but briefly, in these memoirs (ay, they shall be written, and with a good heart), travel the trail of history, or discourse upon campaigns and sieges, diplomacies and treaties. I shall keep close to my own story; for that, it would seem, yourself and the illustrious minister of the King most wish to hear. Yet you will find figuring in it great men, like our flaming hero General Wolfe, and also General Montcalm, who, I shall ever keep on saying, might have held Quebec against us, had he not been balked by the vain Governor, the Marquis de Vaudreuil; together with such notorious men as the Intendant Bigot, the civil governor of New France, and such noble gentlemen as the Seigneur Duvarney, father of Alixe.

I shall never view again the lofty heights of Quebec, nor the citadel where I was detained so barbarously, nor the gracious Manor House at Beauport, sacred to me because of her who dwelt therein — how long ago, how long! Of all the pictures that flash before my mind when I think over those times, one is most with me: that of the fine guest-room in the Manor House, where I see moving the benign maid who alone can make this story worth the telling. And with one scene therein, and it the most momentous in my life, I shall begin my tale.

I beg you, convey to Mr. Pitt my most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

obedient compliments, and say that I take his polite wish as my command.

With every expression of my regard, I am, dear Ned, affectionately your friend,

ROBERT STOBO.

I.

When Monsieur Doltaire entered the salon, and, dropping lazily into a chair beside Madame Duvarney and her daughter, drawled out, "England's Braddock has gone to heaven, Captain Stobo, and your papers send you there also," I did not shift a jot, but looked over at him gravely, — for, God knows, I was startled, — and I said, "The General is dead?"

I did not dare to ask, Is he defeated? though from Doltaire's look I was sure it was so, and a sickness crept through me, for at the moment that seemed the end of our cause. But I made as if I had not heard his words about my papers.

"Dead as a last year's courtier, shifted from the scene," he replied; "and having little now to do, we 'll go play with the rat in our trap."

I would not have dared look towards Alixe, standing beside her mother then, for the song in my blood was pitched too high, were it not that a little sound broke from her. At that, I glanced, and saw that her face was still and quiet, but her eyes were shining, and her whole body seemed listening. I dared not give my glance meaning, though I wished to do so. She had served me much, had been a good friend to me, since I was brought a hostage to Quebec from Fort Necessity. There, at that little post on the Ohio, France threw down the gauntlet, and gave us the great Seven Years' War. And though it may be thought I speak rashly, the lever to spring that trouble had been within my grasp. Had France sat still while Austria and Prussia quarreled, that long fighting had never been. The game of war had lain with the Grande Marquise, — or La Pompadour, as she was called, — and later it may be seen how I, unwillingly, moved her to set it going.

Answering Monsieur Doltaire, I said stoutly, "I am sure he made a good fight; he had gallant men."

"Truly gallant," he returned, — "your own Virginians" (I bowed); "but he was a blunderer, as were you also, monsieur, or you had not sent him plans of our forts and letters of such candor. They have gone to France, my captain."

Madame Duvarney seemed to stiffen in her chair, for what did this mean but that I was a spy? and the young lady behind them now put her handkerchief to her mouth as if to stop a word. To make light of the charges against myself was the only thing, and yet I had little heart to do so. There was that between Monsieur Doltaire and myself — a matter I shall come to by and by — which well might make me anxious.

"My sketch and my gossip with my friends," said I, "can have little interest in France."

"My faith, the Grande Marquise will find a relish for them," he said pointedly at me. He, the natural son of King Louis, had played the part between La Pompadour and myself in the grave matter of which I spoke. "She loves deciding knotty points of morality," he added.

"She has had chance and will enough," said I boldly, "but what point of morality is here?"

"The most vital — to you," he rejoined, flicking his handkerchief a little, and drawling so that I could have stopped his mouth with my hand. "Shall a hostage on parole make sketches of a fort and send them to his friends, who in turn pass them on to a foolish general?"

"When one party to an Article of War brutally breaks his sworn promise, shall the other be held to his?" I asked quietly.

I was glad that, at this moment, the Seigneur Duvarney entered, for I could

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feel the air now growing colder about Madame his wife. He, at least, was a good friend: but as I glanced at him, I saw his face was troubled and his manner distant. He looked at Monsieur Doltaire a moment steadily, stooped to his wife's hand, and then offered me his own without a word; which done, he went to where his daughter stood. She kissed him, and, as she did so, whispered something in his ear, to which he nodded assent. I knew afterwards that she had asked him to keep me to dinner with them.

Presently turning to Monsieur Doltaire, he said inquiringly, "You have *a squad of men outside my house, Doltaire?*"

Doltaire nodded in a languid way, and answered, "An escort — for Captain Stobo — to the citadel."

I knew now, as he had said, that I was in the trap; that he had begun the long sport which came near to giving me the white shroud of death, as it turned white the hair upon my head ere I was thirty-two. Do I not know, the indignities, the miseries I suffered, I owed mostly to him, and that at the last he nearly robbed England of her greatest pride, the taking of New France? For chance sometimes lets humble men like me balance the scales of fate; and I was humble enough in rank, if in spirit always something above my place.

I was standing as he spoke these words, and I turned to him and said, "Monsieur, I am at your service."

"I have sometimes wished," he said instantly, and with a courteous if ironical gesture, "that you were in my service; that is, the King's."

I bowed as to a compliment, for I would not see the insolence, and I retorted, "Would I could offer you a company in my Virginia regiment!"

"Delightful! delightful!" he rejoined. "I should make as good a Briton as you a Frenchman, every whit."

I suppose he would have kept leading to such silly play, had I not turned to Madame Duvarney and said, "I am most sorry that this mishap falls here; but it is not of my doing, and in colder comfort, madame, I shall recall the good hours spent in your home."

I think I said it with a general courtesy, yet, feeling the eyes of the young lady on me, perhaps a little extra warmth came into my voice, and worked upon Madame, or it may be she was glad of my removal from contact with her daughter; but kindness showed in her face, and she replied gently, "I am sure it is only for a few days till we see you again."

Yet I think in her heart she knew my *life was periled: those were rough and* hasty times, when the axe or the rope was the surest way to deal with troubles. Three years before, at Fort Necessity, I had handed my sword to my lieutenant, bidding him make healthy use of it, and, traveling to Quebec on parole, had come in and out of this house with great freedom. Yet since Alixe had grown towards womanhood there had been strong change in Madame's manner. I was glad to know her husband stayed the same, as indeed, so far as he might, he did through most that came and went.

"The days, however few, will be too long until I tax your courtesy again," I said. "I bid you adieu, madame."

"Nay, not so," spoke up my host. "Not one step: dinner is nearly served, and you must *both* dine with us. Nay, but I insist," he added, as he saw me shake my head. "Monsieur Doltaire will grant you this courtesy, and me the great kindness. Eh, Doltaire?"

Doltaire rose, glancing from Madame to her daughter. Madame was smiling, as if begging his consent; for, profligate though he was, his position, and more than all, his personal distinction, made him a welcome guest at most homes in Quebec. Alixe met his look without a yes or no in her eyes, — so young, yet having such control and wisdom, as I have had reason beyond all men to know.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Something, however, in the temper of the scene had filled her with a kind of glow, which added to her beauty and gave her dignity. The spirit of her look caught the admiration of this expatriated courtier, and I knew that a deeper cause than all our past conflicts — and they were great — would now, or soon, set him fatally against me.

"I shall be happy to wait Captain Stobo's pleasure," he said presently, "and to serve my own by sitting at your table. I was to have dined with the Intendant this afternoon, but a messenger shall tell him duty stays me. . . . If you will excuse me!" he added, going to the door to find a man of his company. He looked back for an instant, as if it struck him I might seek escape, for he believed in no man's truth; but he only said, "I may fetch my men to your kitchen, Duvarney? 'T is raw outside."

"Surely. I shall see they have some comfort," was the reply.

Doltaire then left the room, and Duvarney came to me. "This is a bad business, Stobo," he said sadly. "There is some mistake, is there not?"

I looked him fair in the face. "There is a mistake," I answered. "I am no spy, and I do not fear that I shall lose my life, my honor, or my friends by offensive acts of mine."

He was a man of dignity, and yet great warmth of nature. "I believe you," he said, "as I have believed since you came, though there has been gabble of your doings. I do not forget you bought my life back from those wild Mohawks five years ago. You have my hand in trouble or out of it."

Upon my soul, I could have fallen on his neck, for the blow to our cause and the shadow on my own fate oppressed me for the moment. I had not thought I should ever lack courage before my enemies, however hard my case.

At this point the ladies left the room to make some little toilette before dinner, and as they passed me the sleeve of Alixe's dress touched my arm. I caught her fingers for an instant, and to this day I can feel that warm, rich current of life coursing from finger-tips to heart. She did not look at me at all, but passed on after her mother. Never till that moment had there been any open show of heart between us, though at first in my captivity — I own it to my shame — I had made her a friend chiefly that I might use her kindness some perilous day of escape. But that soon passed, and then I wished her friendship for her own and for my own sake. Also, I had been held back because when I first knew her she seemed but a child. Yet how quickly and how wisely did she grow out of that! She had a playful wit, and her talents were far beyond her years. It amazed me often to hear her sum up a thing in some pregnant sentence which, when you came to think, was the one word to be said. She had such a deep look out of her blue eyes that you scarcely glanced from them to see the warm sweet color of her face, the fair broad forehead, the brown hair, the delicate richness of her lips, which ever were full of humor and of seriousness, — both running together, as you may see a laughing brook steal into the quiet of a river.

Duvarney and I were thus alone for a moment, and he straightway dropped a hand upon my shoulder. "Let me advise you," he said: "be friendly with Doltaire. He has great influence at the Court and elsewhere. He can make your bed hard or soft at the citadel."

I smiled at him, and replied, "I shall sleep no less sound because of Monsieur Doltaire."

"You are bitter in your trouble," said he.

I made haste to answer, "No, no; my own troubles do not weigh so heavy — but our General's death."

"You are a patriot, my friend," he added warmly. "I could well have been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

content with our success against your English army without this deep danger to you, for I cannot count you enemy of mine."

I put out my hand to him, but I did not speak, for just then Doltaire entered. He was smiling at something in his thought.

"The fortunes are with the Intendant always," said he. "When things are at their worst, and the King's storehouse, the dear La Friponne, is to be ripped by our rebel peasants like a sawdust doll, here comes this rich news of our success on the Ohio; and in that Braddock's death the whining beggars will forget their empty bellies, and bless where they meant to curse. What fools, to be sure! They had better loot La Friponne. Lord, how we love fighting, we French! And 't is so much easier to dance, or drink, or love." He stretched out his shapely legs as he sat musing, and talking as if to himself.

Duvarney shrugged a shoulder, smiling. "But you, Doltaire, — there 's no man out of France that fights more."

He lifted an eyebrow. "One must be in the fashion; besides, it does need some skill to fight. The others — to dance, drink, love: blind men's games!"

He smiled cynically into the distance. I never knew a man who had so keen a view of life as he. Indeed, I used to marvel at the pith and depth of his observations; for though I agreed not with him once in ten times, I loved his great reflective cleverness and his fine penetration, singular gifts in a man of action. But then, action to him was a playtime; he had that irresponsibility of the Court from which he came, its scornful endurance of defeat or misery, its flippant look upon the world, its scoundrel view of women. Then he and Duvarney talked, and I sat thinking. Perhaps the passion of a cause grows in you as you suffer for it, and I had suffered, and suffered most by a bitter inaction. Governor Dinwiddie, Washington (alas that, as I write the fragment chapters of my life, among the hills where Montrose my ancestor fought, George leads the colonists against the realm of England!), and the rest were suffering, but they were fighting too. Brought to their knees, they could rise again to battle, and I thought then, How more glorious to be with my gentlemen in blue from Virginia, holding back death from the General, and at last falling myself, than to spend good years a hostage at Quebec, knowing that Canada was for our taking, yet doing nothing to advance the hour! In the thick of these thoughts I was not conscious of what the two were saying, but at last I caught Madame Cournal's name; by which I guessed Monsieur Doltaire was talking of her amours, of which the chief and final was with Bigot the Intendant, to whom the King had given all civil government, all power over commerce and finance in the country. The rivalry between the Governor and the Intendant was keen and vital at this time, though it changed later, as I will show. At her name I looked up and caught Monsieur Doltaire's eye.

He read my thoughts. "You have had gay hours here, monsieur," he said, — "you know the way to probe us; but of all the ladies who could be most useful to you, you left out the greatest. There you erred. I say it as a friend, not as an officer, there you erred. From Madame Cournal to Bigot, from Bigot to Vaudreuil the Governor, from the Governor to France. But now" —

He paused, for Madame Duvarney and her daughter had come, and we all rose.

The ladies had heard enough to know Doltaire's meaning. "But now — Captain Stobo dines with us," said Madame Duvarney quietly and meaningly.

"Yet I dine with Madame Cournal," rejoined Doltaire, smiling.

"One may use more option with enemies and prisoners," she said keenly, and the shot ought to have struck home. In so small a place it was not easy to draw lines close and fine, and it was in the power of the Intendant, backed by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his confederates, to ruin almost any family in the province if he chose; and that he chose at times I knew well, as did my hostess. Yet she was a woman of courage and nobility of thought, and I knew well where her daughter got her high, fine flavor of mind.

I could see something devilish in the smile at Doltaire's lips, but his look was wandering between Alixe and me, and he replied urbanely, "I have ambition yet — to connive at captivity," and then he looked full and meaningly at her.

I can see her now, her hand on the high back of a great oak chair, the lace of her white sleeve falling away, and her soft arm showing, her eyes on his without wavering. They did not drop, nor turn aside; they held straight on, calm, strong — and understanding. By that look I saw she read him; she, who had seen so little of the world, felt what he was, and met his invading interest firmly, yet sadly; for I knew long after that she had then a smother at her heart, foreshadowings of dangers that would try her as few women are tried. Thank God that good women are born with greater souls for trial than men; that, given once an anchor for their hearts, they hold until the cables break.

When we were about to enter the dining-room, I saw, to my joy, Madame incline towards Doltaire, and I knew that Alixe was for myself, — though her mother wished it little, I am sure. As she took my arm, her finger-tips plunged softly into the velvet of my sleeve, giving me a thrill of courage. I felt my spirits rise, and I set myself to carry things off gayly, to have this last hour with her clear of gloom, for it seemed easy to think that we should meet no more.

As we passed into the dining-room, I said, as I had said the first time I went to dinner in her father's house, "Shall we be flippant, or grave?"

I guessed that it would touch her. She raised her eyes to mine and answered, "We are grave; let us seem flippant."

In those days I had a store of spirits. I was seldom dismayed, for life had been such a rough-and-tumble game that I held to cheerfulness and humor as a hillsman to his broadsword, knowing it the greatest of weapons with a foe, and the very stone and mortar of friendship. So we were gay, touching lightly on events around us, laughing at gossip of the doorways (I in my poor French), casting small stones at whatever drew our notice, not forgetting a throw or two at Chateau Bigot, the Intendant's country house at Charlesbourg, five miles away, where many a plot was hatched, reputation soiled, and all clean things dishonored. But she, the sweetest soul France ever gave the world, could not know all I knew, guessing only at heavy carousals, cards, song, and raillery, with far-off hints of feet lighter than fit in cavalry boots dancing among the glasses on the table. I was never before so charmed with her swift intelligence, for I never had great nimbleness of thought, nor power to make nice play with the tongue. My one important gift of mind or manner was a sense of what ought to be said, and what left unsaid, — a thing that stood by me often, though, with my quick temper, I now and then spoke against my judgment.

If, before, I had been a prisoner of France, I was now a prisoner of one who, I prayed, would lock me up in her heart, and let me nevermore be free. From that cheerful prison light would come to warm and brighten the citadel on the Heights, which, like the Bastile, had opened to far more than it had ever sent out again. As I said, until that evening there had never been definite sign between us, and I could not be sure that soft hand-pressure, like a pad of roseleaves, meant more than the pity of a gentle heart; for, welcome among my enemies as I had been because of my gayety in misfortune, I was not vain enough to think I had entrance at the inner gates of any woman's favor.

"You have been three years with us,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suddenly said her father, passing me the wine. "How time has flown! How much has happened!"

"Madame Cournal's husband has made three million francs," said Doltaire, with dry irony and truth.

Duvarney shrugged a shoulder, stiffened; for, oblique as the suggestion was, he did not care to have his daughter hear it.

"And Vaudreuil has sent bees buzzing to Versailles about Bigot and Company," added the impish satirist.

Madame Duvarney responded with a look of interest, and the Seigneur's eyes steadied to his plate. All at once by that I saw the Seigneur had known of the Governor's action, and maybe had counseled with him, siding against Bigot. If that were so, — as it proved to be, — he was in a nest of scorpions, for who among them would spare him, Marin, Cournal, Rigaud, the Intendant himself? I think he felt I understood, for presently he raised his eyes to mine, and although we sent no message in our looks, I knew that there was peril for him also. Such as he were thwarted right and left in this career of knavery and public evils.

"And our people have turned beggars; poor and starved, they beg at the door of the King's storehouse. It is well called La Friponne," said Madame Duvarney, with some heat; for she was ever liberal to the poor, and she had seen manor after manor robbed, and peasant farmers made to sell their corn for a song, to be sold to them again at famine prices at La Friponne. Even now Quebec was full of pilgrim poor begging against the hard winter, and execrating their spoilers.

Doltaire was too fond of digging at the heart of things not to admit she spoke truth.

"La Pompadour et La Friponne!
Qu'est que cela, mon petit homme?"
"Les deux terribles, ma chère mignonne,
Mais, c'est cela —
La Pompadour et La Friponne!"

He said this with cool drollery and point, in the patois of the native, so that he set us all laughing, in spite of our mutual apprehensions.

Then he continued, "And the King has sent a chorus to the play, with eyes for the seesaw, and no will to stop the buzzing; and more, no purse to fill."

We all knew he meant himself, and we knew also that so far as money went he spoke true; that though hand-in-glove with Bigot, he was poor, save for what he made at the gaming-table and got from France. There was what might have clinched me to him, had things been other than they were; for all my life I have loathed the sordid soul, and I would rather, in these my ripe years, eat with a highwayman who takes his life in his hands than with the civilian who robs his king and the king's poor, and has no better trick than false accounts, nor better friend than the pettifogging knave. Doltaire had no burning love for France, and little faith in anything; for he was of those Versailles water-flies who recked not if the world blackened to cinders when their lights went out. As will be seen by and by, he had come here to seek me, and to serve the Grande Marquise.

More speech like this followed, and amid it all, with the flower of the world beside me at this table, I remembered my mother's words before I bade her good-by and set sail from Glasgow for Virginia.

"Keep it in mind, Robert," she said, "that an honest love is the thing to hold you honest with yourself. 'T is to be lived for, and fought for, and died for. Ay, be honest in your loves. Be true."

And there I took an oath, my hand clenched beneath the table, that Alixe should be my wife if better days came; when I was done with citadel and trial and captivity, if that might be.

The evening was well forward when Doltaire, rising from his seat in the drawing-room, bowed to me, and said, "If it pleases you, monsieur?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I rose also, and prepared to go. There was little talk, yet we all kept up a play of cheerfulness. When I came to take the Seigneur's hand, Doltaire was a distance off, talking to Madame. "Stobo," said the Seigneur quickly and quietly, "trials portend for both of us." He nodded towards Doltaire.

"But we shall come safe through," I said.

"Be of good courage, and adieu," he answered, as Doltaire turned towards us.

My last words were to Alixe. The great moment of my life was come. If I could but say one thing to her out of earshot, I would stake all on the hazard. She was standing beside a cabinet, very still, a strange glow in her eyes, a new, fine firmness at the lips. I felt I dared not look as I would. I feared there was no chance now to speak what I would. But I came slowly up the room with her mother. As we did so, Doltaire exclaimed and started to the window, and the Seigneur and Madame followed. A red light was showing on the panes.

I caught Alixe's eye, and held it, coming quickly to her. All backs were on us. I took her hand and pressed it to my lips suddenly. She gave a little gasp, and I saw her bosom heave.

"I am going from prison to prison," I said. "But I leave my loved jailer behind."

She understood. "Your jailer goes also," she answered, with a sad smile.

"I love you! I love you!" I urged.

She was very pale. "Oh, Robert!" she whispered timidly; and then, "I will be brave, I will help you, and I will not forget. God guard you."

That was all, for Doltaire turned to me then and said, "They 've made of La Friponne a torch to light you to the citadel, monsieur."

A moment afterwards we were outside in the keen October air, a squad of soldiers attending, our faces towards the citadel heights. I looked back, doffing my cap. The Seigneur and Madame stood at the door, but my eyes were for a window where stood Alixe. The reflection of the far-off fire bathed the glass, and her face had a glow, the eyes shining through, intent and most serious. Yet how brave she was, for she lifted her handkerchief, shook it a little, and smiled.

As though the salute were meant for him, Doltaire bowed twice impressively, and then we stepped forward, the great fire over against the Heights lighting us and hurrying us on.

We scarcely spoke as we went, though Doltaire hummed now and then the air La Pompadour et La Friponne. As we came nearer I said, "Are you sure it is La Friponne, monsieur?"

"It is not," he said, pointing. "See!"

The sky was full of shaking sparks, and there was a smell of burning grain.

"One of the granaries, then," I added, "not La Friponne itself?"

To this he nodded assent, and we pushed on.

II.

"What fools," said Doltaire presently, "to burn the bread and oven too! If only they were less honest in a world of rogues, poor moles!"

Coming nearer, we saw that La Friponne itself was safe, but one warehouse was doomed and another threatened. The streets were full of people, and thousands of excited peasants, laborers, and sailors were shouting, "Down with the palace! Down with Bigot!"

We came upon the scene at the most critical moment. None of the Governor's soldiers were in sight, but up the Heights we could hear the steady tramp of General Montcalm's infantry as they came on. Where were Bigot's men? There was a handful — one company — drawn up before La Friponne, idly leaning on their muskets, seeing the great granary burn, and watching La Friponne threatened by the mad crowd and the fire. There was not a soldier before the Inten-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dant's palace, not a light in any window.

"What is this weird trick of Bigot's?" said Doltaire, musing.

The Governor, we knew, had been out of the city that day. But where was Bigot? At a word from Doltaire we pushed forward towards the palace, the soldiers keeping me in their midst. We were not a hundred feet from the great steps when two gates suddenly swung open, and a carriage rolled out swiftly and dashed down into the crowd. I recognized the coachman first, Bigot's, an old one-eyed soldier of surpassing nerve, and devoted to his master. The crowd parted right and left. Suddenly the carriage stopped, and Bigot stood up, folding his arms, and glancing round with a disdainful smile, and not speaking a word. He carried a paper in one hand.

Here were at least two thousand armed and unarmed peasants, sick with misery and oppression, in the presence of their undefended tyrant. One shot, one blow of a stone, one stroke of a knife — to the end of a shameless pillage. But no hand was raised to do the deed. The roar of voices subsided, — he waited for it, — and silence was broken only by the crackle of the burning building, the tramp of Montcalm's soldiers in Mountain Street, and the tolling of the cathedral bell. I thought it strange that almost as Bigot came out the wild clanging gave place to a cheerful peal.

After standing for a moment, looking round him, his eye resting on Doltaire and myself (we were but a little distance from him), Bigot said in a loud voice: "What do you want with me? Do you think I may be moved by threats? Do you punish me by burning your own food, which, when the English are at our doors, is your only hope? Fools! How easily could I turn my cannon and my men upon you! You think to frighten me. Who do you think I am? Am I a Bostonnais or an Englishman? You — revolutionists! T'sh! You are wild dogs without a leader. You want one that you can trust; you want no coward, but one who fears you not at your wildest. Well, I will be your leader. I do not fear you, nor do I love you, for how have you deserved my love? By ingratitude and aspersion? Who has the King's favor? François Bigot. Who has the ear of the Grande Marquise? François Bigot. Who stands firm while others tremble lest their power pass to-morrow? François Bigot. Who else dare invite revolution, this danger," — his hand sweeping to the flames, — "who but François Bigot?" He paused for a moment, and looking up to the leader of Montcalm's soldiers on the Heights, waved him back; then he went on: —

"And to-day, when I am ready to give you great news, you play the mad dog's game; you destroy what I had meant to give you in our hour of danger, when those English came. I made you suffer a little, that you might live then. Only to-day, because of our great and glorious victory" — He paused again. The peal of bells became louder. Far up on the Heights we heard the calling of bugles and the beating of drums; and now I saw the whole large plan, the deep dramatic scheme. He had withheld the news of the victory that he might announce it when it would most turn to his own glory. Indeed, having first received the news, he withheld it from the Governor till he could, by himself declaring it, turn it to his own account. Perhaps he had not counted on the burning of the warehouse, but this would tell now in his favor. He was not a large man, but he drew himself up with dignity, and continued in a contemptuous tone: —

"Because of our illustrious victory, I designed to tell you all my plans, and, pitying your trouble, divide among you at the smallest price, that all might pay, the corn which now goes scorching to the stars."

A groan broke from the people, and then some one from the Heights above, not from the crowd, called out shrilly,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What lie is in that paper, François Bigot?"

I looked up, as did the crowd. A woman stood upon a point of the great rock, a red robe hanging on her, her hair free over her shoulders, her finger pointing at the Intendant. Bigot only glanced up, then smoothed out the paper.

"My news will make you fall upon your knees," he said to the people in a clear but less steady voice, for I could see that the woman had disturbed him. "You will get you to prayers for forgiveness. His most Christian Majesty is triumphant upon the Ohio. The English have been killed in thousands, and their General with them. Do you not hear the joy-bells in the Church of Our Lady of the Victories? and more — listen!"

There burst from the Heights on the other side a cannon shot, and then another and another. At this the people gave a loud shout, and many ran to Bigot's carriage, reached in to touch his hand, and called down blessings on him.

"See that you save the other granaries," he urged; "then remember to bless La Friponne in your prayers!"

It was a fine piece of acting, and yet he poured such scorn into the last words that I thought the people must have hated him afresh. But they gave a great cheer instead. Then again from the Heights above came the woman's voice, so piercing that the crowd turned to her.

"François Bigot is a liar and a traitor!" she cried. "Beware of François Bigot! God has cast him out."

Bigot now glanced up, and a dark look came in his face; but presently he turned, and gave a sign to some one near the palace. The doors of the courtyard flew open, and out came squad after squad of soldiers. In a moment, they, with the people, were busy carrying water to pour upon the side of the endangered warehouse. It was well that the wind was with them, else it and the palace also would have been burned that night.

The Intendant still stood in his carriage watching and listening to the cheers of the people. At last he beckoned to Doltaire and to me. We both went over.

"Doltaire, we looked for you at dinner," he said. "Was Captain Stobo" — nodding towards me — "lost among the petticoats? He knows the trick of cup and saucer. Between the sip and click he sucked in secrets from our garrison, — a spy where had been a soldier, as we thought. You once wore a sword, Captain Stobo."

"If the Governor would grant me leave, I would not only wear, but use one, your excellency knows well where," I said.

"Large speaking, Captain Stobo. They do that in Virginia, I am told."

"In Gascony also, your excellency."

Doltaire laughed outright, for it was said that Bigot, in his coltish days, had a shrewish Gascon wife, whom he took leave to send to heaven before her time. I saw the Intendant's mouth twitch angrily.

"Come," he said, "you have a tongue; we 'll see if you have a stomach. You 've languished with the girls; you shall have your chance to drink with François Bigot. Now, if you dare, when we have drunk to the first cockcrow, should you be still on your feet, you 'll fight some one among us, first giving ample cause."

"I hope, your excellency," I replied, with a touch of vanity, "I have still some stomach and a wrist. I will drink to cockcrow, if you will. And if my sword prove the stronger, what?"

"There 's the point," he said. "Your Englishman loves not fighting for fighting's sake, Doltaire; he must have bonbons for it. Well, see: if your sword and stomach prove the stronger, you shall go your ways to where you will. There!"

If I could but have seen a bare portion of the craftiness of this pair of devil's artisans! They both had ends to serve in working ill to me, and neither was content that I should only be shut away in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the citadel. There was a deeper game playing. I give them their due: the trap was skillful, and in those times, with great things at stake, strategy took the place of open fighting here and there. For Bigot I was to be a weapon against another; for Doltaire, against myself.

What a gull they must have thought me! I might have known that, with my lost papers on the way to France, they must hold me tight here till I had been tried, nor permit me to escape. But I was sick of doing nothing, thinking with horror on a long winter in the citadel, and I caught at the least straw of freedom.

"Captain Stobo will like to spend a couple of hours at his lodgings before he joins us at the palace," the Intendant said, and with a nod to me he turned to his coachman. The horses wheeled, and in a moment the great doors opened, and he had passed inside to applause, though here and there among the crowd was heard a hiss, for the Scarlet Woman had made an impression. The Intendant's men essayed to trace these noises, but found no one. Looking again to the Heights, I saw that the woman had gone. Doltaire noted my glance and the inquiry in my face, and he said: —

"Some bad fighting hours with the Intendant at Chateau Bigot, and then a fever, bringing a kind of madness: so the story creeps about, as told by Bigot's enemies."

Just at this point I felt a man hustle me as he passed. One of the soldiers made a thrust at him, and he turned round. I caught his eye, and it flashed something to me. It was Voban the barber, who had shaved me every day for months when I first came, while my arm was stiff from a wound got fighting the French on the Ohio. It was quite a year since I had met him, and I was struck by the change in his face. It had grown much older; its roundness was gone. We had had many a talk together; he helping me with French, I listening to the tales of his early life in France, and to the later tale of a humble love, and the home which he was fitting up for his Mathilde, a peasant girl of much beauty, I was told, but whom I had never seen. I remembered at that moment, as he stood in the crowd looking at me, the piles of linen which he had bought at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and the silver pitcher which his grandfather had got from the Duc de Valois for an act of merit. Many a time we had discussed the pitcher and the deed, and fingered the linen, now talking in French, now in English; for in France, years before, he had been a valet to an English officer at King Louis's court. But my surprise had been great when I learned that this English gentleman was no other than the best friend I ever had, next to my parents and my grandfather. He was bound to Sir John Godric by as strong ties of affection as I. What was more, by a secret letter I had sent to George Washington, who was then as good a Briton as myself, I had been able to have his young brother, a prisoner of war, set free.

Now I felt that he had something to say to me. But he turned away and disappeared among the crowd. I might have had some clue if I had known that he had been crouched behind the Intendant's carriage while I was being bidden to the supper. I did not guess then that there was anything between him and the Scarlet Woman who railed at Bigot.

In a little while I was at my lodgings, soldiers posted at my door and one in my room; Doltaire gone to his own quarters, and promising to call for me within two hours. There was little for me to do but to put in a bag the fewest necessaries, to roll up my heavy cloak, to stow safely my pipes and two goodly packets of tobacco, which were to be my chiefest solace for many a long day, and to write some letters, — one to Governor Dinwiddie, one to George Washington, and one to my partner in Virginia, telling them my fresh misfortunes, and begging them to send me money, which, however useless in my captivity, would be important

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in my fight for life and freedom. I did not write intimately of my state, for I was not sure my letters would ever pass outside Quebec. There were only two men I could trust to do the thing. One was a fellow-countryman, Clark, a ship-carpenter, who, to save his neck and to spare his wife and child, had turned Catholic, but who hated all Frenchmen barbarously at heart, remembering two of his bairns butchered before his eyes. The other was Voban. I knew that though Voban might not act, he would not betray me. But how to reach either of them? It was clear that I must bide my chances.

One other letter I wrote, brief but vital, in which I begged the sweetest girl in the world not to have uneasiness because of me; that I trusted to my star and to my innocence to convince my judges; and begging her, if she could, to send me a line at the citadel. I told her I knew well how hard it would be, for her mother and her father would not now look upon my love with favor. But I trusted all to time and Providence. I said also, as cheerfully, yet as earnestly as I might, that, for her peace, her interest might have been better placed elsewhere, but that I could not bring myself, even for that, to unwish the thousand wishes of my heart. Because the chasm between our countries' amities was great, so much deeper was my love that had bridged it over, and so much the more should it be bulwarked, that in happier times, when maybe St. George's ensign, and not the golden lilies, should float above the citadel, our love might show the way to the mingling of our races to a mutual peace. Now that I think of it, I might have left those last vain things unsaid. But indeed this sort of prophecy was a comfort, and I had ample need to hope for our final triumph in the sorrow of our late bitter mishaps. And as it proved in the end, I was not blowing bubbles to charm a fond eye, but lighting a watchfire for a heart that had to steer for the port of Home upon a stormy sea.

I sealed my letters, put them in my pocket, and sat down to smoke and think while I waited for Doltaire. To the soldier on duty, whom I did not notice at first, I now offered a pipe and a glass of wine, which he accepted rather gruffly, but enjoyed, if I might judge by his devotion to them.

By and by, without any relevancy at all, he said abruptly, "If a little sooner she had come — aho!"

For a moment I could not think what he meant; and then I saw.

"The palace would have been burnt if the girl in scarlet had come sooner — eh?" I asked. "She would have urged the people on?"

"And Bigot burnt, too, maybe," he answered.

"Fire and death — eh?"

I offered him another pipeful of tobacco. He looked doubtful, but accepted.

"Aho! And that Voban, he would have had his hand in," he growled.

I began to see more light.

"She was shut up at Chateau Bigot — hand of iron and lock of steel — who knows the rest! But Voban was for always," he added presently.

The thing was clear. The Scarlet Woman was Mathilde. So here was the end of Voban's little romance, — of the fine linen from Ste. Anne de Beaupré and the silver pitcher for the wedding wine. I saw, or felt, that in Voban I might find now a confederate, if I put my hard case on Bigot's shoulders.

"I can't see why she stayed with Bigot," I said tentatively.

"Aho! Break the dog's leg, it can't go hunting bones — *mais, non!* Holy, how stupid are you English!"

"Why does n't the Intendant lock her up now? She 's dangerous to him. You remember what she said?"

"*Tonnerre*, you shall see to-morrow," he answered; "now all the sheep go bleating with the bell. Bigot — Bigot — Bigot! There is nothing but Bigot! But, pish! Vaudreuil the Governor is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the great man, and Montcalm, aho! son of Mahomet! You shall see. Now they dance to Bigot's whistling; he will lock her safe enough to-morrow — unless some one steps in to help her. Before to-night she never spoke of him before the world — but a poor daft thing, going about all sad and wild. She missed her chance to-night — aho!"

"Why are you not with Montcalm's soldiers?" I asked. "You like him better."

"I was with him, but my time was out, and I left him for Bigot. Pish! I left him for Bigot, for the militia!" He raised his thumb to his nose, and spread out his fingers. Again light dawned on me. He was still with the Governor in all fact, though soldiering for Bigot, — a sort of watch upon the Intendant.

I saw my chance. If I could but induce this fellow to fetch me Voban! There was yet an hour before I was to go to the intendance.

I called up what looks of candor were possible to me, and told him bluntly that I wanted Voban to bear a letter for me to the Seigneur Duvarney's. At that he cocked his ear and shook his bushy head, fiercely stroking his mustaches.

"Aho!" he said.

I knew that I should stake something if I said it was a letter for Mademoiselle Duvarney, but I knew also that if he was still the Governor's man in Bigot's pay he would understand the Seigneur's relations with the Governor. And a woman in the case with a soldier, — that would count for something. So I said it was for her. Besides, I had no other resource but to make a friend among my enemies, if I could, while yet there was a chance. It was like a load lifted from me when I saw his mouth and eyes open wide in a big soundless laugh, which came to an end with a voiceless *aho!* Here I gave him another tumbler of wine. Before he took it, he made a wide mouth at me again, and slapped his leg. After drinking, he said, "*Poom* — what good? They 're going to hang you for a spy."

"That rope 's not ready yet," I answered. "I 'll tie a pretty knot in another string first, I trust."

"Damned if you have n't spirit!" said he. "That Seigneur Duvarney, I know him; and I know his son the ensign — *whung*, what saltpetre is he! And the mademoiselle — excellent, excellent; and a face, such a face, and a seat like leeches in the saddle. And you a British officer mewed up to kick your heels till gallows day! So droll, my dear — aho!"

"But will you fetch Voban?" I said.

"To trim your hair against the supper to-night — eh, like that?"

As he said it he puffed out his red cheeks with wide boylike eyes, burst his lips in another soundless laugh, and laid a finger beside his nose. His marvelous innocence of look and his peasant openness hid, I saw, great shrewdness and intelligence, — an admirable man for Vaudreuil's purpose, as admirable for mine. I knew well that if I had tried to bribe him he would have scouted me, or if I had made a motion for escape he would have shot me without pause. But a lady, — that appealed to him; and that she was the Seigneur Duvarney's daughter did the rest.

"Yes, yes," I said, "one must be well appointed in soul and body when one sups with his Excellency and Monsieur Doltaire."

"Limed inside and chalked outside," he retorted gleefully. "But M'nsieu' Doltaire needs no lime, for he has no soul. No, by the sweet Sainte Héloise! The good God did n't make him. The devil laughed, and that laugh grew into M'nsieu' Doltaire. But brave! — no kicking pulse is in his body."

"You will send for Voban — now?" I asked softly.

He was leaning against the door as he spoke. He reached and put the tumbler on a shelf, then turned and opened the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

door, his face all altered to a grimness. "Attend here, Labrouk!" he called; and on the soldier coming, he blurted out in scorn, "Here 's this English captain can't go to supper without Voban's shears to snip him. Go fetch him, for I 'd rather hear a calf in a barnyard than this whing-whanging for 'M'nsieu' Voban.'"

He mocked my accent in the last two words, so that the soldier grinned, and at once started away. Then he shut the door, and turned to me again, and said more seriously, "How long have we before Monsieur comes?" — meaning Doltaire.

"At least an hour," said I.

"Good," he rejoined, and then he smoked while I sat thinking.

It was near an hour before we heard footsteps outside; then came a knock, and Voban was shown in.

"Quick, monsieur," he said. "M'nsieu' is almost at our heels."

"This letter," said I, "to Mademoiselle Duvarney," and I handed four: hers, and those to Governor Dinwiddie, to George Washington, and to my partner.

He quickly put them in his coat, nodding. The soldier, — I have not yet mentioned his name, — Gabord, did not know that more than one passed into Voban's hands.

"Off with your coat, m'nsieu'," said Voban, whipping out his shears, tossing his cap aside, and rolling down his apron. "M'nsieu' is at the door."

I had off my coat, was in a chair in a twinkling, and he was clipping softly at me as Doltaire's hand turned the handle of the door.

"Beware — to-night!" Voban whispered.

"Come to me in the prison if you can," said I. "Remember your brother!"

His lips twitched. "M'nsieu'," he said, "I will come if I can. And these letters shall be delivered." This he said in my ear as Doltaire entered and came forward.

"Upon my life!" he broke out. "These English gallants! They go to prison curled and musked by Voban. *Voban*, — a name from the court of the King, and it garnishes a barber. Who called you, Voban?"

"My mother, with the curé's help, m'nsieu'."

Doltaire paused, with a pinch of snuff at his nose, and replied lazily, "I did not say 'who called you *Voban?*' Voban, but who called you here, Voban?"

I spoke up testily then of purpose: "What would you have, monsieur? The citadel has better butchers than barbers. I sent for him."

He shrugged his shoulders and came over to Voban. "Turn round, my Voban," he said. "*Voban* — and such a figure! a knee, a back like that!"

Then, while my heart stood still, he put forth a finger and touched the barber on the chest. If he should touch the letters! I was ready to seize them — but would that save them? Twice, thrice, the finger prodded Voban's breast, as if to add an emphasis to his words. "In Quebec you are misplaced, Monsieur le Voban. Once a wasp got into a honeycomb and died."

I knew he was hinting at the barber's resentment of the poor Mathilde's fate. Something strange and devilish leapt into the man's eyes, and he broke out bitterly, "A honey-bee got into a nest of wasps and died."

I thought of the Scarlet Woman on the hill.

Voban looked for a moment as if he might do some wild thing. His spirit, his deviltry, pleased Doltaire, and he laughed. "Who would have thought our Voban had such wit? The trade of barber is double-edged. Razors should be in fashion at Versailles."

Then he sat down, while Voban made a pretty show of touching off my person, and I cheered myself with the thought that the letters were safe in the barber's pocket. A few minutes passed so, in which the pealing of bells, the shouting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the people, the beating of drums, and the calling of bugles came to us clearly.

A half hour afterwards, on our way to the Intendant's palace, we heard the Benedictus chanted in the Church of Our Lady of the Victories as we passed, — hundreds kneeling outside, and responding to the chant sung within: —

"*That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hands of all that hate us.*"

At the corner of a building which we passed, a little away from the crowd, I saw a solitary cloaked figure. The words of the chant, following us, I could hear distinctly: —

"*That we, being delivered out of the hands of our enemies, might serve Him without fear.*"

And then, from the shadowed corner came in a high, melancholy voice the words: —

"*To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace.*"

Looking closer, I saw it was Mathilde. "Aho!" said Gabord's voice behind me.

Doltaire smiled as I turned and begged a moment's time to speak to her.

"To pray with the lost angel and sup with the Intendant, all in one night, — a liberal taste, monsieur; but who shall stay the good Samaritan!"

They stood a little distance away, and I went over to her and said, "Mademoiselle — Mathilde, do you not know me?"

Her abstracted eye fired up, as there ran to her brain some little sprite out of the House of Memory and told her who I was.

"There were two lovers in the world," she said: "the Mother of God forgot them, and the devil came. I am the Scarlet Woman," she went on; "I made this red robe from the curtains of the evil place."

Poor soul! My own trouble seemed then as a speck among the stars to hers. I took her hand and held it, saying again, "Do you not know me? Think, Mathilde!"

I was not sure that she had ever seen me, to know me, but I thought it possible; for, as a hostage, I had been much noticed in Quebec, and Voban had, no doubt, pointed me out to her. Light leapt from her black eye, and then she said, putting her finger on her lips, "Tell all the lovers to hide. I have seen a hundred François Bigots."

I looked at her, saying nothing, — I knew *not* what to say. Presently her eye steadied to mine, and her intellect rallied. "You are a prisoner, too," she said; "but they will not kill you: they will keep you till the ring of fire grows in your head, and then you will make your scarlet robe, and go out, but you will never find It — never. God hid first, and then It hides. . . . It hides, that which you lost — It hides, and you cannot find It again. You go hunting, hunting, but you cannot find It."

My heart was pinched with pain. I understood her. She did not know her lover now at all. If Alixe and her mother at the Manor could but care for her, I thought. But alas! what could I do? It were useless to ask her to go to the Manor; she would not understand.

Perhaps there come to the disordered mind flashes of insight, illuminations and divinations, greater than are given to the sane, for she suddenly said in a whisper, touching me with a nervous finger, "I will go and tell her where to hide. They shall not find her. I know the wood-path to the Manor. Hush! she shall have all I have — except the scarlet robe. She showed me where the May-apples grew. Go." — she pushed me gently away, — "go to your prison, and pray to God. But you cannot kill François Bigot, — he is a devil." Then she thrust into my hands a little wooden cross, which she took from many others at her girdle. "If you wear that, the ring of fire will not grow," she said. "I will go by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wood-path, and give her one, too. She shall live with me: I will spread the cedar branches and stir the fire. She shall be safe. Hush! Go, go softly, for their wicked eyes are everywhere, the were-wolves!" She put her fingers towards my lips for an instant, and then, turning, stole softly away towards the St. Charles River.

Doltaire's mockery brought me back to myself.

"So much for the beads of the addled; now for the bowls of sinful man," he said.

III.

As I entered the Intendant's palace with Doltaire I had a singular feeling of elation. My spirits rose unaccountably, and I felt as though it were a fête night, and the day's duty over, the hour of play was come. A sort of fire seemed suddenly to play along my veins, and I had a rare lightness of heart. I must needs have felt ashamed of it then, and now, were I not sure it was some unbidden operation of the senses. I believe times come when there pass into us feelings which are alien to our will. We think we should feel this way or that, suiting our spirits to events, and lo! where we had thought to mourn we laugh; where thought to burn go cold; dance where thought to drag on heavy weights of life. Here was I with every cue to show myself in heaviness, with shadows behind me and before, sick for my country's sake and for my own, denied the one hostage of my fortune — a sword — lilting it almost in the chief camp of my enemies. Maybe a merciful Spirit sees how, left alone, we should have stumbled and lost ourselves in our own gloom, and so gives us a new temper fitted to our needs. Or is it that when certain great events send out awakenings to the remotest corners of our being, the original perversions in us — the taint of the Satanic and intractable — spring up also, and for a moment disport themselves beside the roused heralds of sleeping virtues? I remember that at the great door I turned back and smiled upon the ruined granary, and sniffed the air laden with the scent of burnt corn — the people's bread; that I saw old men and women who could not be moved by news of victory, shaking with cold, even beside this vast furnace, and peevishly babbling of their hunger, and I did not say, "Poor souls!" that for a time the power to feel my own misfortunes seemed gone, and a hard, light indifference came on me. Can one part of a man's soul grow numb and draw back, and another, not meant for action, but for temptation, creep out and play tricks like an elfish schoolboy? These are things beyond me, for I am, and have ever been, more a man of action and feeling than meditation, and I set them down roughly here only to show it was not my will to act as I did, and past my understanding.

For it is true I entered the Intendant's great dining-hall, and looked upon the long loaded table, with its hundred candles, its flagons and pitchers of wine, and on the faces of so many idle, careless gentlemen bid to a carouse, with a manner, I believe, as reckless and jaunty as their own. And I kept it up, though I saw it was not what they had looked for. I did not at once know who was there, but presently, at a distance from me, I saw the face of Juste Duvarney, the brother of my sweet Alixe, a man of but twenty or so, who had a name for wildness, for no badness that I ever heard of, and for a fiery temper. He was in the service of the Governor, an ensign. He had been little at home since I had come to Quebec, having been employed up to the past year in the service of the Governor of Montreal. We bowed, but he made no motion to come to me, and the Intendant engaged me almost at once in gossip of the town; suddenly, however, diverging upon some questions of public tactics and civic government. He much surprised

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me, for though I knew him brave and able, I had never thought of him save as the adroit politician and servant of the King, the tyrant and the libertine. I might have known by that very scene a few hours before that he had a wide, deep knowledge of human nature, and despised it; unlike Doltaire, who had a keener mind, was more refined even in wickedness, and, knowing the world, laughed at it more than he despised it, which was the sign of the greater mind. And indeed, in spite of all the causes I had to hate Doltaire, it is but just to say he had by nature all the great gifts — misused and disordered as they were. He was the product of his age; having no real moral sense, living life wantonly, making his own law of right or wrong. As a lad, I was taught to think the evil person carried evil in his face, repelling the healthy mind. But long ago I found that this was error. The most beautiful and touching faces I have ever seen were those of men and women who set aside all moral obligations. At times they carried a delicacy and a depth almost pathetic, even when they railed; which was, maybe, knowledge of life. Who shall measure these? I had no reason to admire Doltaire, and yet to this hour his handsome face, with its shadows and shifting lights, haunts me, charms me. The thought came to me as I talked with the Intendant, and I looked round the room. Some present were of coarse calibre, — bushranging sons of seigneurs and petty nobles, dashing and profane, and something barbarous; but most had gifts of person and speech, and all seemed capable.

For myself, for a time I almost forgot my miserable state, and my spirits continued high. I sprang alertly to meet wit and gossip, my mind ran nimbly here and there. I filled the rôle of honored guest. But when came the table and wine, a change befell me. From the first drop I drank, my spirits suffered a decline. On one side the Intendant rallied me, on the other Doltaire. I ate on, drank on; but while smiling by the force of will, I grew graver little by little. Yet it was a gravity which had no apparent motive, for I was not thinking of my troubles, not even of the night's stake and the possible end of it all; simply a sort of gray color of the mind, a stillness in the nerves, a general seriousness of the senses. I drank, and the wine did not affect me, as voices got loud and louder, and glasses rang, and spurs rattled on shuffling heels, and a scabbard clanged on a chair. I seemed to see and know it all from a distance, but I was not touched by the spirit of it, was not a part of it. I watched the reddened cheeks and loose scorching mouths around me with a sort of distant curiosity, and the ribald jests flung right and left struck me not at all acutely. It was as if I were reading a Book of Bacchus. I drank on evenly, not doggedly, and answered jest for jest without a hot breath of drunkenness. I looked several times at Juste Duvarney, who sat not far away, on the other side of the table, behind a grand piece of silver filled with October roses. He was drinking hard, and Doltaire, sitting beside him, kept him at it. At last the silver piece was shifted, and he and I could see each other fairly. Now and then Doltaire spoke across to me, but somehow no word passed between Duvarney and myself.

Suddenly, as if by magic — I know it was preconcerted — the talk turned on the events of the evening and on the defeat of the British. Then, too, as strangely I began to be myself again, and a sense of my position grew upon me. I had been withdrawn from all real feeling and living for hours, but I believe that same suspension was my salvation. For with every man present deeply gone in liquor round me — every man save Doltaire — I was sane and steady, and settling into a state of great alertness, determined on escape, if that could be, and bent on turning every chance to serve my cause.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now and again I caught my own name mentioned with a sneer, then with remarks of surprise, then with insolent laughter. I saw it all. Before dinner some had been made aware of the new charge against me, and, by instruction, had kept it till the inflammable moment. Then, when the why and wherefore of my being at this supper were in the hazard, the stake, as a wicked jest of Bigot's, was mentioned. I could see the flame grow inch by inch, fed by the Intendant and Doltaire, whose hateful final move I was yet to see. For one instant I had a sort of fear, for I was sure they meant I should not leave the room alive; but anon I grew angry, and I felt a river of fire flow through me, rousing me, making me loathe the faces of them all. Yet not all, for in one now most pale, with dark, brilliant eyes, I saw the looks of my flower of the world: the color of her hair in his, the clearness of the brow, the poise of the head, — how handsome he was! — the light springing step, like a deer on the sod of June. I mind when I first saw him. He was sitting in a window of the Manor, just after he had come from Montreal, playing a violin which had once belonged to De Casson, the famous priest whose athletic power and sweet spirit endeared him to New France. His fresh cheek was bent to the brown, delicate wood, and he was playing to his sister the air of the undying chanson, "Je vais mourir pour ma belle reine." I loved the look of his face, like that of a young Apollo, open, sweet, and bold, all his body having the epic strength of life. I wished that I might have him near me as a comrade, for out of my hard experience I could teach him much, and out of his youth he could soften my blunt nature, by comradeship making flexuous the hard and ungenial.

I went on talking to the Intendant, while some of the guests rose and scattered about the rooms, at tables, to play picquet, the jesting on our cause and the scorn of myself abating not at all. I would not have it thought that anything was openly coarse or brutal; it was all by innuendo, and brow-lifting, and maddening, allusive phrases such as it is thought fit for gentlefolk to use instead of open charge. There was insult in a smile, contempt in the turn of a shoulder, challenge in the flicking of a handkerchief. With great pleasure I could have wrung their noses one by one, and afterwards have met them tossing sword-points in the same order. I wonder now that I did not tell them so, for I was ever hasty; but my brain was clear that night, and I held myself in proper check, letting each move come from my enemies. There was no reason why I should have been at this wild feast at all, I a prisoner, accused falsely of being a spy, save because of some plot by which I was to have fresh suffering and some one else be benefited, — though how that could be I could not guess at first.

But the reason came soon enough, and then I understood everything. I had a name, not undeserved, for being an expert swordsman; and Bigot and Doltaire knew this well, for I had proved it once since coming to Quebec, with the most noted bully and swordsman of New France, who had given me offense in the presence of some ladies. The Governor winked then at a hostage of war being granted a sword for dueling, and he would no doubt wink again, if I lived to see it. While these thoughts were passing through my mind, I heard a young gentleman say to Duvarney over my shoulder: —

"Eating comfits and holding yarn, — that was his doing at your manor when Doltaire came hunting him."

"He has dined at your table, Lancy," broke out Duvarney hotly.

"But never with our ladies," was the biting answer.

"Should prisoners make conditions?" was the sharp, insolent retort.

The insult was conspicuous, and trouble might have followed, but that Doltaire came between them, shifting the attack.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Prisoners, my dear Duvarney," he said, "are most delicate and exacting; they must be fed on wine and milk, they must have the wild honey. I would I were a prisoner. It is an easy life, and hearts grow soft for them. As thus — Indeed, it is most sad: so young and gallant; in speech, too, so confiding! And if we babble all our doings to him, think you he takes it seriously? No, no, — so gay and thoughtless, there is a thoroughfare from ear to ear, and all 's lost on the other side. Poor simple gentleman, he is a claimant on our courtesy, a knight without a sword, a guest without the *power to leave us — he shall make conditions*, he shall have his caprice. La, la! my dear Duvarney and my Lancy!"

He spoke in a clear, provoking tone, putting a hand upon the shoulder of each young gentleman as he talked, his eyes wandering over me idly, and beyond me. I saw that he was now sharpening the sickle to his office. His next words made this more plain to me: —

"And if a lady gives a farewell sign to one she favors for the moment, shall not the prisoner take it as his own? The peacock cries for every eye — who shall gainsay the peacock? Shall the guinea cock? The golden crumb was thrown to the guinea cock, but that 's no matter. The peacock clatters of the crumb — and ambles to spread his tails elsewhere." At that he spoke an instant in Duvarney's ear. I saw the lad's face flush, and he looked at me angrily.

Then I knew his object: to provoke a quarrel between this young gentleman and myself, which might lead to evil ends; and the Intendant's share in the conspiracy was to revenge himself upon the Seigneur for his close friendship with the Governor. If Juste Duvarney were killed in the duel which they foresaw, so far as Doltaire was concerned I was out of the counting in the young lady's sight. In any case my life was of no consequence, for that was already determined on, I was sure. Yet it seemed strange that Doltaire should wish me dead, for he had reasons for keeping me alive, as will be seen. Why he himself did not choose to fight me I know not, save that he thought this the more delicate and entertaining revenge.

Juste Duvarney liked me once, I knew, but still he had the Frenchman's temper, and had always to argue down his bias against my race, and to cherish a good heart towards me; for he was young, and most sensitive to the opinions of his comrades. I cannot tell you what misery possessed me when I saw him leave Doltaire, and, coming to me as I stood alone *by the chair where the Intendant had* been sitting a moment before, say, —

"What secrets found you at our seigneury, monsieur?"

I understood the taunt, — as though I were the common interrogation mark, the abuser of hospitality, the abominable Paul Pry. But I held my wits together.

"Monsieur," said I, "I found the secret of all good life: a noble kindness to the unfortunate."

There was at that a laugh from some, led by Doltaire, a concerted influence on the young gentleman. I cursed myself that I had been snared to this trap.

"The insolent," said Duvarney, "not the unfortunate."

"Insolence is no crime, at least," I answered quietly, "or this room were a penitentiary."

There was a moment's pause, and presently, as I kept my eye on him, he raised his handkerchief and flicked me across the face with it, saying, "Then this will be a virtue, and you may have more such virtues as often as you will."

In spite of will, my blood pounded in my veins, and a devilish anger took hold of me for an instant. To be struck across the face by a beardless Frenchman, scarce past his teens, — it shook me more than now I care to own. Yet I may easily be forgiven, for the wrongs which I suffered afterwards. I felt my cheek burn, my teeth clinched, and I know a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kind of snarl came from me; but again, all in a moment, I caught a turn of his head, a motion of the hand, which brought back Alixe to me. Anger died away, and I saw only a youth flushed with wine, stung by suggestions, with that foolish pride the youngster feels — and he was the youngest of them all — in being as good a man as the best, and as daring as the worst. I felt how useless it would be to try the straightening of matters there, though had we two been alone a dozen words would have been enough. But to try was my duty, and I tried with all my might; almost, for Alixe's sake, with all my heart.

"Do not trouble to illustrate your meaning," said I quietly. "Your phrases are clear and to the point."

"You bolt from my words," he retorted, "like a shy mare on the curb; you take insult like a donkey on a well-wheel. What fly will the English fish rise to? Now it no more plays to my hook than an August chub."

I could not help but admire his spirit and the sharpness of his speech, though it drew me into a deeper quandary. It was clear that he would not be tempered to friendliness; for, as is often so, when men have said things angrily, their eloquence feeds their passion, and convinces them that they are almost holy in their cause. Calmly, but with a most heavy heart, I answered: —

"I wish not to find offense in your words, my friend, for in some good days gone you and I had pleasant commerce, and I cannot forget that the last hours of a light imprisonment before I entered on a dark one were spent in your father's home, at the right hand of the brave Seigneur whose life I once saved."

I am sure I should not have mentioned this in any other situation, — it seemed as if I were throwing myself on his mercy; but yet I felt it was the only thing to do, — that I must bridge this affair, if at cost of some reputation.

It was not to be. Here Doltaire, seeing that my words had indeed affected my opponent, said: "A double retreat! He swore to give a challenge to-night, and he cries off like a sheep from a porcupine; his courage is so slack, he dares not move a step to his liberty. It was a bet, a hazard. He was to drink glass for glass with any and all of us, and fight sword for sword with any of us who gave him cause. Having drunk his courage to death, he'd now browse at the feet of those who give him chance to win his stake."

His words came slowly and bitingly, yet with an air of damnable nonchalance. I looked round me. Every man present was full-sprung with wine; and a distance away, a gentleman on either side of him, stood the Intendant, smiling detestably, a keen, houndlike look shooting out of his small round eyes.

I had had enough; I could bear no more. To be baited like a bear by these Frenchmen, — it was aloes in my teeth. I was not sorry, I think, that these words of Juste Duvarney's gave me no chance of escape from fighting; though I would it had been any other man in the room than he. It was on my tongue to say that if some gentleman would take up his quarrel I should be glad to drive mine home, though for reasons I cared not myself to fight Duvarney. But I did not, for I knew that to carry that point farther might rouse a general thought of Alixe, and I had no wish to make matters hard for her. Everything in its own good time, and when I should be free! So, without more ado, I said to him: —

"Monsieur, the quarrel was of your choosing, not mine. There was no need for strife between us, and you have more to lose than I: more friends, more years of life, more hopes. I have avoided your bait, as you call it, for your sake, not mine own. Now I take it, and you, monsieur, show us what sort of fisherman you are."

All was arranged in a moment. As we turned to pass from the room to the courtyard, I noted that Bigot was gone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When we came outside, it was just one, as I could tell by a clock striking in a chamber near. It was cold, and some of the company shivered as we stepped upon the white, frosty stones. The October air bit the cheek, though now and then a warm, pungent current passed across the courtyard — the breath from the people's burnt corn. Even yet upon the sky was the reflection of the fire; and distant sounds of singing, shouting, and carousal came to us from the Lower Town.

We stepped to a corner of the yard and took off our coats; swords were handed us, — both excellent, for we had had our choice of many. It was partial moonlight, but there were flitting clouds. That we should have light, however, pine torches had been brought, and these were stuck in the wall. My back was to the outer wall of the courtyard, and I saw Bigot at a window of the palace looking down at us. Doltaire stood a little way off from the rest of us, below, yet where he could see us to advantage. Before we engaged, I looked intently into my opponent's face, and measured him carefully with my eye, that I might have his height and figure explicit and exact; for I know how moonlight and fire distort, how the eye may be deceived. I looked for every button; for the spot in his lean, healthy body where I could disable him, spit him, and yet not kill him, — for this was the thing furthest from my wishes, God knows. Now the deadly character of the event seemed to impress him, for he was pale, and the liquor he had drunk had given him dark hollows round the eyes, and a gray shining sweat was on his cheek. But his eyes themselves were fiery and keen to a degree, and there was reckless daring in every turn of his body.

I was not long in finding his quality, for he came at me violently from the start, and I had chance to know his strength and weakness also. His hand was quick, his sight clear and sure, his knowledge to a certain point most definite and practical, his mastery of the sword delightful; but he had little imagination, he did not divine, he was merely a brilliant performer, he did not conceive. I saw that if I put him on the defensive I should have him at advantage, for he had not that art of the true swordsman, the prescient quality which foretells the opponent's action and stands prepared. There I had him at fatal advantage, — could, I felt, give him last reward of insult at my pleasure. Yet a lust of fighting got into me, and it was difficult to hold myself in check at all, nor was it easy to meet his breathless and adroit advances. Then, too, remarks from the bystanders worked me up to a deep sort of anger, and I could feel Doltaire looking at me with that still, cold face of his, an ironical smile at his lips. Now and then, too, a ribald jest came from some young roisterer near, and the fact that I stood alone among sneering enemies wound me up to something like hate, to a point where pride was more active than aught else. I began to press him a little, and I pricked him once, and then a singular feeling possessed me. I would bring this to an end when I had counted ten; I would strike home when I said "ten."

So I began, and I was not aware then that I was counting aloud. "One — two — three!" It was weird to the onlookers, for the yard grew still, and you could hear nothing but maybe a shifting foot or a hard breathing. "Four — five — six!" There was a tenseness in the air, and Juste Duvarney, as if he felt a menace in the words, seemed to lose all sense of wariness, and came at me lunging, lunging with great swiftness and heat. At first I had meant to wound him slightly, not fatally, but now I was incensed, and he must take what fortune might send; you cannot guide your sword where it will do the least harm when you fight as did we.

I had lost blood, and the game could go on no longer. "Eight!" I pressed him sharply now. "Nine!" I was preparing for the trick which would end the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matter, when I slipped on the frosty stones, now glazed with our tramping back and forth, and, trying to recover myself, left my side open to his sword. It came home, though I partly diverted it. I was forced to my knees, but there, mad, unpardonable youth, he made another furious lunge at me. I threw myself back, deftly avoided the lunge, and he came plump on my sword, gave a long gasp, and sank down. At that moment the doors of the courtyard opened, and men stepped inside, one coming quickly forward before the rest. It was the Governor, the Marquis de Vaudreuil. He spoke, but what he said I knew not, for the stark upturned face of Juste Duvarney was there before me, there was a great buzzing in my ears, and I fell back into darkness.

Gilbert Parker.

THE SECRET OF THE ROMAN ORACLES.

Archæologists of the old school believe — and we are inclined to believe with them — that the present generation has carried rather too far the *furore* for archaic art. As a classic musician is lowered in his own estimation if his performance is understood by a general public, so the lecturer on ancient art, ambitious to be considered "one of the elect," must confine himself to the very remotest period of Greek plastic art, when the modeling of the human form was still in its rudimentary stage. Professional scholars who are in this frame of mind can remain indifferent, and even cold, before productions of a highly developed age, but go into ecstasies at the sight of a torso shaped like the trunk of a tree, or of a head whose eyes bend inwards at an angle of thirty-five degrees. They go much further than the Preraphaelites, and that is saying a good deal.

An exaggerated temper of this kind has led students to show, possibly to feel, a decided contempt for Greco-Roman art of the first and second centuries of our era. Rome has been avoided as if it were a place hardly worth wasting one's time upon, much less seriously studying. "Rome was born too late for us," said a dear American friend once, on his way from Council Bluffs to Athens; and he stands by no means alone in the expression of such feelings. We feared at one time that our case was lost forever. Three or four centuries of Roman history had been wiped from the pages of text-books; and those who still had a spark of faith in old traditions were denounced by Ihne as "perverted by an obstinate historical conservatism, very much akin to superstition."

How slow the reaction against this unjust proscription has been in coming! But it has come at last; students begin to perceive that there are other periods in the history of art worthy their attention, besides the Dædalian infancy of plastic works; that the archaic must be taken as a starting-point, not as defining the limit of their studies; that the evolution of Greek sculpture into various styles and schools can be followed nowhere so advantageously as in Rome, by means of the copies chiseled, cast, or painted in imperial times; that if Greek art is divinely ideal, the Romans understood better how to apply its many productions to the necessities and comforts of life; that Rome, in short, is the best centre for the study of practical archæology.

In a paper on The Methods of Archæological Research, read by Sir Henry Howorth, July 24, 1894, at the Shrewsbury meeting of the Royal Archæological

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Institute, I find these words, which I submit for the consideration of American students : —

" We can scarcely realize that hardly a generation has gone since, at the British Museum, it was the fashion to admit only classical antiquities as worthy of collection, and that the priceless treasures dug up by Faussett and Rolfe were treated as rubbish, unworthy of a place in that sanctuary of the arts, and had to seek a home in a provincial museum. Fifty years ago, a man who had devoted his time, his purse, and his knowledge to creating a worthy department of British antiquities would not have been rewarded with the Order of the Bath, but would have been treated by the students of so-called high art as a barbarian and a Philistine, fit only to consort with people like you and me. We have changed all this, but its mischievous results still remain. If we go to the British Museum, we shall find the noblest collection of Greek art in the world. Taken altogether, it is quite unapproachable, thanks to the labors, the zeal, and the taste of many good men, and notably of the late and the present curators of that department. But when we turn to Rome, — Rome, the mother of modern Europe ; Rome, the Britain of old days, the great type of practical good sense in government ; the Rome whose roads and bridges, whose colonies and towns, whose laws and municipal institutions, are only rivaled by our own, and which ruled the world for a thousand years and more, — where are we to look for an adequate picture of the life her citizens led, and of the vast colonial dependencies she controlled ? We have a few busts, we have a room devoted to the antiquities of Roman Britain, and then we find the mistress of many legions, and mother of us all, treated everywhere as a sort of Cinderella to her favored sister of Greece, — a mere outhouse and barn attached to a Greek palace. Our contention is that there ought to be in our great museum, if not a special department of Roman antiquities, at least special rooms devoted to them, worthy of the fame of Rome, and of its importance in human history. For many of us who love art, but also love history, it is quite as important to know what were the surroundings of Tiberius and of Marcus Aurelius as of Pericles and Alexander the Great."

I fell to thinking over these things, apropos of a discovery lately made at Terracina which throws light on the ancient oracles. Having occasion to refer to Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, to ascertain whether Jupiter Anxur, worshiped at Terracina, had been given a place among the oracular divinities, I found thirty columns given up to the illustration of the Greek oracles, and barely *one* to that of the Roman.[1] And yet if we wish to make ourselves acquainted with the organization, structure, and management of these world-renowned sanctuaries, not by reading texts alone, but by personal examination ; if we wish to discover the secret of those organized impostures, there is no place so abundant as Italy — nay, as the neighborhood of Rome — in existing remains, ready to tell us how responses were given.

The most popular mode of divination in central Italy was the drawing of lots, or *sortes*. The sortes were little counters, made of bone or wood, inscribed with a sentence, and kept in a kind of dice-box. A boy would draw one at random, and the words written on it would be taken as a response or omen. Livy relates that in 218 B. C. one of the lots kept for use in the temple of Falerii leapt out of its own accord. It bore the words *Mavors telum suum concutit* (" Mars shakes his javelin "), which were taken as a warning of the advance of Hannibal by Lake Trasimene. Another device practiced in times of public calamities was the substitution of smaller sortes for those generally in use. This alleged miracle

[1] Vol. ii. pp. 277–92. Third edition. 1891.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was called *attenuatio sortium*, and its awe-inspiring omen was averted, or supposed to be averted, by the celebration of the *lectisternium*.

A considerable number of sortes were discovered in the sixteenth century in the Euganean Hills, near the Bagni di Abano, the ancient Fons Aponi. Here was an oracle called the oracle of Geryon, because it was connected with the tenth labor of Hercules; with the capture, that is, of Geryon's oxen, and the driving of the herd from Spain to Greece. The oracle was consulted by Tiberius at the beginning of his campaign in Illyricum: the words which he drew by lot told him to throw golden dice into the spring. Suetonius says that in doing so he turned up the highest possible numbers (sixes), and that the gold dice could still be seen under water in Hadrian's time. The Abano counters registered in Corpus Inscr. Latin., vol. i. nos. 1438–1454, are seventeen in number, and contain about fifteen syllables each. There is very little common sense in them; at all events, they are altogether enigmatical. For instance: (No. 1452.) "Do you come to consult me, after you have lost all hopes?" (No. 1450.) "Now you come to consult me? The time is past." (No. 1445.) "Many men are mendacious. Do not believe them."

Sortes were not always drawn by a boy. To avoid the least suspicion of foul play, they were sometimes thrown into a *situla*, or urn, filled with water; and when this was poured out, the lot which first appeared floating on it was decisive.

This childish and innocent kind of divination was given up towards the end of republican times, except at Prænestе (Palestrina), and new methods were devised by the keepers of oracles to satisfy the curiosity of their clients.

The number of these clients must have been enormous, to judge from the size, magnificence, and wealth attained by Roman oracular sanctuaries in the first century of our era. Let us remember that Tivoli, a straggling city of 10,297 inhabitants, is built almost entirely within the inclosure of the sanctuary of Hercules, and that 6129 Palestrinians dwell comfortably in a portion of the sanctuary of Fortuna Primigenia Prænestina. This structure covers 1,700,000 square feet on the slope of Monte S. Pietro; the frontage of the tower terrace is 1500 feet; the pinnacle of the rotunda rises to the height of 420 feet above the same terrace.

The temple of Hercules Victor at Tivoli was but little inferior in magnitude. The length of the structure, which includes porticos, libraries, theatre, basilicas, covered ways, stairs, gardens, dwellings of priests, etc., is exactly 2000 feet; the area, 800,000 square feet. These figures convey only the idea of size; they give no idea of the elegance and artistic wealth which made such places serve for museums of statuary, picture-galleries, record-offices for the history of the Roman world, and exhibition places for curiosities of every description.

The responses of the oracular god Hercules were given not only in his sanctuary at Tibur, but also in his more modest Roman temple by the Circus Flaminius; and while we remain uncertain just how the trick was done at Tibur, the secret of the Roman shrine was found out in 1864. On August 8 of that year, the masons Antonio Cancedova and Luigi Andreani discovered in that portion of Pompey's Theatre now occupied by the Palazzo Pio (Righetti, piazza del Biscione, 95) a sort of huge coffin, built of stones and covered with slabs of marble, at the bottom of which was lying the colossal gilt-bronze statue of Hercules, which the discoverer presented to Pope Pius IX. It has since been given a place of honor in the rotunda of the Vatican. Since this Hercules was the protecting god of riders and charioteers, his temples are always found close to Roman circuses. The one connected with the Circus Flaminius was placed under the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

protection of *Hercules Magnus;* the one connected with the Circus Maximus was dedicated to *Hercules Victor*. It was natural that riders and charioteers, with their backers and bookmakers, should be anxious to know what their chances were on the coming of great race-days. The oracle was close by, and the priest only too ready to cater to their demands. The responses were given in the following clumsy way. In the back of the head of the statue there was a hole, thirty-eight centimetres in diameter, through which a full-grown youth could easily make his way into the body of the colossus. The experiment was actually tried by a boy named Pietro Roega, in November, 1864, in the presence of Commendatore Tenerani, Visconti, Grifi, and other personages, and the sound of the boy's voice, in answer to the questions addressed to him, was very impressive, and almost supernatural in its suggestion.

The same system of giving responses by word of mouth was practiced in the oracle of Valpantena. This oracle, in spite of its typical importance, is little known to students, and I think it has been examined archæologically twice only: about 1740, by Scipione Maffei, who describes it in his Verona Illustrata, and in 1819, by Antonio Bresciani, who calls it *una delle cose rarissime d' Italia*.

At the entrance to the Valpantena, north of Verona, there is a church of Santa Maria delle Stelle, built on a spur of the Monte di Mizzole, and surrounded by wild and impressive scenery. It appears that when the Euganeans were driven towards the Alps and the Lago di Garda by the Heneti, or Veneti, and settled in the district which still bears their name, the spur of Santa Maria delle Stelle was selected as the seat and centre of their mysterious worship, where prophetic responses were given in the name of one of their gods.

If we can believe the description by Bresciani, the pilgrim wishing to penetrate the *Antrum Sortium* (the Cave of Responses) was made to follow a passage only four feet high and one and a half wide, cut in the living rock. Before he had proceeded far into the depths of the mountain he was arrested by a sort of wail or lamentation, as if some one were dying of asphyxia; and indeed, the want of air, the narrowness of the passage, and the deadly loneliness of the place gave to the pilgrim himself a feeling of suffocation. At a turn of the passage the feeble groans suddenly changed into a thundering noise, as if a hundred lions were roaring at the same time, or as if a hundred bulls were being slain on the subterranean altar of the god. Both effects were produced by the sound of a waterfall which indistinctly strikes the ear in the first arm of the corridor, and becomes deafening as soon as one enters the second and more direct passage. In this excited and terrorized frame of mind the oracle-seeker was introduced into the cave. Bresciani says that the acoustic properties of the cave are such that even the low tones of the human voice have a strange and mysterious effect. A square opening in the ceiling, like a chimney pipe, communicates with a recess where one or more priests could hide themselves and give their responses to the applicant below. The oracle of Valpantena was connected with a temple, turned afterwards into a church (the crypt of the present one) in the time of Pope Honorius II.

But the most recent and most curious discovery bearing on this subject of oracular practice was made at Terracina early in 1894. Terracina, or Tarracina, founded by the Volscians, who called it Anxur, colonized by the Romans B. C. 329, owed its reputation, first, to its being the most important station of the Appian Way, halfway between Rome and Capua; secondly, to its sanctuary of Jupiter Anxur, or Anxurus, which is mentioned more than once by classic writers, although its exact location was until recently a matter of dispute.

Livy (xxviii. 11, and xl. 45) relates

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the temple was struck by lightning in the years 548 and 575. It has been inferred from this statement that the structure must have occupied a commanding and exposed position, a fact confirmed by Virgil (Æneid vii. 799), who says that it could be seen for many miles around, as far as Ardea and the banks of the Numicius. There is a promontory at Terracina, the Monte Sant' Angelo, a noted landmark for coasting-vessels, which rises abruptly from the sea to the height of 610 feet, and although the ruins by which the promontory is crowned bore the false name of Palazzo di Teodorico, local archæologists had pointed it out as a possible or probable site of the sanctuary of Jupiter. No better or more prominent location could have been selected on the whole coast between Monte Argentaro and Gaeta, with the exception, perhaps, of the sacred island of Circe, which was crowned in its turn by monuments of prehistoric ages.

Both Greeks and Romans had an eye for beauty in their edifices, as well as a keen discrimination in the selection of sites. The greater part of the headlands of Peloponnesus, Attica, Ionia, of the Ægean islands, of the western coast of Italy, of Magna Græcia and Sicily, were covered with temples, or trophies, or tombs of heroes. These structures of shining marble, backed by masses of evergreens, seen under the play of light and shade, sometimes among the clouds and flashes of lightning, sometimes tinted by the rays of the setting sun or by the opal dawn of Aurora, must have given to those coasts a type of marvelous beauty. "The mainland of those days appeared to the eyes of the weather-beaten sailor like the image of Cybele, who, crowned with towers and sitting on her rocky throne by the shore, ordered her son Neptune to make smooth the way to the harbor." [1]

The discovery to which I refer was due, like so many others, to chance. A treasure-hunter, Luigi Antonio Capponi, having been led to believe that gold coins in considerable number were buried among the ruins of Monte Sant' Angelo, was caught in the act of digging at the southwest corner of what proved afterwards to be the temple of the god Anxur. The city engineer saw at once the importance of what Capponi had uncovered, and with the pecuniary help of the municipality and of the state was able to undertake regular excavations.

The temple, 33.50 metres long, 19.70 metres wide, faces due south, and is built in the Corinthian order, with columns of alabaster from Monte Circeo. There are remains of the altar on which the statue of the god was placed; of the steps leading from the sacred area to the temple; of the frieze, ornamented with heads of lions; there are also fragments of statuary. The temple was undoubtedly destroyed in or about the year 426, after the promulgation of the edict of Theodosius for the suppression of pagan places of worship. The ruin of the beautiful structure was caused by fire, as shown by a layer of coals, ashes, and calcinated stones above the pavements. The statues were broken in pieces, and the fragments thrown into the burning ruin. One of the *favissæ*, containing votive offerings to the god, has been found uninjured by fire.

To understand the meaning and importance of these extraordinary votive objects, we must remember that the national Volscian god Anxur was represented as in the prime of youth: therefore, when in course of time Anxur was Romanized, the title of "Jupiter puer" became his special attribute. A pedestal inscribed "Iovi puero" was seen at Terracina by Schott in 1624, and the image of the god on the *denarii* of the *gens* Vibia is decidedly youthful in appearance. No wonder, then, that votive offerings to Jupiter Anxur should take the shape of *crepundia*, or childish playthings. The objects are cast in lead from a mould, so that there are several reproductions of

[1] Chateaubriand, Itinéraire, p. 118.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the same toy. There is a complete set of furniture for a tiny dining-room, comprising a three-legged table (*mensa tripes*), an easy-chair (*cathedra supina*), a sideboard (*repositorium*), a candlestick (*ceriolarium*), a waiter carrying a tray (*puer dapifer*), a pair of dancing-slippers (*soleæ*), a plate of fish (*piscium patina*) containing a pair of mullets (*? mullus barbatus*), a salt-cellar in the shape of a shell, a soup-plate, a fruit-plate, a drinking-cup in the shape of an œnochoe (a dipper-like utensil for filling the winecup), and several kitchen utensils, like a frying-pan, a gridiron, etc. These tiny implements are about one inch in length.

Jupiter Anxur not only watched over the safety of coasting-vessels from his lofty observatory, but also gave responses to those seeking to read the book of the future. The field of inquiry, however, must have been very limited, because the child-god could say only *yes* or *no*. His answers, in the affirmative or in the negative, were given in a very ingenious way.

East of the temple a pinnacle of live rock rises from the level of the platform, like a pyramid, measuring seven metres by six metres at the base, and five metres in height. The rock is pierced by a hole communicating with a cave or crypt, which in its turn is accessible by means of a narrow passage opening in the side of the mountain. The pilgrim would state his case to the god, throwing at the same time a handful of straw or of dry leaves into the funnel of the pinnacle. According as the leaves or straws were absorbed or shot up into the air, the pilgrim read his answer as yes or no. The absorbing or rejecting current could easily be produced by lighting a fire in the cave, by shutting or opening the entrance door, etc.

The edict of Theodosius did not put a stop to superstitions of this kind. Pagan worship was suppressed, but not the practice of divination. It would be highly interesting to follow the various manifestations of this practice from the fall of the empire to our own times. The theory of that eminent naturalist who divided the human species into two classes, those who cheat and those who are cheated, is as true now as it was in the good old times of the oracles.

Rodolfo Lanciani.

SIMULACRA.

Dark in the west the sunset's sombre rack
  Unrolled vast walls the rams of war had split,
  Along whose battlements the battle lit
Tempestuous beacons; and, with gates hurled back,
A mighty city, red with ruin and sack,
  Through smouldering breaches, crumbling bit by bit,
  Showed where the God of Slaughter seemed to sit
With Conflagration glaring at each crack.

Who knows? Perhaps as sleep unto us makes
  Our dreams as real as our waking seems
    With recollections time cannot destroy,
So in the mind of Nature now awakes
  Haply some wilder memory, and she dreams
    The stormy story of the fall of Troy.

Madison Cawein.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME CONFESSIONS OF A NOVEL-WRITER.

FEW of the present generation of readers will remember the fugitive slave cases that agitated the country about the middle of the century, one of which, that of Anthony Burns, shook the conservative town of Boston as by a moral earthquake. To this affair especially, and to two or three similar cases, I owed, in a large measure, the powerful impulse that urged me to the writing of an anti-slavery novel. How I was influenced by them; how, almost in spite of myself, and against my own literary taste and judgment, I was led to construct a story with the one tabooed and abominated subject craftily concealed (as was charged at the time) in the very heart of it, a surprise to be exploded like a bombshell in the face of unsuspecting readers, — how I came to commit this atrocity, if it was one, I shall endeavor to show in this chapter of reminiscences.

I early imbibed a prejudice against any agitation of the slavery question. In the small community in western New York where I was brought up, I knew, in my boyhood, only two outspoken abolitionists. One of these was our good Presbyterian minister, Mr. Sedgwick, a worthy man with an unfortunate hobby, as it was deemed, and as perhaps it was. His hearers were all good Whigs and Democrats, who paid him for preaching sound doctrinal discourses, and did not care to be reminded, Sunday after Sunday, that, as members of the two great political parties of the day, they were wickedly winking at a wrong committed in States some hundreds of miles off. Whatever the subject of his sermon, he was apt to introduce his *delenda est Carthago* somewhere in the course of it; and he was particularly vehement in his arguments against those who endeavored to prove by the Bible that slavery was right. The other abolitionist was a somewhat eccentric young man, who taught our district school two or three winters, and taught it very well. But as he was known to entertain erratic ideas on various subjects, and had been heard to declare that "even if the Bible said slavery was right, that would n't make it so," his advocacy was not of a kind to help an unpopular cause. In short, he did n't count; and Mr. Sedgwick stood bravely alone, our sole, persistent, in-season and out-of-season, rabid abolitionist.

I never was a good listener to sermons of any sort, unless they happened to be interesting; and when imprisoned in the bare old meeting-house, I was usually thinking so intently of other things that I would hardly be aware of the unwelcome topic being hammered on the ministerial anvil, until I saw my father begin to fidget in his seat, and the frown to gather on his brow. Often the cloud would remain until dispelled by the genial influence of the late Sunday dinner. Once when I had been left at home, and went to open the dooryard gate for the one-horse family wagon as it drove up, I noticed the ominous scowl on my father's face, and said, loud enough to be heard, —

"I guess Sedgwick has been pounding slavery on his pulpit cushion again today."

"Another of his everlasting abolition harangues!" exclaimed my father, as he got down from the wagon at the door. "I wish I had some sort of patent, long-action, quick-pressure gag to spring on him the instant he speaks the word 'slavery.'"

And yet he was a hater of all kinds of oppression, and one of the most scrupulously just men I ever knew.

"Wrong?" he would say. "Of course it 's wrong; nothing under heaven can

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make it right for one human being to own another. But what 's the use of fighting it here at the North? Leave it where it is, and it will die of itself. Any serious attempt to abolish it will bring on civil war and break up the Union."

He often made use of these stereotyped words; but he would add, "I 'm opposed to the spread of it; we 've a right to take that stand," — little dreaming that in less than twenty years a determined "stand," taken by the North against the extension of slavery, would bring on attempted disunion and the civil war he dreaded.

So the subject of abolition became to me a disagreeable one, and continued so after I went to Boston in 1848, then in my twenty-first year. I did not find it popular in that highly conservative city. The followers of Garrison and Phillips were few; society looked upon them as dangerous fanatics, and the very name of *abolitionist* was covered with an opprobrium that clung to it long after the course of political events had justified their moral convictions. The slave power itself was fast doing more than its most relentless enemies could accomplish towards awakening not Boston only, but all the North, to the insatiableness of its greed and the danger of its aggressions. Its reign was a reign of terror. Good people who, like my father, quieted their consciences with the cry, "Let it alone! leave it where it is! don't agitate the subject!" found that it would not be let alone, that it would not rest where it was, that it was itself the great agitator, which would not cease its menaces until it could flaunt its black flag over the whole abject Union.

The enactment, in 1850, of the Fugitive Slave Law, turning all the North into a hunting-ground for escaping human chattels, roused a spirit of resistance in thousands who had hitherto remained indifferent, or timidly submissive, to the encroachments of the monster. It made an "anti-slavery fanatic" of me. How dangerous I was I did not myself suspect, until Mr. Benjamin Perley Poore, then publishing his Sentinel in Boston, went off to Washington, and left me in charge of the paper. He had been gone a week or two, when something on the subject of Northern abolitionism in one of our Southern exchanges provoked me to reply. I meant my article to be dispassionate and judicial; and when it was written and carefully revised, I could n't see anything in it that should give offense to right-thinking readers. So I printed it. Then the deluge! I hardly knew what I had done, when my good friend Poore came hurrying back from Washington, and walked most unexpectedly into the Sentinel office one morning, where he found me seated at the desk, unconscious as a cherub of any wrong-doing. When I expressed surprise at seeing him so soon, he said he thought it was time for him to come and look after his editor. Always genial and kind, he yet made me feel extremely uncomfortable when he added, —

"Good heavens, Trowbridge! what were you thinking of, to turn the Sentinel into an abolition paper?"

"Is that the way you look at it?" asked the cherub.

"That 's the way subscribers will look at it," he replied.

A good deal nettled, I said, "Then perhaps you would like me to leave the paper?"

"Leave the paper?" he echoed, with about the bitterest laugh I ever heard from his lips. "Print another such article, and the paper will leave us!"

He went on to give a grimly humorous account of the sensation my poor little screed created in Washington, where he had many friends and subscribers, all of pro-slavery sentiments, and of his sudden haste to leave that city.

"Of course," he added, "I laid it all to the boy I had left in the office."

"Well," I said, "what was there about

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the boy's article that they could reasonably object to?"

He was generous enough to reply, "Nothing, in my opinion. Every word of it is true enough. And you may think it strange that a man can't print in his own paper what he thinks on a great public question like slavery; but that is a fact. We shall see."

And we did see. Angry protestations from subscribers were already lying unopened on his desk. More came in, from North and South alike; and one of our South Carolina exchanges did me the honor to answer my article with an insolent threat of secession, — an old threat from that State, even in those days, and not altogether an idle one, as was so long believed.

Mr. Poore was too good a friend to discharge me for an act of indiscretion already committed. But he was right in his prognostication. The paper soon after left us; that, too, without the help of another anti-slavery leader. How many subscriptions my imprudence lost it I never knew. It never had too many.

I shared the intense interest awakened in Boston by its famous fugitive slave cases of 1850 and 1851, — the romantic escape of Ellen and William Craft, and the more notorious and dramatic episodes of Shadrach and Thomas Simms. Yet I hardly realized what inflammable anti-slavery stuff was in me, until the capture of Anthony Burns occurred, in May, 1854.

I was living in bachelor lodgings in Seaver Place, engaged in writing the novel Martin Merrivale, when the terrible realities of that event put my poor, fictitious characters to ignominious flight, and kindled in me a desire to write a novel on a wholly different subject.

It was not easy, at that time, to take a runaway slave out of Boston; secrecy and subterfuge had to be used, without much regard to the forms of law. Burns was arrested on a false pretext, and hurried before United States Commissioner Edward G. Loring, before it was known that kidnappers were again in the city. It had been hoped that the rescue of Shadrach and the tremendous difficulties encountered in the rendition of Simms would sufficiently discourage similar attempts, as indeed they did for a time. Burns had really been seized, not for any petty offense, as was pretended, but as a fugitive from the service of Charles F. Suttle, a Virginia slaveholder. The truth became quickly known, despite the precautions taken to conceal it; and the report, which was made a rallying cry to the friends of the oppressed, "Another man kidnapped!" ran with electric swiftness through the city.

Commissioner Loring was also judge of probate, and a man of eminent respectability. In his private life he was, no doubt, just and humane. I was present, and watched his face with painful interest, when he rendered his decision in the case. In vain had Mr. Richard H. Dana made his eloquent plea for the prisoner, warning the commissioner that what he was about to do would take its place in history, and praying that it might be in accord with a large interpretation of the law, with the higher conscience, and with mercy. The commissioner had evidently determined to perform what he deemed his duty, without any betrayal of emotion. His face was slightly flushed, but firm. My pity was not all for the slave; some of it was for such a man in such a place. On a bench before him sat Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips, the great preacher and the brilliant orator, whose certain and terrible denunciations of what he was about to do might well have made him pause. Perhaps, as a commissioner acting under the Fugitive Slave Law, and ignoring the laws of Massachusetts, he could not have rendered a different judgment. But he might have resigned his commission, and washed his hands of the whole black business in that way. Without a tremor of lip or of voice, he coldly reviewed the evidence and the law in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the case, and remanded Anthony Burns to slavery. Then Parker and Phillips arose, and walked arm in arm out of the court-room, conversing in low tones, with bowed heads and lowering brows.

Meanwhile Boston was in a turmoil of excitement. Public meetings were held, an immense one in Faneuil Hall on the evening preceding the removal of the fugitive; and that night there was a gallant attack upon the Court House in which he was confined. A stick of timber was used as a battering-ram against one of the western doors, which was broken in; there was a *mêlée* of axes, bludgeons, and firearms, and one of the marshal's guard was killed. But the assailants, led by that ardent young reformer, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of whom, later, the world was to hear considerably more, and by a colored man, Lewis Hayden, were unsupported, and were driven back.

Reports of the Faneuil Hall meeting and of the assault on the Court House rallied an immense crowd to Court Square and the adjacent streets the next morning, to witness the final act of the drama. It was a black day for Boston, that 27th of May, 1854; the passions of men were stirred to their depths, and often friends were divided against friends. I remember meeting in the crowd one with whom I had been on intimate terms not long before. He had been an officer in the Mexican war, and was as much of a Roman as to his nose and character as any man I ever knew. But that day the Roman in him was enlisted in a bad cause. Drawing me aside in the crowd, and opening his vest, he grimly called my attention to a revolver thrust into an inside pocket.

"What 's that for, Ned?" I asked, in the old familiar way.

"I am one of the marshal's private deputies," he answered, with brutal frankness. "There are over a hundred of us in the Court House there and in this crowd. At the first sign of an attempt to rescue that damned nigger, we are going in for a bloody fight. I hope there 'll be a row, for it 's the top-round of my ambition to shoot an abolitionist."

"Well, Ned," I replied, "you may possibly have an opportunity to shoot me; for if I see a chance to help that 'damned nigger,' as you call him, I 'm afraid I shall take a hand."

Any attempt of the kind at that time was out of the question. But for a misunderstanding a rescue might have been effected when the Court House door was battered in the night before. That failure had rendered subsequent success impossible; and it is a curious circumstance that the fiery Wendell Phillips himself was largely responsible for it. While, like most of the speakers at the Faneuil Hall meeting, he was in favor of a forcible deliverance of Burns, — declaring, "If that man leaves Boston, Massachusetts is a conquered State!" — he yet opposed those who would have hurled his host of hearers, excited and irresistible, against the Court House that night. "The zeal that will not hold out till morning," he said, "will never free a slave." [1]

But the morning was too late. The broken door was barricaded; the Court House was a fortress. Besides his hundred deputies, — men recruited for the most part from the brutal and vicious classes of society, frequenters of grog-shops and gaming-saloons, — besides this posse of desperadoes, disposed as his special guard and distributed through the crowd they were to watch and thwart, the marshal had the police force of Boston and a large body of militia, ostensibly to keep the peace, but practically to aid him in his ignoble task. The Court House was encircled by bayonets, and Court Street and State Street were lined on both sides with files of troops, keeping a lane open all the way to Long Wharf for the expected procession.

[1] Quoted by Hon. Henry Wilson in his exceedingly interesting and valuable History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At last it set forth, led by a vanguard of armed police. "There he is!" went up a half-stifled cry from the multitude; and there indeed he was, that one poor, hunted, black bondman, whom a derisive fate had that day made the most-talked-of and important figure in all New England. What must he have thought of the great concourse of citizens, the swords and clubs and muskets, that met his bewildered gaze as he walked forth from his prison? — all there for him, the wretched and baffled runaway from Virginia! I remember well his scared black face, as he rolled his eyes about for a moment before he was hurried away; not so very black, either, — a complexion rather of bronze than of iron, — with a gleam of excitement in it which was almost a smile. He had heard the blows that thundered against the Court House door the night before; he knew what they meant; he knew how Shadrach had been rescued; but if he still cherished a hope of his own deliverance, it must have abandoned him at that moment. All was over. The free land to which he had escaped through difficulties and dangers was no free land for such as he. Back he must go to bondage and the lash.

There was no pause. The marshal and his special guard inclosed Burns in a compact phalanx, following the vanguard, and another body of armed police brought up the rear. The march was rapid, amid groans and hisses, and now and then a cheer, from the ranks of spectators. From Court Square into Court Street, gazed at from hundreds of windows, some of which were draped in black in token of the city's humiliation; past the old State House, and over the very ground where the first blood was shed preluding the Revolutionary struggle, some of it the blood of a black man, — scene of the Boston Massacre; and so on, down State Street, moved the strange procession, between the two rows of bayoneted guns, to Long Wharf, where, by the President's orders, a revenue cutter was in waiting, to receive on board the kidnappers and their prey.

It was a long time before I could sit down again quietly to the fiction on which I was engaged. I felt a burning desire to pour out in some channel the feelings which, long suppressed, had been roused to a high pitch of excitement by this last outrage. Still, something of the old repugnance to the subject of slavery remained; I shrank from the thought of making a black man my hero; the enormous popularity of Uncle Tom, instead of inciting me to try my hand at an anti-slavery novel, served rather to deter me from entering the field which Mrs. Stowe had occupied with such splendid courage and success.

More than once, before the Anthony Burns affair, before Uncle Tom even, the fugitive slave as a subject for a novel had come up in my mind, and I had put it resolutely aside; but now it presented itself again, and persistently haunted me. "Why a black man?" I said to myself. "All slaves are not black. And why a man at all?" as I thought of Ellen Craft. "Sympathy will be more easily enlisted for a woman, white, with native refinement and sweetness of character, and yet born a slave, with all the power and prejudice of legal ownership and cruel caste conspiring to defeat her happiness." And I fell to thinking of that worst form of slavery which condemned to a degrading bondage not those of African blood alone, but so many of the descendants of the proud white master race.

Though I was hardly conscious of it, the thing was taking shape in my mind when I went to spend the summer — of 1854 — in the bosom of the Green Mountains. In the broad and beautiful valley of Otter Creek I found, in an old farmhouse, a quiet place to live, and think, and write. I gave four or five hours a day to Martin Merrivale, which was then appearing in monthly numbers from the press of Phillips, Sampson & Co., and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had ample leisure, in the long summer afternoons, to bathe in the streams, wander in the woods, climb the mountains, and in the course of my rambles make extensive acquaintance with the country and the people.

One day, while exploring the interval about the confluence of Otter Creek and Mad River, — which became Huntersford Creek and Wild River in the novel, the scene of the fishing adventure of Mr. Jackwood and Bim; lost, like them, amid the tortuous windings of the two streams, still further lost in my own imaginings, — I suddenly saw rise up before me out of the tall grass the form of an old hag. And it was not an old hag at all, but a beautiful girl in disguise; nor yet a girl, but really a creature of my own imagination, which appeared as vividly to my mind's eye as if it had been either or both.

"Both it shall be," I said; "a forlorn maiden in the guise of an old woman, lost here in this wilderness of alders and long grass and labyrinthine streams! — a mystery to be accounted for." And the phantom-like projection of my fancy took its place at once in the plan of the story, giving it life and form from that hour.

I was impatient to get "Martin" off my hands, and to begin the new novel, of which I wrote the first chapters in the old Vermont farmhouse, in the midst of the scenes described. It was then thrown aside, to be taken up later, under very different circumstances. I carried the manuscript to Europe with me in the spring of 1855; and having settled down in Passy, just outside the walls of Paris (now a part of Paris itself), I resumed work upon it, writing a chapter, or a part of a chapter, every morning, and joining my friends in excursions in and about the gay capital in the afternoon.

I had one friend there who, by his sympathetic and suggestive criticisms, assisted me greatly in my work. He read the manuscript almost as fast as it was written, and was always eager to talk with me about the incidents and characters, and their development; thus keeping up my interest in them when it might otherwise have flagged, amid the diversions of a life so strangely in contrast with the life I was depicting. Often we walked together to the Bois de Boulogne of an evening, sat down on a bench by one of the lakes, and discussed the Jackwood family, Enos Crumlett and Tildy, Hector and Charlotte, and the slave-catchers, until these became more real to us than the phantasmal beings, in carriages or on foot, moving before our eyes in the lighted park. This friend was Lewis Baxter Monroe, afterwards well known as Professor Monroe of the Boston School of Oratory, which he established and made famous.

The story finished, I had great trouble in naming it. I suppose a score of titles were considered, only to be rejected. At last I settled down upon "Jackwood," but felt the need of joining to that name some characteristic phrase or epithet. Thus I was led to think of this Scriptural motto for the title-page: "A certain *woman* went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves." Which suggested the question, "Who was *neighbor* unto this woman?" and the answer, "*Neighbor Jackwood.*" And I had my title.

I read the proofs of the novel in the spring of 1856, after my return to America; but it was not published until the following winter, for a special reason, which found considerably less favor with the author than with the publishers. Mr. Phillips was afraid the work might be lost sight of in the dust raised by Mrs. Stowe's Dred, which he was to issue about the time my humbler venture was ready. I was repaid for this tax upon my patience when, after the book had been out a few days, and the press notices were beginning to come in.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Phillips greeted me one morning with his peculiarly stately bow and a serene smile, and remarked significantly, "Our friend Jackwood need n't have been afraid of anybody's dust."

It had the advantage of a fresh and unhackneyed theme, and was the first serious attempt to depict those phases of country life amid which the narrative moves, and to render the speech of the people with due regard to its humorous flavor, yet absolutely without exaggeration. Although it was written "with a purpose," that purpose was inclosed, as far as possible, in the larger aim of telling a strong and interesting story. Of course the anti-slavery element in it was liberally denounced, and the bombshell of surprise, before mentioned, caused a shock to the prejudices of many worthy people. They were horrified by the mere suggestion of a union between the hero and heroine. I had been careful to offset the cloud of heredity resting upon her by one more terrible lowering upon his family and threatening him; but those so quick to take offense at the one gave no heed to the other.

The success of the novel led to its dramatization by the author for the Boston Museum stage, then managed by the veteran actor W. H. Smith, who took the title rôle of Neighbor Jackwood. The part of Enos Crumlett was expanded to the proportions of William Warren, a comic actor of rare powers, for many years a prime favorite with Boston audiences, who never wearied of his broad yet delicate and genial humor. I engaged all the players to read the book while studying their parts, and thus secured unusually good personations of the characters from a mediocre company. We had a bright young girl, Rose Skerritt, to personate Bim. Mrs. Thompson, who was never a noticeably bright star in anything else, blazed out conspicuously as Grandmother Rigglesty, into which character she threw energies she was not before supposed to possess, — so conscientious in her presentation of it that, as Dr. Holmes remarked, she "took out her teeth."

The first night of the piece was memorable to at least one person in the audience. I went early to the theatre, and ensconced myself, with a friend, in an obscure corner, where I could carefully watch the performance, to see where it dragged, and note whatever changes should be made in the inevitable "cutting" process to take place the next day. All went prosperously, until suddenly there was a hiss, and a storm of howls and hisses immediately followed. A crisis in the plot had been reached which roused the opposition of the pro-slavery part of the audience, — a very large part, as it seemed for a while. A counter-storm of cheers and clappings set in, and there was a prolonged uproar that threatened to end the performance. If the tempest of opposition was overcome for a few moments, it would burst forth again as soon as the applause subsided; and the same battle had to be fought over again. Victory at last remained with the friends of the piece, and the performance proceeded.

"You will cut out those objectionable speeches?" my friend whispered in my ear.

"No," I replied; "I will strengthen them."

An amusing incident occurred when we were on our way to the theatre that first night, Monday, March 16, 1857. Being just then personally interested in playbills, I turned aside to see what a man was pasting over one which I had regarded with especial satisfaction, whenever I passed it that day and the preceding Sunday. It was the bill of the *next day's* performance of Jackwood; and on it was announced, in the showy head-lines then in vogue, the astonishing success of the first performance, which we were then on our way to witness!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TREMENDOUS HIT ! !

RECEIVED WITH THUNDERS OF APPLAUSE ! ! !

"All right, only the man is a little too previous," observed my friend, as we went on, laughing. "But we 'll take it as a good omen."

Having allayed the excitement which impelled me to write one anti-slavery novel, I did not entertain the possibility of ever being moved to write another. Political events rushed rapidly to a crisis, which came with the election of Lincoln, and brought to exultant souls the certainty that the encroachments of the slave power had at last reached a barrier forever impossible for it to overpass. The war of secession was a war of emancipation from the start. It could not be otherwise, whether the actors engaged in it wished it so or not; campaigns and acts of Congress, battles and proclamations, victories and defeats, were not so much causes or hindrances as eddies of the stream, in whose mighty movement they were formed and swept along.

I was eager to bear my own humble part in the momentous conflict, and took up again the only weapon I had any skill to use. I wrote a patriotic story, The Drummer Boy; not especially designed as an attack upon slavery, more than any word uttered or blow struck for the Union was a word or blow aimed at the enemy striving to destroy it. But the old heat was fevering me, and no sooner was The Drummer Boy hurried on his mission than I flung myself upon the writing of as fiery an anti-slavery fiction as I was capable of compassing. The country had been but slowly awakening to a consciousness of the truth that the slave was not only to be freed; he was also to cease to be a merely passive occasion of the contest, and to become our active ally. Too many calling themselves patriots still opposed emancipation and the arming of the blacks, and clung tremblingly to the delusion that the Union and slavery might both be preserved. The idol-house of the old prejudice was shattered, but not demolished. I was impatient to hurl my firebrand into the breach.

In this case I had a title for my novel before a page of it was written. Wishing to bring into it some incidents of guerrilla warfare and of the persecutions of Union men in the border slave States, I cast about for some central fact to give unity to the action, and form at the same time a picturesque feature of the narrative. The idea of a cave somehow suggested itself, and I chose for the scene a region where such things exist. As no especial economy was required in its construction, I thought I might as well have a cavern of some magnificence; or rather, I thought little about it, — the whole thing flashed upon me like a vision, as I lay awake one night, with my imagination aflame, lighting up that strange world under the eyelids so vivid amid the surrounding dark. The cave, the burning forest, and the firelit waterfall, with much of the plan of the drama, all came to me, as I recall, in those two or three hours of intensely concentrated thought. I adopted "Cave" at once as part of my title, but felt that it was necessary to make some felicitous addition. I was some time, indeed many nights and days, in finding a fit name for my runaway slave, who was to inhabit the cavern and help me out with my title. "Cudjo" was finally decided upon for him, and "Cudjo's Cave" for the book. But the hero of it was not Cudjo, although I no longer shrank from giving a black man that rôle. Neither was it the young Quaker, turned fighter; Penn Hapgood was only the ostensible hero. The real hero, if the story had one, was the proud and powerful, full-blooded African, Pomp, whom I afterwards carried forward into the third and last of my war stories, The Three Scouts.

Cudjo's Cave was a partisan book, frankly designed to fire the Northern heart. This was, perhaps, the chief of its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many faults. It contained scenes of violence such as I should never, under other circumstances, have selected as subjects for my pen. I adapted, but did not invent them; the most sensational incidents had their counterparts in the reign of wrath and wrong I was endeavoring to hold up to the abhorrence of all lovers of the Union and haters of slavery and secession. The art of the book suffered also from the disadvantage I labored under of never having visited the region I described, or studied the dialect of the people. The result was something quite different from what discriminating readers have noticed in Neighbor Jackwood, where, almost unconsciously to the author, the dialect became so much a part of the characters that no two of them, not even members of the same family, are made to talk just alike, but each has his or her own persistent peculiarities of speech. The fault I speak of lay deeper, however, than the dialect. The characters of the later novel were portrayed more from without; those of the earlier one, more from within. But though lacking in true emotional depth, the inferior work had an external life and an impetuous movement which gave it vogue, and enabled it to carry something of the political influence it was intended to convey.

It was written with great rapidity in the summer of 1863, and published in December of that year. It was issued by a young and enterprising firm that displayed considerable ingenuity and no little audacity in advertising it. Pictures of the cave were on envelopes and posters, and I remember a bookseller's window on Washington Street rendered attractive by a pile of the freshly bound volumes erected in the similitude of a cave. A private letter to the author from Secretary Chase, then at the zenith of his fame as a national financier, was made to do service in ways he could hardly have anticipated any more than I did when the publishers obtained permission of him to use it. It was printed, and extensively copied by the press, and the interior of every horse-car in Boston was placarded with a signed extract from it, outstaring the patient public week after week in a manner that would have made the great secretary wince, could he have seen it, as it did me.

The publishers' methods combined with the circumstances of the time to secure immediate popularity for the book, — a popularity it still continues in a measure to enjoy, having long outlived the occasion that called it forth, and the existence of the firm that launched it so successfully.

At the close of the war I paid a visit to East Tennessee, and was pleased to find that I had not gone far wrong in my descriptions of the region where the scenes of the story are laid. But I failed to get any authentic news of the actors in it, or to discover the precise locality of the cave. I have lately been told that there is somewhere in Kentucky a cave which guides and hotel-keepers claim as the original and only Cudjo's. I have never seen it.

J. T. Trowbridge.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GRIDOU'S PITY.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

On an August evening of the year 1792, a girl was sitting on the terrace of a chateau about a day's journey from Paris, as journeys went at that time, though even then there was one mode of rapid transit which is in use at the present day. Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, with her eyes fixed dreamily on the stiff magnificence of the garden in the moonlight, had in thought returned to Paris, where she had left her father on coming to make a visit to her maternal grandmother.

"Mademoiselle," said an old servant, approaching her with a bow and in reckless defiance of national decrees, "madame the countess is asking for you."

"Has anything happened?" she inquired quickly, fancying there was something of perturbation in his voice.

"Madame the countess did not say so, mademoiselle."

The countess was found in conference with a stranger of *bourgeois* appearance, who stood before her; but the conversation ceased as Mademoiselle de Sombreuil entered the room, and the silence which followed was of such duration that she had begun to look from the stranger to her grandmother and back again, when he spoke: "My wig must be an excellent disguise, if Mademoiselle Marie does not know me."

"Monsieur l'Abbé de Saint-Mart!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

"At your service, mademoiselle," he returned, with a courtly bow. And then there was silence again.

"Oh, what is it? what has happened?" she cried.

"There has been an insurrection in Paris, Marie," said her grandmother. "The people have attacked the Tuileries, and the king and all the royal family are imprisoned at the Temple."

"How terrible! How dare they? The queen! The royal children!" And yet, with all her indignation and horror, there was something of relief in her looks.

"And they pretend to have discovered a plot among the nobles. There have been — there have been arrests" — continued the old lady, beginning to falter. But that was enough. A pallor overspread the girl's face.

"My father!"

"Yes, Marie, alas!"

Then it was the abbé who had her rapid questions to answer. How? When? Where? And, "Oh, why was I not with him?" But at that thought a change came over her countenance, a look as of a sudden resolution. "I can go to him now! I can beg to be imprisoned with him! They will never refuse me that!"

"Marie, you are mad!"

"No, no, I must! I cannot stay here! I should die! I *must* go!" Then appealing to the abbé, "Oh, speak for me! You know what we are to each other. I could cheer him and comfort him — my poor father!"

The abbé looked at her with evident sympathy, and after a moment's reflection said, "Countess, perhaps the idea is not so wild as it seems."

"Impossible! How could Sombreuil wish it? His daughter in a prison! Are you mad too, abbé? Say no more, Marie!"

But Marie was not to be silenced.

"Grandmamma, it is true that if you asked him he would say *no*, and yet if I were there he would be glad. He is not well of late. He needs me; he does indeed!"

"The marquis is not strong," said the abbé, "that is true, and if Mademoiselle Marie were there, there might be allevia-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions, — unless the jailer is more of a clod than most men." He spoke with the air of one in the habit of saying pretty things.

And so, after numberless arguments back and forth, and since it was two to one, for the abbé was completely captivated by the young girl's filial devotion, the countess was finally brought so far as to say, But how could Marie get to Paris? She herself being "nailed to her chair" by infirmity, to whom could she trust her granddaughter?

"You can trust her to me, madame. I am on my way there."

"You! With a warrant out against you, and when you have the luck to be out of that accursed city! It is putting your head in the lion's mouth, abbé."

"Ah well, I shall take it out again as soon as possible. I am going over to England."

"But to go through Paris! I beg of you! If it is anything to do with money, let me" —

"Thank you, countess, but it is not money, though I have some lying there which I shall take as I pass. No, but there is some one who has been of use to me in the little affair I have had in hand; it does n't seem quite right to give him no warning now that the plan is abandoned, and it 's 'devil take the hindmost.'"

That indeed was indisputable, but the old lady's face still wore a foreboding look.

Then, finally, came the question of where Marie could go in Paris. What friends had they left there in these days?

"I can go to my good Louison, grandmamma." That was her old nurse, as she explained to the abbé. Louison was married, and was living in Paris. "And she will be delighted to have me. She is a royalist at heart, and much attached to us all, though her husband is a 'patriot.' But he would go with me to the people I must see in order to get admission to the prison. Louison will arrange that."

"The very place for you!" said the abbé enthusiastically. "You could not be better off than there."

By singular good fortune, the abbé was possessed of a passport which corresponded to the situation. A lady, a relative of his own, had started to go under his escort to Paris, but had stopped short at a neighboring chateau. Now Marie had but to take her place, the description would answer at a pinch, and he would be spared making explanations to the first local authority on the road, and procuring, perhaps with difficulty and danger, a fresh passport for himself alone. He was traveling under his family name of Bertin, and Marie was to pass as his niece. They were to start very early the next morning, in order that she might be safe under her nurse's roof by nightfall; and they had also to take a circuitous route, for on the usual road to Paris Mademoiselle de Sombreuil would be recognized, and curiosity would be awakened if she were seen with a person of the abbé's apparent condition. Furthermore, considering the times, it was evidently undesirable to stand out for etiquette; a maid or servant would simply attract attention, which the abbé had above all things to avoid.

"No, we will go in a post-chaise, like honest bourgeois," said he. "Mademoiselle Marie will have the goodness to dress very plainly, and I, her uncle, shall be taking her to her father. Nobody can have anything to say to that, I imagine."

. . . . . .

Two travelers had arrived in a post-chaise, at noon, in the little village of N——, and were dining at the Golden Lion.

"She is as pretty as an angel," said the hostess, as she stood at the inn door after serving her guests.

"And the bourgeois gave the postilion a famous tip," said the stable-boy who passed just then.

At that, a man sitting with several others on a bench in front of the house got up and peered in at a window of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public room, as if a bourgeois who was free with his money were something to look at, though it may have been the hostess's remark which led him to think that "she" must be worth seeing. His example was followed by one and another, until there was a row of heads at each window, — a state of things which attracted attention from within, for presently somebody announced, "He 's laughing at us."

None of them liked that; but the one who liked it least remained at his post of observation when the others went back to their bench to finish the nooning; only whereas he had looked before in idle curiosity, it was now with a certain malevolence that he watched the stranger's every movement. To his mind, a man who laughed at people, especially if he wore a better coat than they, could not be imbued with proper respect for the doctrine of equality; he felt disposed to keep an eye on such a person, and he was unfavorably impressed by what he saw. The traveler scrutinized the hostess's good things with a doubtful air, helped himself sparingly, and always began by tasting the least little bit, as if he thought they might be in the habit of poisoning people at the Golden Lion. Such ways appeared to the spectator much of a piece with laughing at one's equals. But just because he was displeased he continued to look; and so it happened that in the end he saw something worth while, and made what he believed to be an important discovery. This was nothing more nor less than that the bourgeois, in his neat brown homespun suit, had the hand of an "aristocrat." As he sat there negligently stroking the old house-dog which had come in to make friends, his hand, standing out in relief against the creature's dark head, looked as slender and white as a fine lady's. Whereupon the spy, after calling his companions to verify the fact, went in great excitement to tell the innkeeper that he was harboring suspicious company.

At first that worthy was much put about by the announcement, and thought his neighbor the cobbler rather meddlesome. For really, supposing the guest were an aristocrat, when he had paid for "the excellent dinner he had eaten," as he courteously expressed it, the host was quite willing he should go and get arrested elsewhere; he did not wish to have any disturbance made in his house. And what if he sent for a detachment of the national guard, and the man turned out to be only a bourgeois, after all? A pretty to-do there would be then with the military! Still, these were only first thoughts, and all he said was, "Pooh! pooh!" being a cautious man, and not wishing to appear unpatriotic. When he was reminded of Drouet, at Sainte-Menehould, who had got thirty thousand francs and a seat in the National Assembly for his timely action, to say nothing of immortal fame, he began to see that it might be a duty he owed to the country to take steps in this matter. For it was perfectly possible that this was, as the cobbler said, some nobleman who had been concerned in the late conspiracy, or somebody who was getting up a fresh one, or even the Count d'Artois himself; and the lady with him would then be some friend of the Austrian woman. All this was whirling round in the innkeeper's head, the Count d'Artois and the thirty thousand francs coming continually uppermost, together, however, with a suspicion that it was not "the grand opportunity for the village to display its patriotism" that actuated the cobbler so much as a secret design of claiming half the reward. He was thinking of all these things when the post-chaise, which had not yet been countermanded, rattled to the front of the house, and the travelers appeared in the doorway ready to set off.

The village consisted merely of a few houses close about the inn, and it never took long to get the whole population together on occasion. The bourgeois, therefore, looked in surprise upon an as-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

semblage of men, women, and children gathered between him and his vehicle, and asked, "Why, what is going on here? Is it a holiday?" And then, signing to the postilion, "Drive up, friend. It is time we were off."

But the postilion sat his horse like a statue; and, moreover, as nobody else offered to move, driving up to the door was plainly out of the question.

Upon that the traveler looked more astonished still, and even a little annoyed as he turned to the innkeeper to inquire whether that was not his chaise, and why then he was unable to get into it. It was some one out of the crowd who said by way of answer, "You 're an aristocrat!"

"*What?*"

"You 're an aristocrat!" the voice repeated.

It was not a pleasant group to face, for at the word "aristocrat" every countenance darkened, and the men who had implements of labor with them, such as axes and pitchforks, looked quite capable of using them on behalf of the nation, if need were. Nevertheless, the bourgeois gazed steadily at his accuser, though still with an air of perplexity and amazement which, as he turned again to the postmaster, said as plainly as words, Can I believe my ears? Did you hear it, too?

"Monsieur," said that personage, already realizing the difficulty of telling a man he was the Count d'Artois, when he looked as innocent as a baby, "monsieur, there is some idea that — that — In short, you would do well to state who you are."

"Who I am? I am Jean-George Bertin, as my passport informs you! And when I 'm called an aristocrat, I should like to know the reason why!" said the bourgeois in a rather high key. "Just tell me now, *you* who have seen plenty of people of one sort and another, and know what 's what, do I look like an aristocrat?" He stepped back a little, and stood with his legs firmly planted, as if to afford every facility for judging whether or no his figure deserved to be styled aristocratic.

Now nothing was more fixed in the innkeeper's mind than the conviction that he did know what was what; and furthermore, in the emphasis laid on the word "you" he felt an acknowledgment of the, to him, equally patent fact that in this respect he was in advance of his neighbors. Still, a man may be never so superior, and yet be slightly taken aback when he is challenged to prove it on the spur of the moment; whence it happened in this instance that the innkeeper first looked rather foolish, and then laughed a little, as the safest thing to do.

"Ah, very well!" began Monsieur Bertin, with an air of relief at finding one person, at any rate, in his senses, when again he was interrupted by a voice: —

"You have hands like a fine lady!"

"*Indeed!*" he exclaimed, facing round in an instant, and glancing over the crowd with mingled contempt and indignation. Then raising one of those offending members, — which looked no longer so phenomenally delicate, encased as it now was in a baggy glove, — he said slowly and impressively, "My mother was a good woman, which *I* consider something more than a fine lady; and if I have her hand, I am not ashamed of it."

It is highly probable that they all shared his opinion with regard to the intrinsic worth of good women, but, as a matter of fact, they were left under the imputation of an undue regard for rank and wealth when he re-addressed himself, with dignity, to the innkeeper: —

"To you, *citoyen*, I am prepared to give any explanation which you require. As master of the post, you would be solely responsible were I prevented from continuing my journey, and it is but right that you should know all I can tell you before you take a step which would certainly be attended with serious consequences. My name you are already acquainted with. I will add that I was born in S——; that my business has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been chiefly in the province of X——, where I have had to do with flocks on a somewhat large scale; that I have lately retired from this occupation; and that the object of my journey to Paris is to see some one with whom I have been transacting matters of importance, and to get some money which I have lying there. So much for myself. My niece's name you have seen in my passport, and you have only to compare her description with the *demoiselle* here," indicating his companion, who had been looking quietly on at the controversy; "and I will add, for your further satisfaction, that I am taking her to Paris, to her father, who lives in the Rue Sainte-Marguerite, and from whom we have had bad news. If now you wish to ask any questions, I am ready to answer them to the best of my ability."

But the only question in the postmaster's mind, by that time, was how he himself could have been led by the nose into such a scrape. As his own prospects for acquiring thirty thousand francs declined, he felt so much the more respect for a man who had perhaps accumulated twice that sum as a great sheep-farmer, and was now retiring from business to live in dignified seclusion on his income. He hastened to protest that he was entirely satisfied; that in fact he had always been satisfied, though, unfortunately, there were persons who conceived it their duty to interfere in what did not concern them, — casting a furious glance at the cobbler who had so nearly involved him in the "serious consequences" of a government inquiry.

"But you will understand, citoyen, that no harm was intended?"

"Really!" replied the worthy man. "I am glad to know it. I thought from appearances there was an intention of detaining me here, which I should have considered harmful in the extreme, seeing that my business will brook no delay."

"Drive up, postilion!" cried the innkeeper; and this time the villagers scattered to the right and left, and the chaise stopped before the door with a flourish.

The young girl got in at once, but Monsieur Bertin, notwithstanding the pressing nature of his affairs, seemed disposed to linger and relieve his mind of a growing sense of injury.

"I never in all my life before was told that I was not what I pretended to be," he observed.

"Of course not, monsieur, of course not. But you see, in these times, and when one has just heard of an abominable plot, people's minds are excited. I assure you, I regret it exceedingly."

"So do I!" snapped out the sheep-farmer. And even when the other had him by the elbow and was impelling him gently towards the chaise, with wishes for a pleasant journey, he suddenly turned himself about, and began indignantly, "In all the years I have traveled" —

But the young bourgeoise interposed from the vehicle, with her flutelike voice: "Oh, come, uncle, think no more about it! The good people believed they were doing right. It was for the sake of the nation."

So he was got into the chaise, and the door closed on him; and at the last he seemed to regret his display of ill humor, for he looked out of the window and said quite amiably, "There, there! Good-day, citoyen. Mistakes will occur sometimes, — mistakes will occur." Then, as the chaise clattered off, he sank back into his corner of the carriage and burst into smothered laughter.

"Oh, monsieur l'abbé, it is nothing to laugh at!" said Marie. "One ought to be very seriously thankful." Nevertheless, she was infected by his merriment.

Once on the road, they could talk freely: there was no danger of the postilion overhearing, with the front window up.

"How I trembled for you!" Marie continued, as she recovered herself.

"And how much indebted I am to you for trembling so discreetly, mademoiselle! You acted my niece to perfection."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why, I merely stood there, and did nothing at all."

"Which is precisely what she would have done if she knew it was all right and there was no occasion for alarm. And when she did call at last, in her coaxing little voice, to her irate old uncle, it was only he who could guess that Mademoiselle Marie had had enough of the comedy."

"Yes, so she had. But I really believe that you, monsieur l'abbé, would have liked to stay there another half hour and fool that poor man."

He laughed delightedly. "And please to note that everything I told him was perfectly true. Had I not, as grand-vicar of X——, my flocks scattered over a whole diocese? Perhaps I did n't succeed in the business so well as it may have appeared to our friend the innkeeper," he added, with a momentary gravity. "However, I am not responsible for the inferences drawn."

"But you said my father lived in the Rue Sainte-Marguerite."

"My dear young lady, you don't know your Paris as I do. He does live there just now, though we hope it is not for long." And then, to divert her mind from that too absorbing subject, he inquired cheerfully, "And how did I act the honest bourgeois, mademoiselle? Also to perfection? Well, I have a little bit of talent for the stage, I believe."

The day wore on, and the travelers stopped nowhere longer than was necessary to make changes of carriage, until late in the afternoon, when clouds rolled up black and threatening, and a thunderstorm was imminent. They were then approaching the station next before Paris, and it was plain they would be obliged to remain there until the tempest should be over.

"If only we meet with no ill fortune!" sighed Marie.

"To which end I shall perhaps do well to keep my gloves on," the abbé responded coolly.

They drove up to the inn with the first flash of lightning and roll of thunder, and were welcomed by the hostess, who congratulated them volubly on escaping a storm which promised to be violent. Her husband was absent, it appeared, but Madame Leroux was quite capable of fulfilling his functions, and ushered them into the public room, talking all the while. The new form of address was not yet universal, and from old habit it was "monsieur" and "mademoiselle" with her, in spite of her being very patriotic, as they presently discovered; for she gave them the pleasure of her company, and began at once upon the late events in Paris. She was accustomed to read the newspapers, she informed them, and moreover she "reasoned" and "reflected" on what she read; so it was the result of these combined mental processes with which she now favored them in the form of a monologue. Marie was glad not to be obliged to answer, though it was trying to her loyalty to seem to assent by silence while the good woman talked about the king. Not that she was virulent against him, — she called him "poor man," even; but royalty, for her, was unquestionably a thing of the past.

"And it 's only a monstrous pity we did n't perceive a year ago, when the king tried to escape, that that was the best thing which could happen to us. Now we 've got him in the Temple and don't know what to do with him, whereas if we had had the sense then to say, 'A pleasant journey to you!' we should have seen the last of him for good and all, with no trouble to us, and his own fault for running away. But there! people never know when they 're well off. Why, even when those old princesses, the king's aunts, undertook to depart, it was as much as ever if we let them go. To be sure, we talk of the nation being in its infancy, and so we may regard them as two old dolls that we could n't bear to give up. Though why,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goodness knows, for it cost us a pretty penny to keep them in food and fripery. Really, now that we 've discovered at last where all the money went to that has been ground out of the people in taxes, it is astounding! Just for those old ladies and their hangers-on, so many hundred thousand francs a year for fish, so many for fowls, and all the rest in proportion. One would think they were ogres! No wonder there was nothing left for the soldiers to eat! It seems as if we could n't have been in too great a hurry to get rid of such people. And it 's just the same with the nobility. *I* don't regret the emigration; it is n't to the credit of those who go, to be sure, but it 's a gain to us who stay." She paused suddenly, and remarked, to Marie's alarm, "Mademoiselle looks as if she did n't agree with me."

"Ah, madame," said the abbé, "when one is young and romantic, a castle is a pretty feature in the landscape, and one thinks the people who live there must be something remarkable."

This was very well by way of coming to the rescue, but it had for a consequence that Madame Leroux now addressed herself particularly to Marie.

"Yes, yes, the chateau is beautiful, no doubt; but did you ever think of the village below it, mademoiselle? Of course not, — people who live in towns know nothing of the country; but I can tell you that the village is n't beautiful, for I 've seen the wretchedness of it with my own eyes. And the cottages are worse inside than they are out. How many human beings do you suppose those deplorable hovels hold sometimes? Father and mother, and grown children and babies; and if there is n't a grandmother or grandfather into the bargain, it 's good luck! And all that in two little rooms with the bare ground for a floor, and the only light from a window as big as your hand. Can there be cleanliness or decency in such a place? Why, the pigs of monsieur le marquis, up at the chateau, are better housed! Or if not the pigs, then the horses, and that nobody can deny. Is there a leak in the stable-roof? Send for the workmen immediately! The hay will be injured, and the valuable animals may take harm. But when the cottage-roof leaks, what happens? Why, nothing, except that the children get up in the night, and drag the sack of straw, on which they are lying like a litter of kittens, away from under the dripping. You see, there 's nothing to injure there, and that sort of animal is n't valuable. They are raised at no expense to monsieur le marquis. When one of *them* is sick, there 's no need even to send for the horse-doctor, for if they die there are always plenty more. Why they don't die by the dozen is the only wonder. It is n't the care they get that keeps them alive, when their mother is working in the fields. I suppose it 's the food, though you might n't think so, to look at it. And when there is n't enough of it, such as it is, the children go out on the highway and beg, or they go up to the chateau, maybe, and twitter around the door like sparrows; and if a few crusts are thrown to them, that 's charity! Well, they grow up on it somehow, but it tells, too. Among peasants, mademoiselle, a girl of your age, what with hard work and poor fare, is no longer young, and a woman of thirty is old. Probably the grand people at the chateau suppose peasants ought to look like that, — that it 's because they 're coarse, common folk. But it is n't; it 's because they work like cattle, and with all their labor can't get black bread enough to satisfy their hunger. And it is only three years ago that if, in an evil moment, they thought to put something in the pot by killing a hare, even in their own field, it was a case for the galleys, though the noble family at the chateau and their friends might ride through the field any day, when they were hunting, and trample down the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grain. That was one of their 'rights.' And then consider, mademoiselle, that it 's these same peasants who have paid all the taxes hitherto. Yes, your remarkable people at the chateau were 'exempt' from this and 'exempt' from that, by reason of their nobility, until in the end they contributed as good as nothing at all to the state. They could n't afford to, for their daughters must make a fine appearance at court, and their sons must be well placed in the army; and so it was the peasant who paid the tally and the twentieth and the poll-tax to the king, and the salt-tax and half a dozen other taxes to the treasury, and tithes to the clergy, and feudal dues to the lord of the manor into the bargain. Is it surprising, then, if he had n't enough left to keep body and soul together?

"Perhaps some of the nobles were more considerate, do you say, mademoiselle? But even if now and then, after a bad harvest, they did n't press for their dues, it was in their own interest that they abstained, for the peasant must eat. It 's an unfortunate arrangement of nature, no doubt, but, like the ox, he must have a certain amount of food, or he can't work; and then who would till the fields?

"But there! what 's the use of talking and exciting one's self? We 've got matters in our own hands now, and can do better than talk. And after all, there 's this to be said for the nobles: they were born into the abuses they called their 'rights,' and they took things as they found them; but the clergy, — that 's different. A man is n't born a priest; he takes it upon himself; he promises to follow Christ. And how has he done it in this land of ours? Mind you, I 'm not talking against religion, mademoiselle; I believe in religion, but I don't believe in men who were a shame and a scandal to the flocks they professed to tend. And I 'm not saying a word against the country *curés*, either; there are good men among them, and Heaven knows they 're as hard put to it as the peasants themselves sometimes; and when they resign their little pittance for conscience' sake, I respect them, mistaken though they are. Yes, even when they go about persuading the poor ignorant people that a constitutional mass is worse than none, and will take them straight where they don't want to go when they die, — that too may be only an unfortunate crook they 've got in their conscience. But to hear that the higher clergy can't think it right to take the oath is a little too much! The simple truth is that they are nobles, and go with their class; they are for the king because the king is for them; and as to all the conscience they 've got amongst them, I would n't give *that* for it!" with a contemptuous snap of her fingers. "For if they had any, would n't they have shown it before now? Would a Cardinal de Rohan have kitchen utensils of solid silver when the people were dying by thousands of starvation? Would all those bishops and abbés and what not have left their work to others, and gone to spend their enormous revenues in Paris and Versailles? Oh, you need n't look shocked at me, mademoiselle! Your uncle would tell you the same thing. He is a man, and he knows. I ask you, monsieur, were not those noble priests a scandal to Christian people?"

"Ah, madame, it is to be feared they often were."

She looked at Marie in triumph, and continued: "*They* follow Christ! When they rolled in their gilt coaches, monsieur, and fared sumptuously every day, when they carried jeweled snuffboxes costly enough to support a whole parish, when they passed their time acting plays with gay ladies and writing verses in their honor, — I ask you once more, was there anything of our blessed Lord in all that?"

"No, madame," he answered very gently.

Marie went to the window to hide the confusion she felt for the poor abbé.

"Well, then," continued Madame Le-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

roux, "am I not right in saying that they have no conscience in the matter?"

But at that he hesitated, and finally replied, "Let us be charitable, madame. I believe there are good men, too, in the ranks of the higher clergy, and perhaps even among those whom you condemn so justly there may be some who find themselves, when it comes to the point, a little more faithful to their vows than one would have supposed from their way of living."

"Well, perhaps so," she admitted rather reluctantly; one or two there might be, but not many. And then, suddenly remembering her duties as hostess, she cried, "But see! it is clearing off. You will want to be going."

She had one thing more to say, though. As they stood ready to get into the chaise, she called their attention to a fine old linden-tree, from which the wind had torn many of the leaves and scattered them far and wide.

"Before the storm they looked green and fresh, but they were ready to fall. And it 's just the same with the people we 've been talking about: they looked to be in their glory, but the Revolution is sweeping them all away."

The last stage of the journey was a very silent one. The travelers talked a little only at the start, about indifferent things, because each, for the sake of the other, wished to ignore the painful impression of their late experience.

The abbé, however, knew very well that this extremely gentle but perfectly self-possessed young lady had always held pretty much the same opinion of him that the innkeeper's wife had proclaimed. As a well-bred girl, she had treated the friend of her family with all due consideration, and he, as a well-bred man, had made no sign of his intuitive discovery; but there it was, an impalpable, though none the less impassable barrier between them.

He was right. When others deplored his missing a bishopric, to which but for the social cataclysm he would have attained, Mademoiselle de Sombreuil had discreetly reflected that she knew of no qualification he possessed for that office, unless it were his having supereminently beautiful hands and his being such very good company. Yet now, remembering what he had just said, — the pitiful little plea for "some, at least, even though justly condemned," — she asked herself if, in his refusing the oath to the Constitution, there might not have been another motive than the mere fact that he was a noble and went with his class. Then, by an insensible transition of ideas, she was thinking of his "white mass," — the first mass of a young priest, — which his lady mother must have followed with profound devotion; for to her, "good woman" as she was, the entrance of her youngest into the Church would have meant something beyond the certainty of a respectable provision in life; and perhaps to him too, then, — who could say? Yes, surely, to him too, then.

But reflections of this nature could not long detain Marie from plans of what must be done on the morrow, and what she should say to the revolutionary leaders whom she meant to approach with her petition; for if one refused, she would appeal to another. As often as the possibility of a repulse occurred to her, she said to herself, "But I must, I *will* go to him!" and then, in fancy, she pleaded her cause all over again to somebody else whose heart might be softer.

The abbé was equally absorbed in his reflections, whatever they were; and as he looked far off into the distance, his delicate face wore an intensely serious expression. Now and then, when he turned and their eyes met, he would smile a little absently as acknowledging a sense of companionship, and then resume his study of the distant landscape.

On nearing Paris, however, they both roused themselves: the abbé to express once more the deep interest he felt in the success of Marie's errand, while she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

begged him not to think of trying to see her again after they should have parted at her nurse's house, but to accomplish what he had come for, and get away from the city as soon as possible.

"Louison will take great care of me, and the citizen Picard, her husband, will go with me everywhere and do just as she tells him; he always does."

"What a delightful family arrangement!" exclaimed the abbé, in admiration. "If only every patriot had a Louison attached to him!"

But as he must hear, he said, how her affairs had sped, it was agreed that she should leave a letter with her nurse, which he would find means to get in one way or another.

"And now see what a superb sunset, Mademoiselle Marie! Let us take it as a good omen for us both."

The outlying district around a great city usually presents a dismal appearance, but just then the waste fields and poor hovels were glorified by a reflection from the sky, crimson to the very zenith.

"Look at the water," continued the abbé; "even that is red."

And so it was; little pools had formed everywhere on the low-lying land from the heavy rain, and they too gave back the sunset flush.

"Why, it looks like blood!" exclaimed Marie.

In a few moments more they were at the guard-house, where soldiers and idlers were grouped together, and one or two vehicles were either coming or going. A man in civilian's dress, but wearing the tri-colored scarf which denoted that he was on official business, stood somewhat apart, and as the chaise began to draw up he moved towards it, followed by everybody else. There was just time to think that this looked as if they were expected, when the door was opened by a guard, and the man with the scarf said abruptly, "Descend, if you please."

They did so amid a portentous silence; and as they stood, a half circle of eager gazers formed before them, leaving a free space for the dignitary of the tri-color, from whom every one seemed to hold aloof with a certain respect. No notice was taken of Marie; it was to get a good view of the abbé that the people pushed and elbowed one another, and those behind stretched their necks; the official personage also fixed his eyes upon him, as if to strike terror into his very soul. But there he mistook his man. Although from the first moment of painful surprise the abbé knew that his fate had overtaken him, he was far from being overcome by it, and returned the look with an appearance of saying, "Two can play at this game."

"Abbé Saint-Mart, I arrest you in the name of the nation!" said he of the scarf sternly, and then added his credentials: "Commissioned thereto by the Commune of Paris."

Marie gave a little cry, and there was a murmur of approval among the bystanders; but the person most concerned simply took off his hat, and tossed his wig into the gutter as something for which he had no further use, remarking as he did so that it was very hot and uncomfortable. So he stood self-confessed, with his tonsure and the crisp curling dark hair which became him better than the rather frouzy disguise he had adopted.

Angered by this manifestation of indifference to the majesty of the law, the commissioner said quickly, "I advise you to keep that on."

"And why?"

"Because you may be recognized in passing through the streets; and if the people, to show their appreciation of you as a burning and shining light in the Church, should undertake to hang you up instead of the lantern, I am not sure that I could prevent it."

"I am sure you could not," said the abbé calmly. "This government has not yet proved itself strong enough to cope with little disorders of that kind. However, I will take the risk." Then he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turned to Marie, who stood in mute distress, and, clasping her hands in his, said gently, "Why, dear child, you must n't mind so much! I was watched, you see, and it would have been either there or here, so I am glad to have come with you thus far."

"Who is this?" burst in the commissioner, ready to vent his wrath on whomsoever it might be.

"This is Mademoiselle de Sombreuil," answered the abbé unhesitatingly; for he believed that to make any further mystery was useless; he hoped, too, that her filial devotion would awaken sympathy. "Her father has been arrested, and she has come to Paris to beg the favor of being imprisoned with him."

"Aha! Involved in the late conspiracy!" sneered the commissioner, as if he had expected nothing better, in view of the company she was in. But it was not for him to concern himself with persons who wished to be imprisoned, and he said no more. His sentiments were echoed, however, among the lookers-on, and the inevitable word "aristocrat" began to circulate at once.

"Yes," said the abbé, taking it up boldly and addressing himself now to them, "an aristocrat, if you choose to call her so, but also a woman, — young, alone, and unprotected, now that I must leave her." His eyes wandered over the crowd. "Which of you will conduct her safely where she wants to go?"

It was the sort of appeal that would seldom fail to meet with a response even from the roughest mob, and here there were some very respectable elements. There were also elements not so respectable, men who perhaps had been attracted to that vicinity by the little dramshop close at hand; but the abbé had fixed his hopes on a decent-looking citizen of middle age who seemed as if he might be returning from a stroll in the fields; or, he thought, possibly one of the guards would be off duty, and in his uniform would make Marie a very proper escort. Instead of this, however, it was the unexpected that happened. Before any one else could answer, the least prepossessing individual of them all stepped forward and said, "Priest, *I* will."

Decidedly unprepossessing he was, at the first glance: a gaunt figure, a haggard face, clothes greatly the worse for wear, altogether a strange companion for Mademoiselle de Sombreuil; and yet the abbé, when he looked him straight in the eyes, could see that he meant what he said, and that being the case, there was nothing for it but to accept. He answered simply, "I thank you, citoyen."

But he was ill advised in making any suggestions, such as that the chaise would take Marie into the city as far as the post-house, and there a carriage could be procured.

"Priest," said the man again, "I have promised to conduct her safely where she is going. It is enough!" He had evidently just that sort of regard for an ecclesiastic to which the commissioner had alluded, and he wanted no directions from such an one.

The abbé bent his head, and said so quickly and so low that only Marie could hear it, "Forgive me, my poor child! But he is honest, and your tact will help you out."

With that they were forced to part: and it was a short leave-taking, for the commissioner was impatient: a fatherly embrace, a few encouraging words, thoughtful as the abbé was for her even to the last, then the carriage that was in waiting bore him away, and Marie stood there alone, with a feeling of unspeakable desolation at her heart.

What fate was in store for him, that kind friend? For he had become a friend to her in her trouble. The man she had thought of slightingly belonged to the old days that were gone beyond recall, that the Revolution had swept away, and she saw now only a man who had more conscience than one might have supposed from his manner of living, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who was at heart more of a priest than he himself had known.

Overcome as she was by the terrible ending of the journey, Marie would have liked to say nothing at all to her singular escort, who got into the chaise with her and took the abbé's place; but his offer to accompany her was an act of generosity towards one whom he regarded as a natural enemy, and she did not wish to seem insensible to that, however little she appreciated the benefit in itself, so, after a while, she forced herself to speak.

"It is kind of you to come with me."

"Somebody had to."

"I fear you may be tired with your day's work, and I am taking you out of your way." She saw that he was, or ought to be, a workingman.

"No."

Then there was silence. Marie felt that she had done her part; and perhaps he thought so, too, for presently, of his own accord, he vouchsafed the information that he worked on the quays, but there was nothing going on there then.

"That is unfortunate."

"No, it does n't matter."

"You have been prudent, no doubt, and laid up something for a rainy day."

To her surprise, this honorable imputation was taken ill.

"Why should I lay up money?" he asked, fiercely, as it seemed to her.

She suggested that he might do it for his family, if he had one.

At this he glared at her, and she could see that there was something working in his mind. Finally he said, "I had a wife and children. They are dead."

"Oh, I have pained you! I am so sorry!" she exclaimed, with such feeling that he seemed mollified.

Then, like many persons with a great grief, once he had mentioned it, he could not help talking about it. He told her, in his uncouth way, how, three years before, he had lost his wife and two children in the course of a few days.

"How sad! And all of the same disease?"

"Yes, all of starvation. You start," he continued, "and you wonder that I let them die. You think I should have worked; you think I should have laid up money. Yes, that was the time to lay up money!" He gave a short, bitter laugh.

"It was a terrible year," said Marie.

"Do you know that? *You?*"

She looked at him compassionately, but did not say that she had done all in her power, with the resources her father could allow her, to help such unfortunate families as they chanced to hear of.

"Yes, it was terrible," he resumed. "A man might work then as he would, he could n't buy bread enough, it was so dear. And what bread! She could n't eat it, she was so weak and ill already, and with a child to nurse. She pined away till she was nothing but a skeleton. Then she and the baby died the same day; the boy two days after."

Marie looked at him mutely. What could she say? It was heart-rending.

"I was glad at the time," he added. "I did n't have to see them suffer any more. But now, when things are going better, I think what I might do if they were alive."

The interruption of arriving at the post-house came as a relief just there. There was no long delay, however, for a *fiacre* was easily procured, and they set off once more, having a good part of the city to traverse. Marie experienced a momentary surprise when her companion, instead of mounting the box, put her portmanteau there, and seated himself beside her again in the vehicle; but it was a proof that he had not found the society of an "aristocrat" positively odious, while she, on her part, felt the sincerest sympathy for him, and would have liked to show it.

"And so things are already better, now?" she said, hoping to reopen the conversation on a more cheerful basis.

"Yes, it is a little easier to live. At

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

least, rich people pay their share of the taxes, and the poor are not so ground down. They don't get the blue man quartered on them, at any rate. We 've done with that."

"What do you mean by the 'blue man'?"

"Why, the *garnison* for the capitation." [1] And when she still looked wondering, he laughed, with a sneer. "You never heard of that, of course! No, the nobility did n't pay it. But the workingman, the day laborer, who had more than he could do to feed his family, he paid such and such a sum out of his earnings; and when he had n't the money, they sent a man in a blue coat to live on him till he got it, and he was charged so many sous daily for the man's board. Well, it was a clever plan, for you paid *then* just to get rid of the garnison. You sold what you had, — your furniture, your clothes, anything. I sold my wife's bed for that, and she died on straw."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Marie, involuntarily putting out her hand as if he hurt her. She had heard too much about the miseries of life in that one short day. For though she had been charitable where she could, her position and her age had made any real personal acquaintance with the sufferings of the poor impossible.

"Do you care?" he asked, eying her curiously. And then, at the reproach in her look, "Well, nobody cared in the time of it. The king and queen, the nobles and priests, — did it ever make any difference to them?"

"Oh, they were not so hard-hearted as you think!" she cried. "They did n't know; they could n't picture it to themselves."

"And why should they? *They* were happy. They had all *they* wanted."

"But that is past. You need not feel so bitter towards them any more. They are not happy now."

"No; they have to help support the nation now, and they can't wear the fine clothes they used to, nor dress up their servants like a procession on Shrove Tuesday," he pronounced scornfully.

"You speak as if money were everything; there are other troubles than the loss of money. How should you feel if some one whom you loved more than anybody else on earth were in prison, and you dared not even think what might come of that?"

A recollection dawned in his face. "Ah yes, your father. That priest said he had been arrested."

"And so you see, yourself, how easy it is not to think of other people's sorrows," she answered gently.

Nothing was spoken after that for a time; then he began in a mild voice: "And you are going to your father, *citoyenne?*" That form of address sounded very courteous from him as compared with his brusqueness hitherto.

"I trust so, but I must get permission."

"In what prison is your father, citoyenne?"

"He is at the Abbaye."

"They have taken that priest there," he observed casually, and for a moment Marie felt a joyful surprise, as if she were going to meet the abbé again; then she reflected how foolish was her hope, since bolts and bars could constitute a far more effectual separation than miles of land or sea. And directly she had something else to think of, for they were nearing her destination.

"We shall soon be there," she said, as she gave him money to pay the driver, but then still held her purse in her hand, meditating.

"It is very kind of you to have put yourself out for me," she continued presently, "and having accepted the kindness, I simply say 'thank you;' it is all I can do. But you have told me such sad things, and I know you have no work, I should be truly glad if, for *fraternity's*

[1] This was not a poll-tax, but a tax on capital. The laborer's wages were accounted his capital, and taxed accordingly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sake, you would n't refuse this." There was a gold-piece shining between her fingers.

He looked neither hurt nor angry, though he shook his head; but it was not the mere magic of the word "fraternity" that charmed him; he had already discovered for himself that she could see a brother in any suffering man.

"I don't want it," he answered, simply but decidedly. "I have enough. I have food and lodging. Sometimes when I don't work it 's because I don't choose. A man who has only himself to provide for needs little."

. . . . . .

Louison was astonished beyond measure when her young lady arrived in such company, and moreover asked that some refreshment might be offered to the citizen Gridou, and then with her own hand presented the wine which was all he would consent to take. The good nurse stood by, wide-eyed; and when he was gone, and the situation had been hastily made clear to her, she simply passed from one state of amazement into another. She had learned already from the newspaper, to her grief and dismay, of the arrest of monsieur the marquis; but that Mademoiselle Marie wanted to join him in prison! — she struck her hands together over her head. The only commendable thing about the plan was that her hospitality should be claimed to further it, and in her pride and pleasure she made Marie feel that the whole little household was turned upside down for her accommodation. The "patriot" was unceremoniously sent with his pipe into the shop which he kept in the front part of their dwelling, in order that a table might be spread for the guest in the family living-room, and she must occupy his great leather-covered armchair, rather to her discomfort, and, as she feared, to his; and finally she overheard Louison reproaching him for addressing Mademoiselle de Sombreuil as "citoyenne," while he protested mildly that that was as proud a title as any one could desire, and that, moreover, her father was not a marquis and she was not Mademoiselle de Sombreuil any longer.

"And just for that reason, all the more!" exclaimed Louison.

But he took that for one of the silly things that women would say sometimes, and, believing you must not expect too much logic from them, made no reply.

After doing what justice she could to Louison's supper, Marie was left to a period of quiet while further preparations for the night went on elsewhere. The only child of the family, a boy about ten years old, was in the room with her; but he was shy of the guest, and she, wearied with the emotions of the day, let him alone, and sat thinking, until a monotonous and continuous sound attracted her attention and made her look to see what the child was about.

He was littering the table with bits of paper, using, however, a certain method in his manner of procedure; for he held a pair of scissors in one hand, while with the other he advanced a strip of paper towards them, along the table, saying as he did so, "Here comes a fine gentleman," or "priest," or "officer;" and when the paper reached the shears, he would duck it down and snip off the end, with "Click! and off goes his head!" and then instantly recommence the process; the only variation being in the person who was subjected to this treatment, and who might be any one, as the fancy took him.

He was so absorbed in this singular pastime as to be quite unconscious that Marie was watching him, while she herself was fascinated by the very monotony of it, and there is no saying how long it might have continued but that, on a sudden, just as he was beginning again, "Here comes a fine young lady," it was his mother who came and finished the sentence with "Click! and off goes *your* head!" as she gave him a box on the ear and snatched the scissors away from him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The child went the other day with a parcel of rascally boys and saw some executions," she explained to Marie, who was almost as much taken by surprise as the young patriot himself at this conclusion of the ceremonies, "and so we 've had nothing but guillotining in the family ever since, and I 'm sick of it."

Poor little Jean had had enough of it, too, for the moment; he sat scowling, and Marie said quickly, "Ah, well, if that is it, it is not a pretty play. Let us think no more of it. Give me the scissors, Louison, and I will cut out some animals with which Jean can stock a farm."

Louison looked on in admiration to see Mademoiselle Marie relieve the child's discontent by turning his mind to healthier thoughts, and prophesied that she would "make that boy adore her, just like everybody else." In spite of this the young patriot fell into disgrace again later; for when Marie and his mother were talking together, and it was nothing but "monsieur le marquis," and "my father," and "the prison," and there was evidently something very sad about it all, his unlucky pastime recurred to him, and he must needs inquire, "Is he going to be guillotined?"

He was nimble enough to get out of his mother's reach on the instant, and he took warning at the terrible threat, "If you say that word again!" But as soon as it appeared to be safe, he returned to where he could gaze at Marie to his heart's content. She, however, did not feel sure whether he was "adoring" her, or merely meditating on future possibilities, and saying to himself, *Click!*

Grace Howard Peirce.

BOVA UNVISITED.

The railway of the Reggio-Napoli line, before it enters upon the long and melancholy distances of the eastern coast of Calabria, takes a charming run around the pointed toe of the boot of the Italian peninsula. At only about twenty-five kilometres' distance from the city of Reggio, on this road, — so my kinsman and good comrade the lieutenant deciphered from the cryptograms of the railway guide, — is the town of Bova, one of the ancient Greek settlements left stranded here and there in Calabria and Sicily; whose inhabitants, although they have constant dealings with the neighboring population, retain with extraordinary tenacity the traditions, costumes, rituals, and language originally brought from Greece. These colonies, it is said, more closely preserve the old Hellenic speech and customs than do the modern Greek peoples.

Therefore we decided that we must visit Bova, see the picturesque Albanian dress, and hear the soft, incomprehensible jargon, and perhaps also the wild ballads of the place. Unlike other Italian poetry are these legendary dance-songs about captive maids and Turkish pirates, or the little Constantine who arose from his grave in order to lead his sister to her bridal.

One fine April morning, then, we took our places in a sort of Italian version of the American railway car, with subtle distinctions of plush and haircloth to differentiate the first class from the second, instead of the solid wooden walls of the ordinary European wagons. To an imaginative passenger, that car had the effect of a spirit of liberal monarchy, avoiding the sharply drawn discriminations of an effete autocracy and the uncritical crowding of a democracy. It was a gratifying sort of car to persons who usually renounced first-class transit, but this time we were able to save both our pride and our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money. The train was an accommodation train, and, being Italian, and south Italian, was more accommodating than others, so that it took two hours and a half to cover the twenty or twenty-five kilometres between Reggio and Bova station. But its inscrutable delays and languorous dallyings with time and space were all the better for us, to whom the going was of as much interest as the getting there; for the way was charmingly picturesque along that south curve of the coast, past little agricultural and fishing villages that have something of the Oriental character. Across the strait Messina is poised, as if ready to run to meet halfway her sister city of Reggio; to the southwest lies the dark line of the Sicilian coast; and above a mass of cloud rises a cone of pure-tinted opal, Etna. In the middle distance spreads the brilliant azure field of the Mediterranean, dotted with many white *pecorelle*, the little sheep whose wool is the sea-foam, and whose shepherd is the breeze. The fishing-boats out at anchor dance to the pastoral piping, but they would be drawn up on the beach quickly if in the offing should be heard the shouts of the storm-wind, the strong herder of the *cavalloni*, the wild sea-horses that shake the blue plain with manifold trampling, as, with white manes tossing, they gallop to the charge of the coast.

The railroad passes between long hedges of aloe and of Indian figs with their grotesque and improbable forms. To the left are vast gardens of *agrumi*, orange, lemon, citron, bergamot; the last a staple and a specialty of this region of Calabria. The rich verdure is frequently interrupted by wide *fiumare*, arid, stony tracts wrinkled by watercourses, which, in the latter part of the winter, are flooded by the melting snows of the mountains. But that April time when we traversed them they were threaded by slender streams.

The train passed by the town of San Gregorio, where the shore was populated by fishermen who, having beached their boats, were opening the nets and taking out the fish, which the women carried away in baskets on their heads. Other women, standing many yards apart, were stretching long webs of homespun linen to bleach under the potent springtide sun.

Flame-red geraniums gleamed in the hedges of Melito of the many gardens, whose church has a large dome like that of an Arab mosque. And now only leagues of blue water were between us and the Orient; the train had gone past the Strait of Messina, and had rounded the southern point of Calabria.

At Amendolea — named for the almond groves, which are not visible from the railway, but no doubt are ensconced in sunny hollows — a great fiumara issues between steep and bizarre hills, earthquake-smitten, their sides rugged and bare, streaked with scrambling thickets of Indian fig. Here and there on small plateaus are clumps of fruit-trees and olives, or fields of greenstuff and forage. Patches of a rich magenta color show the bloom of the *sulla*, a sort of pink vetch, used as fodder for horses and cattle. It is pretty to see a donkey carrying home his own supper, the red flowers emerging from full panniers against his gray flanks.

The peach-trees, that April day, were great bouquets of pale rose-tinted flowerage. In strong contrast were the disconsolate files of the eucalyptus with their drooping branches and trunks from which the bark peels away in strips, leaving them in white, unhealthful nakedness. In the distance, villages and farmsteads are perched upon the heights; the buildings are of stone, so that they can hardly be distinguished from the natural caves and peaks of the rock.

Finally the station of Bova was reached, a small hamlet, as if a vestibule to the town itself, which is somewhat distant, on the crest of the mountain. The people of the railway village are like other Calabrians in their dress, manners, and speech; the Albanian characteristics that we sought were to be found only by climbing. The lieutenant and I set off

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gayly on foot up the hill-path, declining all proffers of guides and donkeys. We were on the side of a little acclivity when we were hailed by a dweller in the valley, who warned us that it would take several hours of cart or saddle to reach the height of Bova. Other inhabitants joined in counsel. "Try not the path;" and we, taking into consideration all the sub-tropical substitutes for the pine-tree's withered branch and the awful avalanche, decided that our motto was *not* Excelsior. We yielded at once, and came down by a precipitous little track to the fiumara, and told each other that we had all the time meant to go that way, in order to look at some rustic cottages, and, farther on, a ruined ancient watch-tower set on the verge of a cliff fronting the sea. Neither of us explained why we had wished to climb a hill in the opposite quarter, but we said that we took pride in the flexibility of our plans when "the strong god Circumstance" should give them ever so slight a push in a new direction.

"We are not obstinate," we declared; "we are not like donkeys. The world is full of fine things to be seen, and 't is a toss-up which of them is to be regarded and admired next. *Succia*, come along."

The only hindrance was the importunate rivulet of the fiumara, which ran in zigzags across our path, so that we had to cross it three times in as many hundred yards. Surely, that was the *fuddittu* himself, the tricksy sprite of southern Calabria, sometimes good, sometimes bad, but always unaccountable. (They call him *folletto* in central Italy, in Venice he is *mascarol*, in Naples *munaciellu*, in the Cosentino *monachedda*.) That day, who but he pulled the wine-flask from under the arm of the lieutenant just as we were crossing the stepping-stones of the fiumara, so that the bottle went into fragments on the pebbles, and the wine made crimson the river, as in some sanguinary legend of the battles of Alaric in Calabria! Two friendly native boys, who had placed the stepping-stones and given a hand to help the signora across the brook, were quite in accord with my lamentation: "Look! this is partly my fault. If I had thought to wear the bracelet with the *cornicedda*, this misfortune would not have happened, nor my relative have been left with a dry mouth!"

(After that the bracelet went on all excursions. *Fora-malocchio!* Certain precautions ought not to be neglected, and, in short, what harm is there in a little amulet? I ask the unprejudiced reader. But it appears to me that amulets lose their power in the positive American atmosphere, so that the bracelet now stays at home or goes forth as chance wills.)

The younger of the boys went away to buy a small flask of the black Calabrian wine, while the elder acted as our guide to the ruined castle. He wanted a job and the relative pence. His trade was that of shoemaker, but most of his townsfolk go barefoot: therefore he shall not be blamed if he played upon my feminine timidity, telling me that there were fierce dogs at the farm, but he knew how to pacify them; the signora must not fear. He even pointed out the shed where the savage beasts were supposed to lurk; but he must have charmed them with power, for not a bark was heard as we went by, talking, as our guide counseled, "in a usual manner, in order not to make them suspicious." So, having passed by Cerberus in safety, we descended a broken pathway enlivened by many small flowers, coral-pink or deep-sea blue, and by crowds of marigolds and white daisies. The boy, finding that the signora was no scoffer at popular beliefs, began to tell about the old castle.

"You see, your excellency, it was built in the times of the Saracen pirates, in order to defend the country. They say that there is great treasure shut up inside, underground, but nobody knows how or where to find it."

"But is it not known what things

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must be done to loosen the spell? Was there perhaps a Moorish slave killed in that place, and enchanted, that he might guard forever the treasure?"

"Maybe so. We do not know anything about it, nor what has to be done. There are so many of these treasures buried, and until they shall be found Calabria has to remain always poor."

"Let us hope that some fine day they will be discovered, and then Calabria will be rich."

"Let us hope, signora. But there is wanted the book of command."

"I understand. Rutilio."[1]

"That 's it, — Rutilio."

"Eh, if the true book could be found, and the right pages, something might be done."

"And neither do we know where to get the book."

"Also this is a difficulty. But do they not dig inside there?"

"What do I know about it, your lady-ship?" (Which, with a Calabrian, means that he knows all about it, but is too prudent to tell.) "So much I can say, that once there came two gentlemen, Greeks, very learned. They wished to dig; they may have found some broken pottery, a few coins of brass. I don't know. But in any case, they were made to run away, for we took up sticks."

By this time we had come out upon the postal road, which winds in fine curves around the cliffs at some height above the shore. We stopped to admire a towering rock, which, moreover, had been blasted away in constructing the road, and is left a sheer precipice of a hundred and fifty metres. The red and yellow fruits of the last year were hanging from the Indian-fig plants near the top of the cliff, for not even the goats can climb there to gather them. In some places the earth and the rock are supported by masonry, to avert the danger of a landslide. On the crown of the cliff is a villa with annexed buildings. A shed at the base of the precipice, beside the road, a cart, and a mule that stood eating his straw, served the eye to measure the imposing elevation of the rock. We sat down upon a wall, that I might sketch the cliff and the villa and the Indian figs.

Our young friend the shoemaker hinted a just criticism when he said that he supposed "the signora intended to make a beautiful copy afterward." It was answered him that the copy might not succeed in being beautiful, but at all events nothing could be worse than the original sketch; and we all laughed. At least, those who pretend to nothing are spared disillusions in art.

Then a noble old peasant came along, looked at the sketch, asked if we were traveling for diversion, and if that did not cost much money, and invited us to ascend to his dwelling on the top of the rock, enter the house, and eat our lunch there. We accepted the invitation, given with the serious courtesy of a Calabrian. We climbed the steep and tortuous path. We were shown the bergamot press with its ingenious machinery, the invention of a citizen of Reggio, well deserving as the promoter of a unique industry. We admired a great black pig sunning himself in front of his thatched hut. In Calabria, the grandiose Homeric epithets, such as "kingly hearted swine," do not seem unfitting, so portly is the form, so thick and dark are the bristles, so lordly is the bearing of the pigs, who, for manners, are called "the blacks," or, with irony, "the seminarists." Four cows of the pretty Sicilian race, a dear little calf whose fawn-colored first coat would soon be changed for a gray one like his mother's, a donkey, a dog, and a very cordial cat formed the four-footed part of the family, and to all these we were duly presented.

The peasant, his wife, and two little daughters gave us a charming welcome, and unclosed for our reception a room of the villa (which belongs to a gentleman of Reggio, and of which this worthy family are the care-takers). We opened the

[1] The title of a popular work on magic.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

basket of lunch which we had brought with us, and sat at the table with its clean linen and green-painted Calabrian plates. The fine old peasant, with dramatic gestures, related his experiences, in the times of Garibaldi, as corporal in a regiment of grenadiers. The details, well understood by the lieutenant, were too technical for me, so I slipped out to sit on the doorstep with the goodwife and her little girls, who were entertaining the shoemaker and his brother.

A page from the sketch-book served to cut out a whole company of paper girls dancing the *ridda* hand in hand. The pencil and water-colors that had been so inadequate for the landscape did themselves credit when it was a question of a paper doll in Calabrian costume, without economies of blue, pink, or yellow paint.

We chatted about the fuddittu, and were certain that the disaster of the wine bottle was due to his presence and to the absence of the bracelet. "On that bracelet," I told them, "is the hand that makes the *cornicedda*, the little horns against the evil eye; the *cuoricino*, the little heart, for courage; and the *pesciolino*, the little fish, for shrewdness and agility. Also I have 'a coin out of use,' and when that shall be attached to the bracelet these things will not happen any more. But the fuddittu has certain manners. May he be far from us!"

This rhetorical excursion was meant to call forth the views of the good woman. We all united in a profound sigh, to express how dark are the ways and how vain the tricks of the fuddittu; then my hostess began: —

"And the fuddittu comes to sit upon people's chests in the night, so that they cannot breathe.

"Yes, precisely so a young girl in Reggio has told me. She went to pay a visit to her aunt, and found her without voice, as if from a great hoarseness of a cold. The aunt told Lucrezia that it was the work of the fuddittu, and they need not call the doctor nor the wise woman, for as the trouble came so it would pass; and in fact, after two or three days she was well.

"And when the fuddittu sits upon your chest, and to drive him away you exclaim, 'Mamma mia!' that the Madonna may aid, he counterfeits your voice, 'Mamma mia!'" (The squeak was delicious with which the good woman rendered the tone of the imp.) "And you lament, 'Mara me!' and he repeats, 'Mara me!'"

"He makes you the echo."

"Exactly, — the echo. Eh, he does so many things! But if you know how to take him, signora, he brings you fortune."

"One must keep his red cap."

"That's it. When you see him, do not be afraid, but lift off his little cap. He will pray that you give it back to him, but you hold firm; then he will offer you treasures, great money, and you don't accept, but instead you put the cap under the kettle, among the ashes of the hearth; because the fuddittu is a cleanly little spirit, and he will not go among the cinders, in order not to soil himself. So you have him in your power, and you command him, 'Bring me money,' and he will bring you some gold. And you, signora, don't be too soon content. 'This is not enough,' you tell him; 'you have to bring me more.' And he goes back to get for you money and money, and you still say, 'This is not enough for me,' until it appears to you that it suffices, and then you give him his cap, and he makes you a fine bow and departs."

"So many thanks for the good counsel. I shall not fail to follow it, if ever I meet the fuddittu."

"Eh, 't is difficult, signora mia! In these days the spirits do not let themselves be seen as in other times. Then there was more ignorance, yes, but also more innocence. Now the world becomes always worse: there 's no longer any innocence, because of so much learning; so that things which used to be seen by our fathers do not show themselves to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us, for cause of too much learning, your ladyship."

We agreed that learning, little or much, is a dangerous thing, and that to live in this world as one ought it is necessary to have faith. Then we compared notes concerning the evil eye, its perils and its antidotes. The goodwife showed me a plant growing in a pottery vase upon the little terrace, a sort of cactus with gray spiny leaves fantastically shaped, which is called *malocchio* because it has the virtue to avert the evil eye. Evidently the beneficent charm worked, for the household was in health and prosperous. And those humble folk were excellent company; one has been present at many a polite function where the talk was not found half so inspiriting or the personalities so attractive as in the home of the brave ex-corporal and his family. When we came away, they all accompanied us some distance on the postal road. The kind woman insisted that she would give me her arm for the descent of the cliff, because "the little feet of the signora are not accustomed to such a goats' path." With a profusion of thanks, compliments, and a whole discourse of gestures and waving kerchiefs, the farewells were made. The young shoemaker and his brother went with us still further. The last that we saw of them they were making their homeward way along the stony bed of the fiumara.

"Good-by, signor lieutenant. I kiss the hands of your ladyship. Good-by."

"Good-by and good fortune, my brave boys."

And so back again as we came, by the picturesque railway, to Reggio. At the station, Frontino, the pet gray colt, was waiting to take us at a square trot through the Corso to the house where my mother stood on the balcony to welcome the returned excursionists, and hear about our pleasurable failure to behold the Greek types of Bova.

Elisabeth Pullen.

EVENING IN SALISBURY CLOSE.

The sudden sunlight swept the minster-close,
Day's expiation for its hours of gloom;
And every figure on the fair façade,
Each saint with hand uplifted, gained a grace,
A happier halo than the sculptor's art,
Howe'er so marvel-working, had bestowed.
Only the pillared porch and those deep eyes,
The windows wide that ever watch the west,
Caught the wind-wavering shadows of the elms.
All the great Gothic glory of the spire
Reached heavenward irradiate; gray to gold
By momentary magic turned, and poised
Like some aerial pinnacle of dream.
And while the sight hung on the miracle,
Out of the silent symmetry of the tower
Slipped down the unseen silver of the chimes,
Softer than snowfall, soothing as the sense
Of slumber after vigils held till dawn.

Clinton Scollard.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION.

THE "cholera scare," as it was called, of 1893, which had its origin among the steerage passengers of the great Atlantic liners, brought the results of unlimited and uncontrolled immigration vividly before the American people; and it is to be hoped that the subsidence of that panic will not cause us to postpone a consideration of the problem until a fresh epidemic brings it up again to our minds with threatening force.

I do not propose at present to consider the medical and sanitary aspects of the subject, as they will doubtless be thoroughly studied by the national and state sanitary officers, and met by harmonious and effective measures. My motive now is to define the civil status of the immigrant when he lands, and when he proposes, or does not propose, as the case may be, to become an American citizen. Perhaps by examining the question of the alien's nationality at this end of the line we may find methods to influence his movements at the other, or foreign end. The problem to be solved — and a most difficult one it is — is, what new legislation, if any, is needed, that will be for the interest of the alien immigrant as well as for our own, and will remedy the pernicious effects, political, social, and economic, which, as is becoming more and more evident, are resulting from the unchecked immigration and reckless naturalization of foreigners in the past. A combination of the statutes on immigration and naturalization, as explained further on, would go far toward effecting the solution.

The authority for the present legislation on naturalization is found in the Constitution of the United States, which gives Congress power "to establish a uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcy."

Just what distinction, if any, was here intended between a "rule" and a "law" is not evident; be that as it may, Congress has interpreted the section as giving it the right to make laws regarding naturalization, so far as the forms of the process go and the courts which shall carry them out; but it has not made any laws obliging the States, or even the United States courts in the States, to carry out the provisions in a "uniform" way, nor has it established any machinery by which the "uniform rule of naturalization" which it is empowered, though not compelled, by the Constitution to establish, can be made useful either to the alien himself or to the nation at large. Not only each State and Territory, but even each court in them, may, and generally does, have its own forms of admitting aliens to citizenship in the place where they reside, so that there are numbers of unnaturalized or semi-naturalized aliens exercising the same right of franchise as fully naturalized, or even as native-born citizens.

The first step for the alien to take is to declare before any court having a seal and a clerk, except the police court of the District of Columbia, that it is his *bona fide* intention to become a citizen of the United States, and to renounce his allegiance to every other government. The court then gives him a certificate, known as the "intention" paper, stating that he has complied with these conditions.

Here it must be carefully noted that thus far the alien has recorded merely the declaration of his intention to become a citizen at some future day, at least two years off, and if he has just landed, at least five years off; often this intention is not carried out. The renunciation of allegiance to his sovereign, also, is incomplete, until the alien takes out his final paper. The full and final renunciation of allegiance is not, as many

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aliens and even as some lawyers suppose, made at the time of declaring the intention to become a citizen. And the propriety of this is evident. The alien, after taking out his first paper, is, as it were, in a state of probation for the next few years. He may prove to be an undesirable citizen by getting into prison, or he may change his mind and go back to his native land to live. In the latter case, the alien, not having finally renounced allegiance to his sovereign, is free to return to his own country and resume all the rights of citizenship without going through the process of being naturalized. In other words, the filing of a declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States does not terminate a man's alienage, on the one hand, — although he may be permitted by the laws of the State of his residence to vote and hold office, — nor his citizenship in his native country, on the other hand.

Such cases constantly occur, especially with Germans, who are so strongly attached to their "fatherland." This point may be of importance in determining an alien's nationality and his claims on our government for protection. And here it may be remarked that aliens who have taken out only the first paper are not entitled to a passport, as many of them suppose, to their great disappointment.

The celebrated Koszta case, which nearly involved us in war, is an instance of the misunderstanding about renouncing foreign allegiance at the time of taking out the intention paper. The circumstances were as follows: —

Martin Koszta, a Hungarian by birth, came to this country in 1850, and declared his intention, in due form of law, to become a citizen. After remaining two years he visited Turkey. While at Smyrna he was forcibly seized, taken on board of an Austrian man-of-war then lying in the harbor of that place, and confined in irons, by Austrians, who avowed the design of taking him into the dominions of Austria. Our consul at Smyrna and our legation at Constantinople interposed ineffectually for his release. At this juncture, Commander Ingraham, with the United States sloop-of-war St. Louis, arrived at Smyrna. After inquiring into the circumstances of the case, and consulting with our legation at Constantinople, he came to the conclusion that Koszta was entitled to the protection of this government, and, by clearing his decks for action and training his guns on the Austrian vessel, took energetic and prompt measures for Koszta's release before sunset. The Austrian commander, under this pressure, turned Koszta over to the French consulate, to be kept while his case was discussed by a court of all the foreign consuls at Smyrna. This resulted in his release. The affair led to a voluminous correspondence between our government and that of Austria, which was sent to Congress, and made a great point of in the next presidential message. Secretary Marcy, in his dispatch to our minister in Turkey, said:

"From the statement of the case, it is quite evident that Koszta, at the time he was kidnapped, was not a subject of the Emperor of Austria. He had withdrawn from his allegiance to the Austrian government, and the course of that government towards him was at least an implied consent to his withdrawal. By acts concurred in by both parties the ties of allegiance were severed. He had renounced on his part, as Austria had on hers, all claims to reciprocal acts or duties resulting from their former political connection as sovereign and subject, and they stood toward each other as if no such connection had ever existed."

If this opinion is based solely on the fact that Koszta had declared his intention to become an American citizen, it is misleading; for, as we have shown above, there had been no withdrawal from Austrian allegiance except a bodily one, to which it is more than doubtful if Austria had ever given either written or implied consent; perhaps she had not even

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had any knowledge of the matter at the time Koszta emigrated. Some of the Continental governments issue a permit to travel implying a return in a limited time.

There are no acts known to diplomacy, except naturalization treaties, which can be concurred in by both governments, by which the ties of allegiance can be severed, and these treaties apply only to fully naturalized citizens. Our laws provide that an alien shall reside in this country until he is a full-fledged citizen, and can be protected under a naturalization treaty, if we have one with his nation. Koszta had not, certainly under the authority of our statutes, "renounced" anything, and had he gone to Austria instead of to Turkey all our diplomacy and ships-of-war could not have prevented his being put into the Austrian army, any more than they can prevent the semi-naturalized American who returns to Germany from being put into the German army. This is happening every day, and our government never thinks of alleging "withdrawal from allegiance," or "mutually severed ties," or any other diplomatic reasons, to the contrary. Aliens return at their own risk, and they know it. The best argument for protecting Koszta was that given in another part of Mr. Marcy's dispatch, as follows: —

"Whatever may have been Koszta's citizenship (not being a subject of the Ottoman Porte), he was, while at Smyrna, a Frank or sojourner, and might place himself under any foreign protection he chose to select, and the Turkish government respect the rights he thus acquired."

This plea alone was sufficient to protect him, and it was hardly worth while to waste words on any other. Austria had no right to touch him because he was in Turkey, and we had a right to protect him because he asked us to, and that is all there was in it. Koszta's right to protection was also based by Mr. Marcy on the ground of his having acquired *domicile* here, a doctrine which was expounded by Mr. Webster in the Thrasher case as follows: —

"The general rule of the public law is that every person of full age has a right to change his domicile, and it follows that when he removes to another place, with an intent to make that place his permanent residence, or his residence for an indefinite period, it becomes instantly his place of domicile: and this is so notwithstanding he may entertain a floating intention of returning to his original residence or citizenship at some future period. It is well known that hundreds of thousands of persons are now living in this country who have not been naturalized according to the provisions of law, nor sworn any allegiance to this government, nor been domiciled among us by any regular course of proceedings. What degree of alarm would it not give to this vastly numerous class of men, actually living amongst us as citizens of the United States, to learn that by removal to this country they have not transferred their allegiance, from the government to which they were originally subject, to this government!"

This quotation furnishes a good illustration of the defective enforcement of our naturalization laws. The number of this class of aliens is estimated to be at present over thirty-two per cent of the whole population.

In Koszta's case Mr. Marcy subsequently admitted: "Had Koszta been within the jurisdiction of Austria when he was seized, the whole character of the case would have been changed, and the forcible taking of him from the legal custody of Austrian officers could not have been defended on any principle of municipal or international law." If that be the case, what becomes of the law of domicile which we have attempted to graft on international law, and for ignorance of which Mr. Marcy administered a scathing rebuke in his note to the Austrian minister?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We have no naturalization treaties with Italy and Russia, and those nations, in the cases of returning semi-naturalized or even fully naturalized American citizens, snap their fingers at our naturalization laws, and clap our citizens into the army, or condemn them to fine, imprisonment, or exile, as they see fit. Even the so-called international law, which we are so fond of citing in our disputes with foreign nations, is admitted by them to a very limited extent, especially in military questions, from the fact that there is no uniform code of international law agreed upon and ratified by treaty among all nations, with penalties other than war for its infraction; and without penalties no law can be enforced. The military nations consider the treatises on international law as the more or less correct, interesting, and harmless lucubrations of studious and well-meaning but self-opinionated and narrow-minded professors and jurists. Several pages of Wheaton's Commentaries are devoted to showing how unsuccessful the author was in urging Prussia to accept his views of exterritoriality, and the imperial government of Germany declines in the same way to modify her military system to suit the opinions of her own Heffter and Bluntschli.

So much for the preliminary stage of naturalization. Supposing now that the alien has arrived at the time of being fully naturalized, his next step is to declare on oath, in court, that he will support the Constitution of the United States, and that he renounces his allegiance to his former sovereign. He must also prove "to the satisfaction of" the court that he has resided continuously in the country for five years, and in the State or Territory one year, and that during that time he has borne a good character and been loyally disposed to the principles of the Constitution. He must also renounce any hereditary titles or orders of nobility that he may hold.

The courts generally require the testimony of two witnesses to the alien's residence and character, but it is to be feared that in most cases these witnesses are men of straw, and it is generally to the clerk of the court that the question of "satisfaction" is left. In actual cases tested no trace of the witnesses could be found. (On the other hand, the judges themselves have sometimes refused to naturalize applicants, for want of proof of good character.) A remedy for this defect would perhaps be a provision in the statute that the alien's antecedents must be vouched for in writing by two responsible house-owners of the locality, at least one month before the final papers are issued, so as to allow time for investigation, should there be any suspicious circumstances or any doubt on the part of the court. It is always in the power of the same court that confers citizenship to annul it on sufficient evidence; but it would be better to make sure of positive proof at first than to trust to negative proof later, when it is difficult to establish facts and dates perhaps several years old. It would also be well to adopt the German system of having a form of oath specified and fixed by statute, with definite penalties for perjury. The present want of this prevents prosecution in foreign countries for perjury in cases of application for United States passports. There is now no prescribed oath except for officials when sworn into office.

Aliens who have received an honorable discharge from our military service may become citizens without a previous declaration of intention, or proof of more than a year's previous residence in the country and the possession of a good moral character. This section has been interpreted to apply to the sailors as well as the soldiers in the United States service; otherwise the former would be at a great relative disadvantage, as they would have to wait another five years after their discharge to be naturalized, unless their sea service were considered as equivalent to residence on land, which it undoubtedly is.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The merchant service has a section to itself, which however is a dead letter, and will probably be replaced by a new law now before Congress. As it stands at present, alien seamen are required to declare their intention, to prove three years' service subsequently on a merchant vessel, and to show a good-conduct discharge. They are then "deemed citizens for the purpose of serving on board of any American merchant vessel, and for all purposes of protection." This law was probably framed to provide against impressment on foreign ships. It would be sufficient to apply the ordinary naturalization law to such seamen, counting their years of sea service as so many years of residence on land.

The law regarding minor aliens is important, and needs alteration to avoid complications with foreign governments. An alien emigrating to this country previous to his coming of age may, when that time arrives, and after a residence of five years, be admitted to citizenship on proving good character, loyalty, and an avowed intention, for the two years next preceding, to become a citizen of the United States.

This section would seem expressly made to enable the young man liable to service abroad to come over to this country at the age of eighteen years, just before he has to report for military service, and thus escape his military duty. After five years he returns to his native land, shakes his naturalization paper in the faces of the recruiting officers, and encourages the young men in his village to emigrate likewise. He is then grossly incensed at not being allowed to remain; and the archives of our legations and the Department of State are at once encumbered with a mass of useless correspondence on the subject. A few instances of this kind bring our citizenship into contempt, and render our naturalization treaties inoperative. Many expulsions of our naturalized citizens, especially from Germany, occur every year, on the ground of "inciting to emigration," and are based on the inalienable right of every government to expel any person whom it considers dangerous to the state. The naturalized citizens so expelled cannot be protected under the "two years" clause of our naturalization treaties with the North German Confederation. These treaties, indeed, have never been accepted in so many words by the Empire, and do not therefore apply, except by courtesy, to the important provinces of Alsace-Lorraine and Schleswig-Holstein, which furnish a large number of our young immigrants. This might possibly be remedied by refusing to allow the immigration of any young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one years, which would relieve us from some embarrassment with foreign governments, prevent much competition with our young men for employment, relieve our public schools, and make the parents more careful of emigrating before the elder sons had performed their military duties.

The other sections of our naturalization law are not of special importance here, though they all need revision and adaptation to the increase of immigration since they were made. The ones that I have discussed are taken from older statutes. Up to March, 1790, no laws on the subject were passed, and the act of that date merely provided that, in order to become a citizen, an alien had only to make application to a court in the place where he had resided at least one year, prove that he was a person of good character, and make oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

It is evident that such a simple mode of admission to citizenship could not long continue without being abused, and accordingly we find that this act was repealed by the one of January 29, 1795, which required a notice of three years, at least, of the alien's intention to become a citizen and to renounce his former allegiance. He was also obliged, as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now, when finally admitted, to prove a residence of five years, to renounce his old allegiance, and to take the new allegiance oaths. This act was followed by others of April 14, 1802; March 26, 1804; March 3, 1813; March 12, 1816; May 26, 1824; May 24, 1828; and February 1, 1876. From these the present statute is compiled. The intention clause of the present law is taken from the acts of 1802, 1824, and 1876. Under the first of these acts, as we have seen, the intention had to be expressed at least three years before final admission, which is perhaps preferable to the two years now required. There was also in that act a very important provision that every alien, if of age, or, if a minor, by his parents or guardian, must make a report to the district court of the place where he arrived, or to a court of record of some other locality, of his name, age, birthplace, nation, and allegiance, the country whence he emigrated, and the place of his intended settlement. The court was required to furnish the alien with a certificate of such record for a fee of fifty cents. The alien was also required to produce this certificate when he presented himself for final naturalization. This last provision, which was reiterated even more positively in the act of 1816, it was, apparently, found impossible to carry out, for, after exemption of some classes of immigrants, it was finally repealed by the act of 1828. Its enforcement was made difficult by the neglect to require the report to be made by the immigrant immediately on landing. Had this been done, a duplicate of the original certificate, which in many cases, doubtless, was lost before five years had elapsed, could always have been obtained by application to the court where the record was made. It might be well to renew this provision, with the addition I have suggested, especially if, as recommended in several of the presidential messages, a national bureau of naturalization were established, where all applications for citizenship in the States and Territories, made out in one common form, as our passport applications all over the world now are, would be recorded. This would go far towards detecting fraudulent voters.

The act of 1813 provided that an alien must not leave the United States at all during the five years of his probation. This requirement was subsequently repealed, and the present condition of a residence for the "continuous term" of five years next preceding admission is interpreted very leniently, and in many cases is probably never inquired into at all. It would be better, however, if it were, for it is often grossly abused, as is discovered in taking the declarations of naturalized citizens applying for passports in foreign countries. It then appears that the alien's stay in the United States has been only a series of very short visits, all of which added together would not make five years, and that he has no immediate intention of returning to this country; his only object being to escape military duty while he is engaged in business in Europe. Frauds of this kind were apparently detected, for under the act of 1828 the places of residence had to be declared and testified to by citizens whose names were recorded. This, while intended at that time to meet those cases where the alien could not produce the intention paper required in previous acts, might well be revived by requiring the intention paper to be certified to annually by a government official, to the effect that the alien had appeared in person before him. This certification could then be reported to the central bureau, to keep the alien's record complete from the time of landing, and obviate the necessity, at the time of final naturalization, of producing witnesses to the date of arrival and to five years of continuous residence.

I have now given the essential points in the legislation which affects the admission of aliens to citizenship. Let us

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now see what legislation there is for their admission into the country.

The oldest statutes regulating and limiting immigration are those of March 3, 1875, excluding felons, and August 3, 1882, for further carrying out the preceding, levying a tax of fifty cents on each immigrant, and requiring the owners of vessels to take back such persons as were not permitted to land. The next acts are those of February 26, 1885, the first of the so-called "imported labor" acts: March 3, 1891, amending the preceding one; and March 3, 1893, which embodies all the preceding ones, adds certain stringent provisions for enforcing them, and is the one now in operation.

There is no special provision in the Constitution conferring legislative power on Congress for the specific object of controlling immigration except Sec. 8, giving the power of "providing for the general welfare" of the United States, or Sec. 9, relating to the "migration or importation of persons," which was intended to cover the slave-trade. The control of immigration comes under the "implied powers" of Congress, and was exercised a century ago in the passing of the alien law of June 25, 1798, authorizing the President to order out of the country such aliens as he might deem dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States.

The object of the act now in force is to warn foreign governments, immigrants, immigration agents and societies, and steamship and railroad companies that immigrants will not be allowed to land on our shores or enter our territory, except on the condition that, before embarking, and immediately on disembarking, they answer the most minute questions as to their age, nationality, destination, means for travel and subsequent support, family relations and ties, and physical condition. The officers of the vessel bringing them must also swear to the statements obtained by them of the emigrants before a United States consular official at the port of embarkation, accounting for all the emigrants, and, on reaching our shores, must deliver these statements, so certified, to the authorized agents of the Bureau of Immigration of the Treasury Department, who have authority to detain immigrants until thoroughly satisfied of the correctness and completeness of their statements. Officers of vessels not conforming to these requirements are fined, and immigrants not coming up to the proper standard, morally, mentally, and physically, must return to Europe at the expense of the steamship company that brings them. Certain exceptions in the contract labor class are made for official and family servants, workmen imported for new industries, and members of artistic, theatrical, and other professions. This act went into force in April, 1893.

Its effect is shown by the report for 1894 of the Superintendent of Immigration, an official appointed under the amendatory act of 1891. It appears from this report, which is deserving of careful study, that during the last fiscal year 288,020 immigrants arrived. Of these, 285,651 were landed, and 2369 were debarred and deported at the expense of the steamship lines. Of those deported, 1533 were under contract to perform labor, made previous to sailing, and 836 were returned for other reasons. In addition to this, 417 immigrants who had been landed were sent back for having become public charges within one year after their arrival. It also appears that our almshouses, hospitals, and insane asylums have been so relieved by these rigorous measures that the bureau is not advised of any cases of immigrants now in these institutions suffering from insanity or loathsome diseases, or who have become burdens from other causes.

In 1893, 440,783 immigrants arrived, a decrease of 141,044 as compared with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the year 1892, during which 581,827 arrived; and the decrease in the following year was 152,763 as compared with 1893; or a total decrease in the two years of 293,807 immigrants, which is more than the total number of arrivals for the year ending June 30, 1894.

The decrease in 1893 was largely caused by quarantine regulations against cholera, and that in 1894 was largely attributable to business depression and diminished demand for labor; but with all this allowance, the decrease must be greatly due to strict inspection, prompt deportation of the prohibited classes, and the conviction on the part of both immigrants and transportation agencies that our immigration laws have been, and will continue to be, faithfully and rigorously executed. The double system of inspection before sailing and after arrival will doubtless become more effective with practice and experience, and may be aided further by some changes in the law. The number of undesirable immigrants will continue to decrease, and those who are allowed to remain will prove to be a more desirable class of citizens for amalgamation with our population. As regards the competition with foreign labor, we find also that in 1892, out of 581,827 immigrants only 932 alien contract laborers were returned; in 1893, out of 440,783 immigrants 516 were returned; and in 1894, out of 288,020 immigrants 2369 were returned; thus proving the increasing benefit of the law to the working classes of the United States.

In face of this report of the Superintendent of Immigration, it is not evident why the Immigration Restriction League, in its pamphlet entitled The Present Aspect of the Immigration Problem, should say, "This new law adds a little more 'red tape,' but as it does not increase the number of the excluded classes, it cannot be expected to diminish sensibly the quantity or greatly improve the quality of our immigration."

Now, if this legislation has, as we believe, so conclusively proved the necessity and possibility of limiting the number and determining the quality of immigrants, why cannot the same machinery be utilized for controlling and limiting the naturalization of aliens? Why cannot the Superintendent of Immigration be made also Superintendent of Naturalization? As I have suggested above, let all the immigrants who are allowed to land be furnished with a certificate to that effect, stamped with the date of their landing, and retaining the number which they had on the ship's immigrant list, to provide against similarity of names. Then let all such immigrants as intend to become citizens make their declaration of intention at once before some United States official, whose attestation would be equivalent to that of a clerk of a court. Let that attestation be indorsed on the previous landing certificate. Then let the alien be required to present this certificate, so indorsed, before some United States official, even if it be only a local postmaster, once a year, to be stamped and dated, and indorsed again by two responsible witnesses to his good character and actual residence during the year, as provided in the law of 1828. Let this attestation be reported by means of printed blank forms to the superintendent. This should be repeated annually for five years. Then when the alien presents himself for final naturalization, which should be before some court, either let him be required to produce his landing certificate, as under the law of 1802, with the intention indorsement and the five annual residence indorsements, or, if that paper be lost, let him apply to the superintendent's office for a certificate that he has complied with the law at all the stages of his residence in the country. This should be required long enough before the final naturalization for the court to be thoroughly satisfied that the alien is a fit candidate for citizenship. Then he should receive his final paper; otherwise not. Each of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the States and Territories should also be urged to conform its laws of local citizenship to the requirements of the national law; and at any rate, no alien who is not fully naturalized should be allowed to sit on a jury, or to vote for President of the United States, for a member of Congress, or for any judicial official. As long as aliens are allowed to live among us with all the rights and privileges of native citizens, and States and Territories are allowed to decide who are citizens, and when and how they can vote, the provision of the Constitution that Congress has power to establish a uniform rule of naturalization would seem to be a farce, and our country will continue to be subjected to all the present abuses of the franchise, and to the dishonest and wasteful mismanagement of our municipal affairs which makes us a by-word among nations, and a mortification to the better elements of our population.

H. Sidney Everett.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

VII.

Jane Granite stood at the foot of the steep, uncarpeted stairs. She had a stone-china cup filled with tea in her hand. She had hesitation in her mind, and longing in her heart. When the minister had sent word that he would eat no supper, it was plain that something must be done. Her mother was out, and Jane had no superior intelligence to consult. For Mrs. Granite was appointed to the doom that overtakes the women of a poor and struggling religious movement: she was ex-officio beggar for the new mission; on this especial occasion she was charged with the duty of wringing a portion of the minister's almost invisible salary out of the least unfriendly citizens of the town. The minister had observed her from his window, tugging at her black skirts, as she sallied forth, ankle-deep, in the slush of the February afternoon; and his brows had darkened at the sight. For the good woman would trudge and soak five miles for — what? Possibly five dollars. How dreary the devices of small people to achieve large ends!

To the young man who had never had to think what anything cost, the cold, pecuniary facts of his position were galling past the power of these simple people to comprehend.

He did not care too much on his own account. He felt more surprise than impatience to see his coat turn shiny and frayed, and to know that he could not get another. He was learning not to mind his straw mattress as much as he did at first, and to educate himself to going without magazines and to the quality of Mrs. Granite's tea. When a man deliberately elects a great personal sacrifice, he does not concern himself with its details, as women are more likely to do.

But there were aspects of his chosen work to which his soul was as sore as a boy's. He could not accustom himself with the ease of a poor man's son to the fact that a superb, supreme faith like the Christianity of Christ must beg for its living. "It degrades!" he thought, looking up from his books. "Lowell was right when he said that no man should preach who had n't an independent property." His Bible fell from his clenched hand; he picked it up penitently, and tenderly smoothed the crumpled leaf at which it had opened. Half unconsciously, he glanced, and read, "Take no scrip in your purse." His burning eye fol-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lowed along the page; softened, and grew moist.

"Perhaps, on the whole," he said aloud, "he really knew as much about it as any American poet."

He returned patiently to his preparation for the evening service; for he worked hard for these fishermen and drunkards, — harder than he had ever worked at anything in his life. To make them one half hour's talk, he read, he ransacked, he toiled, he thought, he dreamed, he prayed.

The only thing which he had asked leave to take from his uncle's house was his own library. It piled Mrs. Granite's spare chamber from the old brown carpet to the low and dingy ceiling. Barricades of books stood on the floor by the ugly little coal-stove, and were piled upon the stained pine table at which he sat to study in a hard wood chair with a Turkey-red cushion. Of the pictures dear to his youth and to his trained taste, but two had come through with him in the flying leap from Beacon Street to Mrs. Granite's. Over the table in his study a fine engraving watched him. It was Guido's great St. Michael. Above the straw mattress in the chilly closet where he slept hung a large photograph of Leonardo's Christ; the one from the Last Supper, as it was found in the ruined fresco on the monastery wall.

But Jane Granite stood irresolute upon the bare, steep stairs, with the stone-china teacup in her hand.

The minister had never concentrated his mind on Jane. He was a busy man. She was a modest, quiet girl; she helped her mother "do" his rooms, and never slammed the door when she went out. He felt a certain gratitude to her, for the two women took trouble for him far beyond the merits of the meagre sum allowed them for his bread and codfish. But for the life of him, if he had been required to, he could not have told anybody how Jane Granite looked. When her timid knock struck the panel of his door, he started impatiently, put down his pen, and patiently bade her enter.

"I thought perhaps, sir, you would drink your tea?" pleaded Jane. "You have n't eaten a morsel, and mother will mind it when she comes home."

Bayard looked at her in a dazed way; trying to see the connection between forty-cent Japan tea and that beautiful thing said of Whitefield, that he "forgot all else about the men before him but their immortality and their misery."

"It 's getting cold," said Jane, with quivering lip. "I stood on the stairs so long before I could make up my mind to disturb you. Let me get a hot cup, now, sir, — do!"

"Why, I 'll come down!" said Bayard. "I must not make myself as troublesome as this."

He pushed away his books, and followed her to the sitting-room, where, in default of a dining-room, and in vague deference to the antecedents of a guest popularly reported not to be used to eating in the kitchen, the meals of the family were served.

"Maybe you 'd eat the fish-hash — a mouthful, sir?" asked Jane, brightening; "and there 's the stewed prunes."

Bayard looked at her, as she ran to and fro, flushed and happy at her little victory over his supperless intentions. Jane was a trig, neat body; small, as the coast girls often are, — I wonder why? whether because the mother was underfed, or over-anxious when the fleets were out? Jane Granite wore a blue gingham dress, closely fitted to a pleasant figure. She had a pleasant face, too; she had no beauty, but that certain something more attractive than beauty to many men, — a kind of compactness of feature, and an ease of outline which haunts the retina; it is not easy to describe, but we all know it. Her mother had told the minister that Jane was keeping company — that is the Windover phrase — with some one; the details had escaped his memory.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He looked at her now, for the first time, attentively, as she served his tea. She flitted about lightly. She sang in the kitchen when she saw him smile. When he said, "Thank you, Jane! You have given me a delicious supper," a charming expression crossed her face. He observed it abstractedly, and thought, How kind these good people are to me! The paper shades were up, and Jane wished to draw them when she lighted the kerosene lamp; but Bayard liked to watch the sea, as he often did at twilight. The harbor was full, for the weather was coming on wild. Clouds marshaled, and broke, and retreated, and formed upon a stormy sky. The lights of anchored fleets tossed up and down in the violet-gray shadow. The breakers growled upon the opposite shore. The best thing about his lodging was its near and almost unobstructed view of the sea, which dashed against a slip of a beach between the wharves of Windover Point, within a thousand feet of Mrs. Granite's cottage.

As he sat, sipping his green tea, and making believe with his hash, to save the feelings of the girl, — watching the harbor steadily and comfortably the while, and saying nothing, — he was startled by the apparition of a man's face pressed stealthily against the window-pane, and disappearing as quickly as it came. Bayard was sitting between the window and the light. Jane was dishing out his prunes from a vegetable dish into a blue willow saucer, and had seen nothing. Wishing not to alarm the girl, he went to the window quietly, and looked out. As he did so, he perceived that the intruder had his hand on the knob of the front door. Bayard sprang, and the two met in the cottage entry.

"What are you doing here?" began Bayard, barring the way.

"I guess I 'd better ask, what are *you* a-doin' *here?*" replied the other, crowding by the minister with one push of an athletic shoulder. "I 'm on my own ground. I ain't so sure of you."

Little Jane uttered a cry, and the athletic young man strode forward, and somewhat ostentatiously put his arm about her waist.

"Ah, I see!" smiled the minister. "It *is* strange that we have not met before. We must often have been in the house at the same time. I am a little absent-minded. Perhaps it is my fault. A hundred pardons, Mr." —

Trawl. Ben Trawl was the name. Ben Trawl was not cordial. Perhaps that would be asking too much of the lover who had been mistaken for a burglar by another man; and the young minister was already quite accustomed to the varying expressions with which a provincial town receives the leader of an unpopular cause. He recognized Ben Trawl now, — the young man who had the straight eyebrows, and who did not drink, who had been one of the crowd at the fight in Angel Alley on the ordination day which never had ordained.

The pastor found the situation embarrassing, and was glad when Mrs. Granite came in, soaked through and tired, with drabbled skirts.

She had collected six dollars and thirty-seven cents.

Bayard ground his teeth, and escaped to his study as soon as he could. There they heard him, pacing up and down hotly, till seven o'clock. Bayard had arranged one of those piteous attempts to "amuse the people," into which so much wealth of heart and brain is flung, with such atmospheric results. His notion of religious teaching did not end with the Bible, though it began there. The fishermen, who had irreverently named the present course of talks "the Dickens," crowded to hear them, nevertheless. The lecture of that evening (Sydney Carton, he called it) was a venture upon which Bayard had expended a good deal of thought and vitality.

Poor, wet Mrs. Granite waded out again, without a murmur, to hear it. She walked beside the minister, alone; it was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a long walk, for the new people met in the well-known hall at the head of Angel Alley.

"Ben Trawl 's kinder off his hook," she explained apologetically. "He would n't come along of us, nor he would n't let Jane come, neither. He has them spells."

Jane Granite watched them off with aching heart. As he closed the door, the minister smiled and lifted his hat to her. Where was there a smile like *his* in all the world of men? And where a man who thought or knew so little of the magic which his beauty wrought?

For love of this radiance and this wonder the heart of the coldest woman of the world might have broken. Little Jane Granite looked after him till he was drowned in the dark. She came in and stood at the window, busying herself to draw the shade. But Ben Trawl watched her with half-closed eyes; and when bright, wide eyes turn dull and narrow, beware of them!

"Come here!" said Ben, in the voice of a man who had "kept company" with a girl for three years. In Windover, the respectable young people do not flirt or intrigue; breach of troth is almost unknown among them. To walk with a girl on Sunday afternoon, and to kiss her Sunday evening, is to marry her, as a matter of course. Ben Trawl spoke in the imperious tone of the seafaring people who call a wife "my woman," and who lie on the lounge in the kitchen while she brings the water from the well. "You come here, Jane, and sit on the sofy alongside of me! I 've got a word or so to say to you."

Jane Granite came. She was frightened. She sat down beside her lover, and timidly surrendered the work-worn little hand which he seized and crushed with cruel violence within his own.

"Mr. Granite was n't never wholly satisfied about Ben," Mrs. Granite was saying to the minister as they splashed through the muddy slush. "His father 's Trawl the liquor dealer, down to Angel Alley, opposite our place, a little below. But Jane says Ben don't touch it; and he don't. I don't know 's I 've any call to come between her and Ben. He 's a stiddy fellow and able to support her, and he 's that fond of Jane" —

"He seems to be," said Bayard musingly. His thoughts were not with Mrs. Granite. He hardly knew what she had said. He was not used to this petty, parish atmosphere. It came hard to him. He underestimated the value of these wearisome trifles in the large work performed by little people. Nothing in the world seemed to him of less importance than the natural history of Ben Trawl.

"The wind is east," he said abstractedly, "and there 's a very heavy sea on."

He cast at the harbor and the sky the anxious look habitual with the people of Windover; the stranger had already acquired it. He had not been a month in the fishing-town before he noticed that the women all spoke of their natural foe as the "terrible sea."

The hall which the new people had leased for their services and entertainments had long borne the grim name of Seraph's Rest; having been, in fact, for years, a sailors' dance-hall of the darkest dye.

"Give us," Bayard had said, "the worst spot in the worst street of this town. We will make it the best, or we will own ourselves defeated in our work."

In such streets and in such places news has wings. There is no spot in Windover where rumor is run down so soon as in Angel Alley.

Bayard had talked perhaps half an hour, when he perceived by the restlessness in his crowded and attentive audience that something had happened. He read on for a moment: —

"'*Are you dying for him?*' *she whispered.* '*And his wife and child. Hush! Yes.*'"

Then, with the perfect ease which he always sought to cultivate in that place between speaker and hearer, "What is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the matter?" he asked in a conversational tone.

"Sir," said an old captain, rising, "there 's a vessel gone ashore off Ragged Rock."

Bayard swept his book and manuscript off the desk.

"I was about to read you," he said, "how a poor fellow with a wretched life behind him died a noble death. Perhaps we can do something as grand as he did. Anyhow, we 'll try. Come, boys!"

He thrust himself into his coat, and sprang down among the audience.

"Come on! You know the way better than I do! If there 's anything to do, we 'll do it. Lead on, boys! I 'm with you!"

The audience poured into Angel Alley, with the minister in their midst. Confusion ran riot outside. The inmates of all the dens on the street were out. Unnoticed, they jostled decent citizens who had flocked as near as possible to the newsbearer. Panting and white, a hatless messenger from the lighthouse, who had run all the way at the keeper's order to break the black word to the town, reiterated all he knew: "It 's the Clara Em! She weighed this afternoon under full canvas — and she 's struck with fourteen men aboard! I knew I could n't raise nobody at the old Life-Saving Station" —

"It 's t'other side the Point, anyhow!" cried a voice from the crowd.

"It 's four mile away!" yelled another.

"Good heavens, man!" cried Bayard. "You don't propose to wait for *them?*"

"I don't see 's there 's anything we can *do*," observed the old captain deliberately. "The harbor 's chock-full. If anybody could do anything for 'em, some o' them coasters — but ye see there can't no boat *live* off Ragged Rock in a breeze o' wind like this."

"How far off is this wreck?" demanded Bayard, inwardly cursing his own ignorance of nautical matters and of the region. "Can't we get up some carts and boats and ropes, and ride over there?"

"It 's a matter of three mile an' a half," replied the mate of a collier, "and it 's comin' on thick. But I hev known cases where a cart — Now there 's them I-talians with their barnana carts."

"You won't get no fog with this here breeze," contended a very ancient skipper.

"What 'll you bet?" said the mate of the collier.

An Italian with a fruit cart was pushed forward by the crowd; an express cart was impressed; ropes, lanterns, and a dory appeared from no one knew where, at the command of no one knew who. Bayard suggested blankets and dry clothes. The proposal seemed to cause surprise, but these supplies were volunteered from somewhere.

"Pile in, boys!" cried the minister in a ringing voice. He sprang into one of the carts, and it filled in a moment. One of the horses became frightened at the hubbub and reared. Men swore and women shrieked. In the momentary delay, a hand reached over the wheel and plucked at Bayard's sleeve. He flashed the lantern in his hand, and saw a woman's strained, set face. It was Job Slip's wife, Mari, with the little boy crying at her skirts.

"Sir," she said hoarsely, "if it 's the Clara Em, he 's aboard of her — for they shipped him at five o'clock, though they see the storm a-comin' — and him as drunk as death. But it 's true — he got it at Trawl's — I see 'em lift him acrosst the wharf an' sling him over int' the dory."

"I 'll do my best," said Bayard, with set teeth. He reached over the wheel as the horses started, plunging, and wrung the hand of the drunkard's wife. He could not trust himself to say more. Such a vision of what life meant to such a woman swept through Angel Alley upon the wings of the gale that he felt like a man whose eyes have beheld a panorama on a stage in hell.

Many people, as the carts rolled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through the town, followed on foot, among them a few women whose husbands, sweethearts, or brothers were known to be aboard the Clara Em.

"Here 's an *old* woman with a boy aboard! Seems you might find room in one them wagons for her!" cried a young voice. It was the girl known to Windover only by the name of Lena: she for whom the "terrible sea" could have no horrors; the one woman of them from whom no betrothed lover could sail away, to whom no husband should return.

"She 's right about that. We must manage somehow!" called Bayard.

Strong hands leaned out and swept the old woman up over the wheel, and the horses galloped on.

There was neither rain nor snow; but the storm, in the seaman's sense of the word, was approaching its height. The wind had now become a gale, and blew southeast. The sky was ominously black. To Bayard's sensitive and excited imagination, as he looked out from the reeling wagon, the mouth of the harbor seemed to gape and grin; the lights of the fleet, furled and anchored for dear life, lost their customary pleasant look, and snapped and shone like teeth in the throat of a monster.

The wagons rolled on madly; the horses, lashed to their limit of speed, leaped down Windover Point. They had now left the road, and were dashing across the downs which stretched a mile farther to the eastern shore. The roughness of the route had become appalling, but a Cape horse is as used to boulders as a Cape fisherman; neither wagon overset, though both rolled like foundering ships. The lanterns cut swaths of light in the blackness which bounding wheels and racing heels mowed down before them.

Walls of darkness rose ahead, and at the outermost, uttermost margin roared the sea. It seemed to Bayard as if the rescuing party were plunging into eternal mystery.

The old woman whose son was aboard the Clara Em crouched at the minister's feet. Both sat in the dory, which filled the wagon, and which was packed with passengers. The old woman's bare hands were clenched together, and her lips shut like iron hinges. Bayard wondered at her massive silence. It was something primeval, solemn, outside of his experience. The women of the shore, in stress like hers, would weep, would sob or shriek. But to the women of the sea this anguish was as old as life itself: to it they were born, and of it they were doomed to die; they bore it as they did the climate of the freezing Cape.

"That there saving service could n't ha' done nothin' ag'in' a wreck on Ragged Rock if they wanted to," observed the old captain (they called him Captain Hap), peering from the wagon towards the harbor shore. "It 's jest 's I told ye; they 're too fur — five mile across."

"But why is there no station nearer?" demanded Bayard, with the warmth of inexperience. "Why is nothing put over here, if this reef is so bad, where it is needed?"

"Wall," said Captain Hap, with deliberation, "that 's a nateral question for a land-lubber. Every seaman knows there ain't no *need* of gettin' wrecked on that there reef. It 's as plain as the beard on your face. Windover Light to the west'ard, Twin Lights to the east'ard, a fog-bell, and a bell-buoy, and a whistlin'-buoy — Lord! why, *everybody* knows how to keep off Ragged Rock!"

"Then how did this vessel happen to strike?" persisted Bayard.

The men interchanged glances, and no one answered him.

"Hi there! Look, look! I see her! I see her spars!" yelled a young fellow on the front seat of the wagon. "It 's her! It 's the Clara Em! . . . Lord A'mighty! what in —— was they thinkin' of? She 's got on full canvas! See her! see her! see her! See her lights! It 's *her*, and she 's bumpin' on the reef!"

Cries of horror ran from lip to lip.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The driver lashed his horses onward, and the men in the wagons flung their lanterns to and fro in uncontrollable excitement. Some leaped over the wheels and ran shouting against the gale.

"Clara Em, ahoy! Clara Em, ahoy!"

But the old woman at Bayard's feet sat still. Only her lips moved. She stared straight ahead.

"Is she praying? or freezing? Perhaps she 's out of her mind," thought Bayard.

He gently pulled her blanket shawl closer over her bare head, and wrapped it around her before he sprang from the wagon.

VIII.

There was but little depth of snow upon the downs and cliffs, but such as remained served to reflect and to magnify all possible sources of light. These were few enough and sorely needed. The Windover Light, a revolving lantern of the second power, is red and strong. It flashed rapidly, now blood-red, and now lamp-black. Bayard thought of the pillar of fire and cloud that led the ancient people. There should have been by rights a moon; and breaks in battalions of clouds, at rare intervals, let through a shimmer paler than darkness, though darker than light. Such a reduction of the black tone of the night had mercifully befallen, when the staggering wagons clattered and stopped upon the large oval pebbles of the beach.

The fog, which is shy of a gale, especially at that season of the year, had not yet come in, and the vessel could be clearly seen. She lay upon the reef, broadside to the breakers; she did not pitch, but, to a nautical eye, her air of repose was the bad thing about her. She was plainly held fast. Her red portlight, still burning, showed as each wave went down, and the gray outlines of her rigging could be discerned. Her foremast had broken off about five feet from the deck, and the spar, held by the rigging, was ramming the sides of the vessel.

The astonishing rumor was literally true. The Clara Em, one of the famous fishermen of which Windover was too proud to be vain; the Clara Em, newly built and nobly furnished, — none of your old-time schooners, clumsy of hulk and rotten of timbers, but the fastest runner on the coast, the stanchest keel that cleft the harbor, fine in her lines as a yacht, and firm in her beams as an ocean steamer; the Clara Em, fearing neither gods nor men nor weather, and bound for Georges' on a three weeks' fresh-fishing trip, had deliberately weighed anchor in the teeth of a March southeaster, and had flung all her clean, green-white sails to the gale. As nearly as could be made out from the shore, she had every stitch up, and not a reef to her face, and she lay over against the rock like a great eagle whose wings were broken. Even a landsman could comprehend the nature of this daredevil act; and Bayard, running to lend a hand to slide the dory from the wagon, uttered an exclamation of indignant horror.

"How did this happen? Were they mad?"

"Full," replied the old captain laconically.

"Yes, I see she 's under full sail. But why?" he persisted innocently.

The old captain, with a curious expression, flashed a lantern in the young minister's face, but made no reply.

Cries could now be heard from the vessel; for the wind, being dead off, bore sounds from sea to shore which could by no means travel from shore to sea. Ragged Rock was a rough spot in the kindest weather; and in that gale, and with the wind in that direction, the roar and power of the surf were great. But it should be remembered that the blow had not been of long duration; hence the sea was not what it would be in a few hours, if the gale should hold. In this fact lay the only possible chance of ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tending rescue in any form to the shipwrecked crew.

"Clara Em, aho—oy—oy!" yelled a dozen voices. But the united throats of all Windover could not have made themselves articulate to the straining ears upon the schooner.

"Where 's yer crew? Show up, there! Can't ye do *nothin'* for yerselves? Where 's yer dories? Hey? What? Clara Em, aho—oy—oy!"

"They 're deef as the two years' drownded," said the old captain. "An' they ain't two hundred feet from shore."

"Why, then surely we can save them!" exclaimed Bayard joyfully. But no man assented to the cheerful words.

The dory, a strong specimen of its kind, was now out of the wagon, and a score of arms dragged it over the pebbles. The surf dashed far up the beach, splashing men, boat, wagon, horses. Against the cliff the spray rose a hundred feet, hissing, into the air. The old captain watched the sea and measured the incoming rollers with his deep-set eye.

"Ye cayn't do it," he pronounced. "There ain't a dory in Windover can live in *that*," — he pointed his gaunt arm at the breakers.

"Anyhow, we 'll try!" rang out a strong voice.

Cries from the wreck arose again. Some of the younger men pushed the dory off. Bayard sprang to join them.

"I can row!" he cried, with boyish eagerness. "I was stroke at Harvard!"

"This ain't Charles River," said one of the men. "Better stand back, Parson."

They kindly withstood him, and leaped in without him, four of them, seamen born and bred. They ran the dory out into the surf. He held his lantern high to light them. In their wet oilskins, their rough, wild outlines looked like divers, or like myths of the deep. They leaped in and seized the oars with one of the wild cries of the sailor who goes to his duty, his dinner, or his death by the rhythm of a song or the thrill of a shout. The dory rose on a tremendous comber, trembled, turned, whirled, and sank from sight. Then came yells, and a crash.

"There!" howled Captain Hap, stamping his foot, "I told ye so!"

"She 's over!"

"She 's busted!"

"She 's smashed to kindlin'-wood!"

"Here they be! Here they come! Haul 'em in!"

The others ran out into the surf, and helped the brave fellows, soaked and discomfited, up the beach. They were badly bruised, and one of them was bleeding.

The pedestrians from the town had now come up, — groups of men, and the few women; and a useless crowd stood staring at the vessel. A big third wave rolled over and smashed the port-light.

"It 's been going on all these ages," thought Bayard, — "the helpless shore against the almighty sea."

"Only two hundred feet away!" he cried. "I *can't* see why *something* can't be done! I say, something *shall!* Where are your ropes? Where are your wits? Where is all your education to this kind of thing? Are you going to let them drown before your eyes?"

"There ain't no need of goin' so far 's that," said the old captain, with the aggravating serenity of his class. "If she holds till it ebbs, they can clomber ashore, every man-jack of 'em. Ragged Rock ain't an island except at flood. It 's a long, p'inted tongue o' rock runnin' along, — so. You don't onderstand it, Parson. Why, they could eenymost *walk* ashore, come mornin', if she holds."

"It 's a good pull from now till sun-up," objected a fisherman. "And it 's the question if she don't break up."

"Anyhow, I 'm going to try," insisted Bayard. A rope ran out through his hands, shot high into the air, fell into the wind, and dropped into the breakers. It had carried about ten feet. For the gale had taken the stout cable between its teeth, and tossed it as a dog does a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

skein of silk, played with it, shook it to and fro, and hurled it away. The black lips of the clouds closing over the moon seemed to open and grin as the old captain said, "You ken keep on tryin' long 's you hev the inclination. Mebbe the women-folks will feel better for 't; but you cay—n't do it."

"Can't get a rope to a boat two hundred feet away?" demanded Bayard.

"Not without apparatus, no, sir! Not in a blow like this here." The old seaman raised his voice to a bellow to make himself audible twelve feet away. "Why, it 's reelly quite a breeze o' wind," he said.

"Then what *can* we do?" persisted Bayard, facing the beach in great agitation. "What are we here for, anyhow?"

"We ken watch for 'em to come ashore," replied the captain grimly.

Turning, in a ferment half of anger, half of horror, to the younger men, Bayard saw that some one was trying to start a bonfire. Driftwood had been collected from dry spots in the rocks, — or had a bucket of coal-tar been brought by some thoughtful hand? — and in a little cave at the foot of the cliff, a woman, upon her knees in the shallow snow, was sheltering a tiny blaze within her two hands. It was the girl Lena. She wore a woolen cap, of the fashion called a Tam o' Shanter, and a coarse fur shoulder cape. Her rude face showed suddenly in the flaming light. It was full of anxious kindliness. He heard her say, "It 'll hearten 'em, anyhow. It 'll show 'em they ain't deserted of God and men-folks too."

"Where 's my old lady?" added the girl, looking about. "I want to get her up to this fire. She 's freezing somewheres."

"Look alive, Lena! There she is!" called one of the fishermen. He pointed to the cliff that hung over Ragged Rock. The old woman stood on the summit, and on the edge. How she had climbed there, Heaven knew; no one had seen or aided her. She stood, bent and rigid, with her blanket shawl about her head. Her gray hair blew back from her forehead in two lean locks. Black against the darkness, stone carved out from stone, immovable, dumb, a statue of the storm, she stared out straight before her. She seemed a spirit of the wind and wet, a solemn figurehead, an anathema or a prayer; symbol of a thousand watchers frozen on a thousand shores, — woman as the sea has made her.

The girl had clambered up the cliff like a cat, and could be seen putting her arms around the old woman and pleading with her. She did indeed succeed so far as to persuade her down to the fire, where she chafed the poor old creature's hands, and held to her shrunken lips a bottle of Jamaica ginger that some fisherman's wife had brought. But the old woman refused.

"Keep it for Johnny," she said, "till he gets ashore." It was the only thing she had been heard to say that night.

She pushed the ginger away, and crawled back to her solitary station on the cliff. Some one said, "Let be! Let her be!"

And some one else said, "Whar 's the use?"

At that moment a voice arose: "There 's the cap'n! There 's Joe Salt, cap'n of the Clara Em! He 's acrosst the bowsprit signalin'! He 's tryin' to communicate!"

"We have n't seen another living figure moving across that vessel," said Bayard, whose inexperience was as much perplexed as his humanity was distressed and thwarted by the situation. "I see one man — on the bows — yes. But where are the rest? You don't suppose they 're washed overboard already? Oh, this is horrible!"

He was overwhelmed at the comparative, almost indifferent calmness of his fellow-townsmen.

The light-keeper and the old captain had run out upon the reef. They held both hands to their ears. The shouts from the vessel continued. Every man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

held his breath. The whirling blast, like the cone of a mighty phonograph, bore a faint articulation from the wreck.

"Oh!" cried the young minister. "He says they 're all sunk!"

He was shocked to hear a laugh issue from the lips of Captain Hap, and to see, in the light of the fire, something like a smile upon the keeper's face.

"You don't understand, sir," said one of the fishermen respectfully. "He says they 're all" —

"May as well out with it, Bob," said another. "The parson 's got to get his initiation someways. Cap'n Salt says they 're drunk, sir. The crew of the Clara Em is all drunk."

At this moment a terrible shriek rang above the roar of the storm. It came from the old woman on the top of the cliff.

Her eyes had been the first, but they were not the only ones now, to perceive the signs of arousing life upon the wreck.

A second man was seen to climb across the bows, to pause for an instant, and then to plunge. He went out of sight in a moment. The inrolling surf glittered in the blaze of the bonfires like a cataract of flame. The swimmer reappeared, struggled, threw up his arms, and disappeared.

"I have stood this as long as I can," said Bayard in a low, firm voice. "Give me a rope! Tie it around me, some of you, and hold on! I 'm going to try to save that man."

"I 'll go myself," said one of the fishermen slowly.

"Bob," replied the minister, "how many children have you?"

"Eleven, sir."

"Stay where you are, then," said Bayard. "Such things are for lonely men."

"Bring the rope!" he commanded. "Tie it yourselves — you know how — in one of your sailor's-knots; something that will hold. I 'm a good swimmer. I saved a man once on a yachting trip. Quick, there! Faster!"

"There 's another!" yelled the lightkeeper. "There 's a second fellar jumped overboard — swimming for his life! Look, look, look! He 's sunk — no, he ain't, he ain't! He 's bearing down against the rocks — My God! Look at him! look, look, look!"

Busy hands were at the rope about the minister's waist; they worked slowly, from sheer reluctance to do the deed. Bayard stamped the beach with divine impatience. His head whirled with such exaltation that he scarcely knew who touched him; he made out to perceive that Ben Trawl was one of the men who offered to tie the bow-line; he heard the old captain say shortly, "I 'll do it myself!"

He thought he heard little Jane Granite cry out, and that she begged him not to go, "for his people's sake," and that Ben Trawl roughly silenced her. Strangely, the words that he had been reading — what ages since! — in the hall in Angel Alley spun through his mind.

"'Are you dying for him?' she whispered. 'And his wife and child. Hush! Yes.'"

. . . . . .

So! This is the "terrible sea"! This is what drowning means: this mortal chill; this crashing weight upon the lungs, the heart; this fighting for a man's breath; this asphyxia; this battle with wind and water, night and might; this being hurled out into chaos, gaining a foot, and losing three; this sight of something human yonder hurtling towards you on the billow which bears you back from it; this struggling on again, and sweeping back, and battling out!

Blessing on the "gentleman's muscle," trained in college days to do man's work! Thanks to the waters of old Charles River and of merry Newport for their unforgotten lessons! Thank God for that wasted liberal education, — yes, and liberal recreation, — if it teach the arm, and fire the nerve, and educate the soul to save a drunken sailor now!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But save? Can human power save that sodden creature, — only wit enough left in him to keep afloat and drift, dashing inward on the rocks? He swirls like a chip. But his cry is the mortal cry of flesh and blood.

Bayard's strangling lips move: "*Now, Almighty Father, Maker of Heaven and Earth*" —

There were mad shouts upon the beach. A score of iron hands held to the line, and fifty men said to their souls, "That is a hero's deed." Some one flung the rest of the pailful of tar upon the fire, and it blazed up. The swimmer saw the yellow color touch the comber that broke above his head. The rope tightened like the hand of death upon his chest. Caught, perhaps? Ah, there! It has grazed the reef, and the teeth of the rock are gnawing at it; so a mastiff gnaws at the tether of his chained foe, to have the fight out unimpeded.

"If it cuts through I am gone," thought Bayard. "*And Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord and Saviour.*"

"Haul in! Haul in, I say! Quick! Haul 'em in for life's sake, boys! She tautens to the weight of two. *The parson 's got him!*"

The old captain jumped up and down on the pebbles like a boy. Wet and glittering, through hands of steel, the line sped in.

"Does she hold? Is she cut? Haul in, haul in, haul in!"

The men broke into one of their sudden, natural choruses, moving rhythmically to the measure of their song: —

> "Pull for the shore, sailor,
> Pull for the shore!"

As he felt his feet touch bottom, Bayard's strength gave way. Men ran out as far as they could stand in the undertow, and seized and held and dragged, some the rescuer, some the rescued; and so they all came dripping up the beach.

The rope dropped upon the pebbles, cut to a single strand.

Bayard was with difficulty persuaded to release his rigid clutch from the shoulder of the fisherman, who fell in a shapeless mass at his preserver's feet. The light of the tar fire flared on the man's bloated face. It was Job Slip.

"Where 's the other?" asked Bayard faintly. "There were two."

He dimly saw, through streams of water, that something else had happened; that men were running over the rocks, and collecting in a cleft, and stooping down to look, and that most of them turned away as soon as they had looked.

The old woman's was the only quiet figure of them all. She had not left her place upon the cliff, but stood bent and stiff, staring straight ahead. He thought he heard a girl's voice say: —

"Hush! Don't talk so loud. She does n't know — it 's Johnny; and he 's been battered to jelly on the rocks."

. . . . . .

"Mr. Bayard, sir," said Job, who had crawled up and got as far as his knees, "I was n't wuth it."

"That 's so," said a candid bystander, with an oath.

"Then *be* worth it!" said Bayard in a loud voice. He seemed to have thrown all that remained to him of soul and body into those four words: as he spoke them, he lifted his dripping arms high above his head, as if he appealed from the drunkard to the sky; then he sank.

The gentlest hands in the crowd caught him, and the kindest hearts on the coast throbbed when the old captain called:

"Boys! Stand back! Stir up the fire! Where 's the dry blankets? There 's plenty to 'tend to Johnny. Dead folks can bury their dead folks. Hurry up them dry clo'es an' that there Jamaiky ginger! This here 's a livin' man. Just a drop, sir — here. I 'll hold ye kinder easy. Can't? *What?* Sho! . . . Boys, the parson 's hurt."

At that moment, a sound, solemn and sinister, reverberated from the tower of the lighthouse. The iron lips of the fog-bell opened and spoke.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IX.

Captain Hap had reached the years when a trip to the Grand Banks is hard work, dory-fishing off the coast a doubtful pleasure, and even yachting in an industrial capacity a burden. He had a quick eye, a kind heart, a soft foot, and the gentle touch strangely enough sometimes to be found in hands that have hauled in the cod-line and the main-sheet for fifty years. In short, Captain Hap made an excellent nurse, and sometimes served his day and generation in that capacity.

Bayard lay on the straw mattress under the photograph of Leonardo's Christ, and thoughtfully watched Captain Hap. It was the first day that conversation had presented itself to the sick man in the light of a privilege; and he worked up to the luxury slowly through intervals of delicious silence.

"Captain Hap, I am quite well now — as you see. I must speak next Sunday."

"Call it Sunday arter," suggested Captain Hap.

"It was only a scratch on the head, was n't it, Cap'n? And this cold. It *is* a bad cold."

"For a cold, yes, sir, — quite a cold. You see, it anchored onto your lungs: there air folks that call such colds inflammation. That there cut on the head was a beautiful cut, sir; it healed as healthy as a collie dog's, or a year-old baby's. We 'll have you round now, sir, before you can say Cap'n Hap!"

"Cap'n Hap?"

"Well, sir?"

"You 've done something for me, — I don't know just what: whether it 's my life that 's saved, or only a big doctor's bill."

"Ask Mrs. Granite, sir, and that there handy girl of hers; we 're all in it. You kept the whole crew on deck for a few days. You was a sick man for a spell."

"Captain, I am a well man now; and there 's one thing I will know. I 've asked you before. I 've asked when I was out of my head, and I 've asked when I was in it, and I 've never got an answer yet. *Now* I 'm going to have it."

"Be you?" said Captain Hap. His small, dark, soft eyes twinkled gently; but they took on lustre of metal across the iris, as if a spark of iron or flint had hit them.

"It is time," replied Bayard, "that I knew all about it."

"Meaning" — began the captain softly.

"Meaning everything," said Bayard impatiently. "The whole story. It 's the best thing for me. I dream about it so."

"Yes, I 've noticed your dreams was bad," replied the nurse soothingly.

"Captain, where 's the Clara Em?"

"To the bottom," responded the fisherman cheerfully.

"And the men? The crew? Her captain? Job Slip? How many were drowned? Out with it, Cap'n! I 'm not very easy to deceive when I 'm in my senses. You may as well tell me everything."

"Mebbe I mought," observed the captain. "Sometimes it 's the best way. There was n't but one of 'em drowned, sir, — more 's the pity."

Bayard uttered an exclamation of shocked rebuke and indignation; but the old captain sat rocking to and fro in Mrs. Granite's best wooden rocking-chair, with the placid expression of those who rest from their labors, and are not afraid that their works should follow them.

"Fellars that 'll take a new fisherman — a regular dandy like that — and smash her onto Ragged Rock, bein' in the condition those fellars were, ain't *worth* savin'!" said the seaman severely. "Your treasurer here, J. B. S. Bond, he says last time he come to see you, says he, 'The whole of 'em warn't *worth* our minister!'"

"I must speak to Mr. Bond about that," said the young man, with a cler-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ical ring in his voice. "It was n't a proper thing for him to say. Who was drowned, Captain Hap?"

"Only Johnny," replied the captain indifferently. "He was born drunk, Johnny was; his father was so before him, and three uncles. He ain't any great loss."

"Did you see Johnny's mother, Captain, — on the cliff, there, — that night?"

"I did n't take notice of her particular," replied Captain Hap comfortably. "I see several women round. There 's usually a good many on the rocks, such times."

"Well, you 've got me," said Bayard, with a smiling sigh. "I 'm a little too weak to play the parson on you yet, you Christian heathen, you stony-hearted minister of mercy!"

"Sho!" said the captain. "'T ain't fair to call names. I can't hit back, on a sick man."

"Very well," said Bayard, sinking back on his thin, small pillows. "Just go ahead and tell me the whole business, then. Where is Job Slip?"

"Off haddockin'."

"Sober?"

"So far. He 's come over here half a dozen times, but the doctor would n't let him up to see you. His wife come, too. That woman, she 'd kiss the popples[1] underneath your rubber-boots."

"Where 's Johnny's mother?"

"They took her to the Widders' Home yesterday. Some of 'em screeches all the way over. Folks say she never said nothing."

"What became of all those men, — the crew and captain?"

"Why, they waited till ebb, just as I told you. Then they come ashore, the whole twelve on 'em. The crew they come first, and Cap'n Salt — that 's Joe Salt — he follered after. There was some folks waited round to see 'em off; but it come up dreadful thick, spite of the breeze, — so thick it had stems to it. You could n't see the vessel, not a line of her, and 't was kinder cold and disagree'ble. So most the folks went home. But they got ashore, every man-jack of 'em alive."

"Thank God!" breathed the sick man.

"Well," said the captain, "that 's a matter of opinion. You 've talked enough, sir!"

"Just one more, Cap'n Hap! Just this! This I 've *got* to know. What was it — exactly — that those men did? How did they come to be in such a plight? How in the world — that beautiful new boat — and an intelligent officer at the helm, Captain — how on earth did it come about?"

"The Clara Em was sot to sail," replied Captain Hap calmly. "That 's about all. Her owners they were sot, and her cap'n he was sot. It was the sotness done it. They 'd make the market first, you see, if they got the start, — and it 's a job gettin' your crew aboard, you know. Anything to get your crew. Drunk or sober, that is n't the point. Drunker they be, the easier to ship 'em. *See? Get your crew.* Get 'em anyhow! They was all full, every mother's son of 'em. Cap'n Joe, he was the only sober soul aboard, and that 's the truth, and he knew it when he set sail. Yes — oh yes. The storm was comin'. He knew it was breezin' up. Oh yes, of course. So he got some sober men off the wharves to help him at the sheets, and he put up every stitch. Yes, sir! every stitch he had! And out he sails, with thirteen drunken men aboard, — him at the wheel, and not a hand to help him. That 's the English on 't. The boat was d—— drunk, beg your pardon, Parson! He driv right out the harbor, and it was a sou'easter, and blew quite a breeze o' wind, and you see he tacked, and set in, and he was tackin' out, and it had breezed up consider'ble more 'n he expected. So he drove right on the reef. That 's about it."

"But why did n't he take in sail?"

"How was he goin' to do it with that crew? Why, he could n't leave the wheel to tie a reef-point."

[1] Windover for pebbles.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But there was his anchor."

"Did you ever try to heave one of them big anchors? It takes four men."

"What a situation! Horrible!"

"Wall, yes, it was inconvenient, — him at the wheel, and a dead-drunk crew, thirteen of 'em, below. Why, they was too drunk to know whether they drowned or not."

"Can the boat be raised? Will she ever be good for anything?"

"Kindlin' wood," remarked the captain dryly.

"Captain Hap," asked Bayard feebly, "do things like this often happen?"

"Sometimes."

"Is n't this an extreme case?"

"Wall, it don't happen every day."

"But things of this kind, — do they occur often? Do you know of other cases?"

"Windover don't have the monopoly of 'em, by no means," mused Captain Hap. "There was the Daredevil over on South Shore. She was launched about a year ago. She went on a trial spin one day, and everybody aboard was pretty jolly. They put all their canvas up to show her off. It was a nor'wester that day, and they driv her right before the wind. She jest plunged bows down, and driv straight to the bottom, the Daredevil did. Some said it was her name. But, Lord! rum done it."

"What do people say, how do they take it here in Windover, this case of the Clara Em? Were n't they indignant?"

"Wall, the insurance folks was mad."

"No, but the people, the citizens, the Christian people, — how do they feel about it?"

"Oh, they 're used to it."

Bayard turned wearily on his hard bed. He did not answer. He looked out and towards the sea. The engraved Guido over the study-table between the little windows regarded him. St. Michael was fighting with his dragon still.

"*He* never got wounded," thought the sick man.

"Captain," he said presently, "these rooms seem to be full of — pleasant things. Who sent them all?"

"Them geraniums and other greens? Oh, the ladies of the mission, every mother's daughter of 'em, married and single, young an' old. Jellies? Lord! yes. Jellies enough to stock a branch grocery. What there *is* in the female mind, come to sickness, that takes it out in jellies" — mused the captain.

"I 've taken solid comfort out of this screen," said Bayard gratefully. "I did suffer with the light before. Who sent that?"

"That 's Jane Granite's idee," replied the captain. "She seems to be a clever girl. Took an old clo'es-horse and some rolls of wall-paper they had in the house. They give fifteen cents a roll for that paper. It 's kinder tasty, don't you think? 'Specially that cherubim with blue wings settin' on a basket of grapes."

"That reminds me. I see — some Hamburg grapes," said Bayard, with the indifferent air of a man who purposely puts his vital question last. He pointed to a heaping dish of hothouse fruit and other delicacies never grown in Windover.

The captain replied that those come from the Boston gentleman; they 'd kept coming all along. He thought she said there was a card to 'em by the name of —

"Worcester?" asked the sick man quickly.

That was it, — Worcester.

"He has n't been here, has he? The gentleman has n't called to see me?"

The nurse shook his head, and Bayard turned his own away. He would not have believed that his heart would have leaped like that at such a little thing. He felt like a sick boy, sore and homesick with the infinite longing for the love of kin. It was something to know that he was not utterly forgotten. He asked for one of the Boston pears, and ate it with pathetic eagerness.

"There 's been letters," said the cap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tain; "but the doctor's orders are ag'in' your seeing 'em this week. There 's quite a pile. You see, its bein' in the papers let folks know."

"In the papers! *What* in the papers?"

"What do you s'pose?" asked the captain proudly. "A fellar don't swim out in the undertow off Ragged Rock to save a d—— fool of a drunken fisherman every day."

"I 'll be split and salted," added the fisherman-nurse, "if we did n't have to have a watchman here three nights when you was worst, to keep the reporters off ye! Thirteen Windover fellars volunteered for the job, and they would n't none of 'em take a cent for it. They said they 'd set up forty nights for you."

"For *me*?" whispered the sick man. His eyes filled for the first time since the Clara Em went ashore on Ragged Rock. Something new and valuable seemed to have entered life as suddenly as the comfort of kin and the support of friends, and that bright, inspiriting atmosphere, which one calls the world, had gone from him. He had not expected that precious thing, — the love of those for whom we sacrifice ourselves. He felt the first thrill of it with gratitude touching to think of, in so young and lovable a man, with life and all its brilliant and beautiful possibilities before him.

. . . . . .

It was an April night, and sea and sky were soft in Windover.

A stranger stood in Angel Alley, hesitating at a door which bore above its open welcome these seven words: —

"The Church of the Love of Christ."

"What goes on here?" the gentleman asked of a bystander.

"Better things than ever went on here before," was the reply. "They 've got a *man* up there. He ain't no dummy in a minister's choker."

The stranger put another question.

"Well," came the cordial answer, "he has several names in Angel Alley: fisherman's friend is one of the most pop'lar. Some calls him the gospel cap'n. There 's those that prefers jest to say, the new minister. There 's one name he *don't* go by very often, and that 's the Reverend Bayard."

"He has no right to the title," murmured the stranger.

"What 's that?" interposed the other quickly.

The stranger made no reply.

"Some call him the Christ's Rest man," proceeded the bystander affably.

"That is a singular — ah — remarkable cognomen. How comes that?"

"Why, you see, the old name for this place was Seraph's Rest: it was the wust hell in Angel Alley — see? — before he took it up an' sot to prayin' in it. So folks got it kinder mixed with the Love of Christ up on that sign there. Some calls the place Christlove, for short. I heerd an I-talian call him the Christman t'other day."

The stranger took off his hat by instinct, it seemed, unconsciously; glanced at the inscription above the door, and passed thoughtfully up the steep, bare stairs into the hall or room of worship.

The service was already in progress, for the hour was late, and the gentleman observed with an air of surprise that the place was filled. He looked about for a comfortable seat, but was forced to content himself with standing-room in the extreme rear of the hall. Crowds overflowed the wooden settees, brimmed into the aisles, and were packed, in serried rows as tight as codfish in a box, against the wall. The simile of the cod was forced upon his mind in more senses than one. A strong whiff of salt fish assailed him on every side. This was varied by reminiscences of glue factories, taking unmistakable form. An expression of disgust crossed the stranger's face; it quickly changed into that abstraction which indicates the presence of moral emotion too great for attention to trifles.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The usual New England religious audience was not to be seen in the Church of the Love of Christ in Angel Alley. The unusual, plainly, was. The wealth and what the Windover Topsail called the society of Windover were sparsely represented on those hard settees. The clean, sober faces of respectable families were out in good force; these bore the earnest, half-perplexed, wholly pathetic expression of uninfluential citizens who find themselves suddenly important to and responsible for an unpopular movement; a class of people who do not get into fiction or history, and who deserve a quality of respect and sympathy which they do not receive; the kind of person who sets us to wondering what was the personal view of the situation dully revolving in the minds of Peter and the sons of Zebedee when they put their nets to dry upon the shores of Galilee, and tramped up and down Palestine at the call of a stronger and diviner mind, wondering what it meant and how it would all end.

These good people, not quite certain whether their own reputations were injured or bettered by the fact, sat side by side with men and women who are not known to the pews of churches. The homeless were there, and the hopeless, the sinning, the miserable, the disgraced, the neglected, the "rats" of the wharves and the outcasts of the dens.

The stranger stood packed in, elbow to elbow, between an Italian who served the country of his adoption upon the town waterworks, and a dark-browed Portuguese sailor. American fishermen, washed and shaven, in their Sunday clothes, filled the rear seats. Against the wall, lines of rude, red faces crowded like cattle at a spring: men of the sea and the coast, men without homes or characters; that uninteresting and dangerous class which we dismiss in two idle words as the "floating population." Some of these men were sober; some were not; others were hovering midway between the two conditions: all were orderly, and a few were listening with evidences of emotion to the hymn, in which by far the greater portion of the audience joined. A girl wearing a Tam o' Shanter and a black fur cape, and singing in a fine, untrained contralto, held her hymn-book over the settee to the Italian.

"Come, Tony! Pass it along!" she whispered. "I can get on without it. Make 'em pile in and sing along the wall there!"

With rude and swelling cadence the fishermen sang: —

"I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord."

Their voices and their hearts rose high on one of those plaintive popular melodies of which music need never be ashamed.

"I need Thee, oh! I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour" . . .

The stranger, who had the appearance of a religious man, joined in the chorus heartily; he shared the book which the girl had given to the Italian, who came in a bar too late, and closed the stanza on a shrill solo, —

"I co—home to Thee."

This little incident excited a trifling smile; but it faded immediately, for the preacher had arisen. His appearance was greeted with a respect which surprised the stranger. The audience at once became grave even to reverence; the Italian cuffed a drunken Portuguese who was under the impression that responses to the service were expected of him; the girl in the Tam o' Shanter shook a woman who giggled beside her. A fisherman whispered loudly, "Shut up there! The parson ain't quite tough yet. Keep it quiet for him! Shut up there, along the wall!"

There is nothing like a brave deed to command the respect of seafaring men. Emanuel Bayard, when he plunged into the undertow after Job Slip's drunken,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drowning body, swam straight into the heart of Windover. A rough heart that is, but a warm one, none warmer on the freezing coast, and sea-going Windover had turned the sunny side of its nature, and taken the minister in. The standards by which ignorant men judge the superior classes — their superb indifference to any scale of values but their own — should deserve more study than they receive.

It had never occurred to Bayard, who was only beginning to learn to understand the nature of his material, that he had become in three weeks the hero of the wharves and the docks, the romance of Angel Alley, the admiring gossip of the Banks and Georges', the pride and wonder of the Windover fishermen. Quite unconscious of this "sea change," wrought by one simple, manly act upon his popularity, he rose to address the people. His heart was full of what he was going to say. He gave one glance the length of the hall. He saw the crowds packed by the door. He saw the swaying nets, ornamented with globes and shells and starfish, after the fashion of the fishing-town; these decorations softened the bare walls of the audience-room. He saw the faces of the fishermen lifting themselves to him and blurring together in a gentle glow. They seemed to him, as a great preacher once said of his audience, like the face "of one impressive, pleading man," whose life hung upon his words. He felt as if he must weigh them in some divine scales into which no dust or chaff of weakness or care for self could fall.

Something of this high consciousness crept into his face. He stood for a moment silent; his beautiful countenance, thin from recent suffering, took on the look by which a man represses noble tears.

Suddenly, before he had spoken a word, a storm of applause burst out, shook the room from wall to wall, and roared like breakers under his astonished feet. He turned pale with emotion, but the fishermen thundered on. He was still so weak that this reception almost overcame him, and involuntarily he stretched out both his hands. At the gesture the noise sank instantly; and silence, in which the sigh of the saddest soul in the room might have been heard, received the preacher.

His sensitive face, melted and quivering, shone down upon them tenderly. Men in drunken brawls, and men in drowning seas, and women in terrible temptation, remembered how he looked that night, when the safe and the virtuous and the comfortable had forgotten.

The stranger back by the door put his hat before his face.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

AT THE GRANITE GATE.

THERE paused to shut the door
A fellow called the Wind. . . .
With mystery before,
And reticence behind,

A portal waits me too
In the glad house of Spring;
One day I shall pass through,
And leave you wondering.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It lies beyond the marge
Of evening or of prime,
Silent and dim and large,
The gateway of all time.

There troop by night and day
My brothers of the field;
And I shall know the way
Their wood-songs have revealed.

The dusk will hold some trace
Of all my radiant crew
Who vanished to that place,
Ephemeral as dew.

Into the twilight dun,
Blue moth and dragonfly,
Adventuring alone,
Shall be more brave than I?

There innocents shall bloom,
And the white cherry-tree,
With birch and willow plume
To strew the road for me.

The wilding orioles then
Shall make the golden air
Heavy with joy again,
And the dark heart shall dare

Resume the old desire,
The exigence of spring,
To be the orange fire
That tips the world's gray wing.

And the lone wood-bird (Hark,
The whippoorwill night long
Threshing the summer dark
With his gold flail of song!)

Shall be the lyric lift
When all my senses creep,
To bear me through the rift
In the blue range of sleep.

And so I pass beyond
The solace of your hand;
But ah, so brave and fond!
Within that morrow land,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where deed and daring fail,
But joy for evermore
Shall tremble and prevail
Against the narrow door,

Where sorrow knocks too late,
And grief is over-due,
Beyond the granite gate
There will be thoughts of you.

Bliss Carman.

A PUPIL OF HYPATIA.

Toward the middle of the last decade of the eventful fourth century A. D., when the great Theodosius, who had lately closed the pagan temples, was near his death at Milan, and the kingdom of this world was falling helplessly into its two halves of Eastern and Western empire, a distinguished young Greek from Cyrene, in North Africa, left his home to study philosophy in the still famous pagan school of Alexandria. His name was Synesius, and he had a pedigree beside which the best authenticated descent from the most grasping of mediæval barons appears insignificant. "If I have no other merit," he exclaimed long afterward, in the midst of a powerful appeal to his fellow-citizens against the rapacity of a base-born prefect, "I am at least sprung from ancestors whose succession stands inscribed in your public records, from Eurystheus (the Heraclid), who led the Dorians into Sparta, down to my own father."

But the future in store for him was well hidden from the mind of the young pilgrim of learning at the time when, after sailing eastward for four days along the African coast, he wrote gayly back from the mouth of the Alexandrian harbor to his brother left behind in Cyrene: "The wind, though very light, has been always in our favor, so that, while our daily run seemed small, we insensibly made good progress, until, on the fifth evening, we descried the beacon-light which they kindle upon a lofty tower for the guidance of passing mariners. In less time than it takes to tell it, we had disembarked on the island of Pharos; and a barren spot it is, with no trees or growing crops, but only a few salt grasses." They had, in fact, landed at the base of the father of all lighthouses.

The venerable city which Synesius had quitted was one of five whence the great promontory which embraced them all derived its name of the Libyan Pentapolis. The adjoining country was both beautiful in its natural features and rich with the culture of a thousand years; but Cyrene itself was no longer its capital, and is described by Ammianus Marcellinus at about this time as "*deserta*," — shrunk in population and falling into decay. The imposing aspect of the great metropolis to which the student went — or something very like grandeur — has been made familiar to the imagination of us all through historical romance and scenic representation. But let us try, as far as possible, to dismiss from our minds the idealized portraits of Hypatia and her contemporaries, and consider the sufficiently remarkable facts concerning the head of the Alexandrian school of that day as we find them dryly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recorded by a contemporary, the ecclesiastical historian Socrates: —

"There was a woman in Alexandria named Hypatia, a daughter of Theon the philosopher, — so learned that she surpassed all the savants of that time. She therefore succeeded to the chair of philosophy in that branch of the Platonic school which follows Plotinus, and gave public lectures on all the doctrines of the same. Wherefore students resorted to her from all parts; for her deep learning made her both serious and fearless in speech, while she bore herself composedly even before the magistrates, and mixed among men, in public, without misgiving. Her exceeding modesty was extolled and revered by all. So then wrath and envy were kindled against this woman." Socrates proceeds to record, in the same dispassionate strain, the unspeakable tragedy of Hypatia's murder by a Christian mob, twenty years later than the time of which we now speak, adding that the inconsistency of the crime with Christian professions created great indignation against Cyril and the whole Church of Alexandria; and he concludes with the simple but significant remark, "The thing was done during Lent."

Not a written word of Hypatia's own remains, nor the semblance of a formal report of any of her lectures. But we know, in a general way, what she taught, though we can only guess at the extent to which her lessons were enforced by the charm of her personality and the evident fervor of her convictions. She expounded that mystic Neo-Platonism, the last result of centuries of Greek speculation, embracing the remains of many philosophic systems, which had become the religion of nearly all those more elevated heathen minds which could no longer pretend, even to themselves, that they believed in the gods of Olympus. She taught the ultimate unity of one supreme God, remote, unsearchable, unapproachable even, in any direct fashion, by finite beings; incapable also, as it would seem, of acting upon these except through intermediary agencies. From this transcendent One there issued, however, as inevitably as light from the sun, that universal Mind, whose innate ideas are the first patterns or prototypes of the things of sense. From the universal Mind there was thought to proceed a third and lesser deity, the world-soul, which pervades all the material universe, and of which the universe itself and the sentient beings whereby it is peopled are a direct emanation. Matter is evil; soul is pure. Man, a mixture of the material and spiritual, has the power, by unflinching self-discipline and subjugation of the senses, to lift himself to a level whence he may receive from the universal Mind a direct revelation of divine truth. This glorious vision once attained, he can and will have no further desire, save to free himself entirely from the trammels of "those things of time and sense which perish with the using," and dare that plunge into the fathomless depths of the divine, described in the mystic phrase of Plotinus as "the flight of the one to the One."

A certain correspondence, on its metaphysical side, of this system with the new faith which had just become the state religion of the Roman Empire is at once apparent. On the practical side, if the new Academy did not proclaim, it certainly did not preclude, the love of one's neighbor. At the same time, it was no religion for the multitude. It could not provide the "joy of the spirit," that ineffable boon of restored simplicity, of perfect relaxation, recuperation, reconciliation, for the strained and weary soul which was the crowning gift of the gospel of glad tidings to men of good will. But it could and did suffice, as the histories of Hypatia and Synesius and many others prove, for the formation of character.

To the public exposition of this abstract and austere creed Hypatia added

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instruction in rhetoric, in mathematics, in physics, as then understood; assuming, after a fashion, like every public teacher of that time, to cover the whole field of human knowledge. Synesius, who had no doubt been born and bred a Neo-Platonist, seems to have attended with special assiduity her lectures on mathematics and the art of oratory. Teacher and pupil were not far from the same age,[1] though Hypatia was presumably the elder. Synesius remained her pupil for more than a year, and it is plain that he soon became a favored, and in some sort an intimate one. They must already have been upon the easiest of terms when he could send her a friend (possibly his uncle Alexander, a philosopher of some renown) with such a word of introduction as follows: —

"To the Lady Philosopher:

"I seem to be playing the part of Echo, for I do but repeat the testimony of others in earnestly recommending to you the signal merits of Alexander."

It was perhaps the death of his father which called the student rather abruptly back to Cyrene before the close of the year 395. At all events, there seems to have ensued, not long after, a division of the paternal estates, by which Synesius received the country house and farm, situated in an exceedingly fertile region near the borders of the Libyan Desert, about thirty miles south of Cyrene. He also came into possession of the family books — his father having been a man of letters as well as of leisure — and of the rustic slaves, whom he claims to have regarded as his personal friends, and whom he treated most humanely. The elder brother, Euoptius, fixed his residence at Phycus, the port of Cyrene, though he also spent much time at Alexandria. There was a sister, too, Stratonice, a woman so beautiful that Synesius himself says of her portrait-statue that one doubted whether it were hers or that of the golden Venus; she married an officer of Arcadius's guard, and lived in state at Constantinople. But before settling down to the country life which he so singularly loved, proposing to divide his time, as he himself tells us in his curious treatise on Dreams, "between books and the chase," the young philosopher felt bound to visit Athens.[2]

The "sacred" city, long fallen from her old glories, both of action and of art, had become a species of university town, venerable indeed and beautiful in its way, but to Synesius, after Alexandria, both dull and disappointing. To his brother, always his most frequent correspondent, he had written, just before setting out for Greece, in the lively vein that was natural to him: —

"My journey to Athens will have two advantages: I shall get clear of my present worries, and I shall no longer be abashed by the erudition of those who have been there. Not that they seem to know much more about Plato and Aristotle than the rest of us mortals; but because they have seen the Academy and the Lyceum, and the painted portico where Zeno used to lecture (painted no more, however, since some proconsul or other has carried off the pictures), they behave themselves among us like demigods among donkeys."

From one of the stations of his return voyage he writes again, lamenting that there is nothing imposing about Athens now save the names of her famous localities. "It is Egypt, in our day, which cultivates the seeds of wisdom gathered by Hypatia. Athens was once the very hearth and home of learning. Now it is the emporium of the honey trade!"

The difficulties mentioned in the first of these notes can hardly have been pri-

[1] The date of Synesius's birth is variously conjectured, but it must lie between the years 370 and 375. He was probably about twenty at the time of his first visit to Alexandria.

[2] Some of the authorities think that Synesius stopped at Athens on his way home from Alexandria.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vate embarrassments, since the fortunes of Synesius were very flourishing at that time. His reference is doubtless to the distracted condition of his native province, which had been visited, during the century then closing, with most of the traditional plagues of Egypt, beside being rent by earthquakes, desolated by the incursions of barbarous tribes, and plundered by the soulless and shameless rapacity of Roman governors. Now Cyrene had become a portion of the Eastern Empire, and the local senate resolved to exercise its privilege of sending a special ambassador to Constantinople, who should present the young Emperor Arcadius with a golden crown and a congratulatory address, represent the distress of the Pentapolis, and sue for imperial relief, both by the lightening of taxes and by the reinforcement of garrisons. Somewhat unwillingly, — for, as we have said, the life of his remote estate was exactly suited to his rural and scholarly tastes, — Synesius consented to undertake this mission, and in the already sumptuous capital of Constantine he passed the three years from 397 to 400. It was a period upon which he looked back with a sort of impatient regret, from amid the grave and pressing preoccupations of his later life. "Oh, if I had not wasted those years!" he says in one place; yet he tells us again that his mission was measurably successful, and they were years of no small moment in the world's history, — great actors thronging the stage at Constantinople, and great events following one another with dramatic rapidity. Synesius was destined to see, during his sojourn in the Eastern capital, both its occupation and partial plunder by the Gothic soldiery of Gainas, and a great slaughter and subsequent expulsion of the barbarians, through an outburst of rare energy on the part of the citizens.

Rufinus, the infamous first minister of Arcadius, had speedily fallen, only to be succeeded by a worse miscreant than himself, in the contemptible person of the eunuch Eutropius. Through the machinations of the latter, the weakling Emperor had been married to the beautiful *parvenue* Eudoxia, whose insensate pride and extravagance John Chrysostom, the saint of the golden tongue, lately come from Antioch, and just now at the summit of his power in the metropolitan church, deplored and rebuked in vain. Synesius must have heard Chrysostom preach, probably many times, for we know from himself that he went often to the Christian churches, and found their services curiously attractive.

A majority of the imperial officers, though by no means all, were now nominal Christians; and Synesius had come furnished with excellent introductions, while his genial and versatile spirit enabled him to make friends rapidly among clever men of all shades of speculative opinion. The highest in rank of these friends, as well as the most distinguished character among them, Aurelian, who was three times prætorian prefect, and consul in the year of Synesius's return to Africa, is supposed to have embraced Christianity at about this time.

None of Synesius's private letters from Constantinople have been preserved. If he wrote any, — and we can hardly fancy that so full and facile a correspondent failed to do so, — they seem never to have reached their destination. But there is an interesting note to Aurelian, written apparently not long after his return to Africa, to thank the consul for some signal service, which may be inserted here as indicating the love and reverence which he came to entertain for the man:

"If states have souls, as indeed they have, — tutelary genii, divine guardians, — you must have won the grateful remembrance of all such, for benefits conferred while you held high office. Never doubt that these beings will at all times stand your friends and advocates; beseeching the universal God to reward you, as you deserve, for having copied

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his dealings with men as closely as may be. For the power to do good is all men have in common with God; and imitation is identification, and unites the follower to him whom he follows."

This is the letter of a Platonist, certainly, but one who is no bigot, and who seems inclined, at least in his own fancy, to associate the watch and ward of dæmons and genii with the intercession of Christian saints.

It was not until 399, after he had been nearly two years in Constantinople, that, through Aurelian's intercession, Synesius obtained personal access to the Emperor, and permission to deliver his long-prepared address. That address, retouched a little, no doubt, but substantially the same as it was spoken, has come down to us in the form of an essay on monarchical government, De Regno. It is very fine and outspoken in tone; beginning with a picture of the ideal monarch, who thinks largely and lives simply, seeking always the best men for his officers, disdaining vain ostentation, cultivating the personal attachment of his subjects, ever striving to lighten their burdens and to constitute himself their earthly providence. Proceeding from theory to practical application and appeal, the orator uses wonderfully little of servile circumlocution, but dwells upon the widespread misery and manifold perils of the time; praying the young sovereign to come promptly to the aid, not of his own obscure province alone, but of all his people, if haply the sublime vision of Plato may at last be realized, and Arcadius himself embody, in his auspicious reign, the grand ideal of the philosopher-king.

The mournful vanity, as we know it now, of this Utopian dream invests the closing paragraphs of the De Regno with a pathos which they were probably far from breathing when uttered in the imperial presence; for the general tone of the address is, after all, most sanguine. The only other piece of literary work which Synesius is known to have attempted in Constantinople was the first part of a sort of allegorical romance, entitled Ægyptius, or The Egyptian; a story "with a purpose," designed to illustrate the providence of God in delivering the city from the Goths, through the instrumentality of Aurelian, who figured in the tale as Osiris.

It was the severe earthquake of the year 400, of which Chrysostom speaks as having sent the people in throngs to the churches, which finally caused Synesius to leave rather hastily for his African home. "The sea seemed to me safer than the land," he observes dryly. But he wrote back, at the first opportunity, to apologize for his unceremonious departure, and also to beg, with characteristic good nature, that a certain superb Egyptian rug, on which he had been used to recline in the palace porticos while waiting to be received by the Emperor, might be given to the notary Asturius, who had always greatly admired it.

The homeward voyage was not altogether propitious, if, as appears to us most probable, it was then that he suffered the harmless shipwreck of which he has left us so amusing an account. He seems to have gone first to Alexandria, and thence to have embarked for Cyrene upon a coasting-vessel, which, after grounding twice, was driven helplessly out to sea, and finally had to discharge its passengers at the tiny port of Azarium. The letter sent back from this hamlet to Euoptius, then in Alexandria, is very graphic, and describes with much humor the apathy of the captain, who was so loaded with debt that he appeared, on the whole, to prefer foundering to meeting his creditors at Cyrene; the fanaticism of the Jew pilot, who flatly refused to work at all on a Friday night because it was the preparation for the Sabbath, and who plainly thought it would be a good deed to drown as many Gentiles as possible; the excitement of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the women on board. Unhappily, this delightful letter is unreasonably long, as the writer himself acknowledges. On his arrival in his native city, he found a state of things calculated to subdue his exuberant spirits. The barbarians were again harrying the land, and the government officials, as usual, were offering no effective resistance. Synesius must have seen Hypatia, too, during that flying visit to Alexandria, and what seems his first letter after his arrival at Cyrene is addressed to her, and shows how little their honorable friendship had suffered during his three years' absence in the East.

"To the Lady Philosopher," he begins, as usual, and then comes a verse from Homer: "'*Though all things be forgotten in the home of the dead, yet even there, methinks, I shall remember my dear*' Hypatia. But I am hemmed in by the troubles of my country, and much distressed on her behalf. Not a day passes that I fail to see men slain like cattle in some violent fray. The very air I breathe is foul with death; my own turn is like to come next. For how can hope live under these most sorrowful skies, dark with the shadowing wings of birds of prey? Yet here I am bound to remain so long as the present state of things continues. How else, indeed, being, as I am, a Libyan, brought up here, and with the tombs of no inglorious ancestors ever before my eyes? You, I think, are the only being who could wean me from my country; and not even you, so long as I am needed here."

This, one would think, must have been in answer to an entreaty from Hypatia that he would forsake a scene so unfavorable to philosophic repose and reflection as the Cyrene of that period. It was a mania of the day, by which Christians and pagans were alike possessed, to find a peculiar merit in this kind of retreat from action and relinquishment of responsibility. But Synesius had Spartan blood in his veins, and his eminently manly and healthy instincts taught him a more excellent way. Presently we find him flinging off his momentary depression, organizing a stout resistance to the invaders, drilling recruits, and importing arms and other munitions of war. To his weaker brother, shivering with ague and apprehension at Phycus, he sends a stirring, not to say stinging appeal: —

"Are we to stand tamely by, and see these wretches prepared to perish rather than surrender their ill-gotten booty to its rightful owners, and shall we care only to protect our miserable persons? Shall we not rather brave all hazards for the homes, the shrines, the laws, endeared by such venerable associations? We are no men if we hesitate. Myself, such as I am, I propose to have at the barbarians. I want to test in person the quality of their courage who presume to insult Roman citizens. Even a sick camel, as the proverb says, can carry the load of many asses, and I have observed that in affairs of this kind the men who are most anxious about their own lives usually die, while those who take no thought for themselves survive: I prefer to be one of the latter. I will fight though I perish, but I believe I shall survive. I am, at all events, a Lacedæmonian, and I remember the message of the ephors to Leonidas: 'Let them (the soldiers) go prepared to resist to the death, and they will not die.'"

By and by the tyranny of the moment passed over; this particular outbreak of the empire's incurable disease was subdued, and the savages retired for the nonce into their desert. Synesius could then go down with a clear conscience to his beloved country home, which had not yet been molested, and where, beside hunting regularly and with enthusiasm, and looking carefully after the culture of his fields and the welfare of his people, he applied himself once more to literary work. He completed the allegorical romance begun in Constantinople; and it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may have been at this time, also, that he wrote his *jeu d'esprit* on the advantages of baldness, as well as a poem on the pleasures of the chase, the Cynegetica, which has not come down to us.

The letters of this period[1] are again quite gay. There is one to his brother, describing the lamentable marriage which one of their kindred was about to make, and the flagrant levity and absurdity of the underbred bride; the whole arrangement, plainly, being most distasteful to the descendant of Eurystheus. Then there is an interesting note to his lifelong friend Herculianus, who had been a fellow-pupil of his in Hypatia's school, concerning the recapture of a fugitive slave: "Not one of those whom I inherited, pray understand, or who have been brought up with me. These are all well educated, and have been treated so entirely as my equals that they love me as the master of their choice rather than dread in me a ruler appointed by law. This Philoromus belonged to my first cousin, the daughter of Amelius, and she made him over to me. But having been carelessly brought up, and never properly controlled, he could not endure the Spartan regimen of this philosophic house."

Elsewhere, in reply to a letter in which Euoptius had bemoaned his own bad health, Synesius writes: —

"What can you expect but chills and blood-poisoning, if you will stay on in that hot, unwholesome Phycus? It would be a miracle if your health were not undermined. . . . But if you will only come to me, you may, please God, get quite well again. I never could understand the pleasure of stretching one's self out upon a sandy beach, your only resource there. . . . But here you may sit under shady leafage, and when you are tired move on from tree to tree, or even from one grove to another, if you do not mind crossing a little brook. How softly the leaves rustle in the breeze! What an endless variety of bird-notes! Also of flowers and shrubs, some native and some cultivated! The air is sweet, the earth lavishly generous. I'll not praise my grotto of the nymphs, — it would need Theocritus to do that; but I have not begun to tell you all."

Here, too, not far from this time, Synesius must have written the first four of the ten so-called Hymns which bear his name. They are all in one or other of the short metres which were considered especially appropriate, in the fourth century, to this kind of composition; but the early hymns of Synesius are purely Platonic rhapsodies, often strongly tinged with pantheism, always employing the phraseology of the school whose tenets he professed. Only when, in his attempt to express the Trinity of Plotinus, he uses terms like these, "For where the depth of the Father is, there too, great offspring of his heart, is the glorious Son, who hath made the world in wisdom, and there shines the reconciling light of the Holy Spirit," we must needs think that we see traces of that superficial, and, so to speak, sentimental attraction toward Christianity which he certainly experienced at Constantinople.

In the year 403, being then about thirty, Synesius went again to Alexandria for a visit of some length, and appears almost immediately to have fallen under the strenuous influence of Theophilus, the worldly, ambitious, and intriguing bishop of the metropolitan see. There is no need here to attempt an analysis of that complex and rather repulsive character. Theophilus will be remembered for his violent destruction, ten years or so before this time, of the crowning glory of Alexandrian architecture, — the assemblage of temples and porticos called the Serapeum, — which one of the great travelers of the period pronounced the only group of buildings in the world fit to be named beside the

[1] Presumably, but one has to judge by internal evidence, for the epistles of Synesius are undated; only one of them all, I believe, even naming the consul of the year.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Capitol of golden Rome. He will be remembered well by all who are familiar with the most exquisite piece of religious biography ever written, Cardinal Newman's life of St. John Chrysostom, as the grim foe of that radiant spirit, the man who virtually procured the final banishment into the winter Caucasus, and so the death from exposure, of the angelic orator. He will be remembered by a few as having trained to succeed himself in his sacred office his nephew Cyril, in the first years of whose episcopate Hypatia met her doom. But Theophilus was a man of considerable culture, and it would seem as if there must have been a nobler and more sympathetic side to his nature than these acts reveal, or Synesius could hardly have esteemed him as his later letters prove that he did. On the other hand, Synesius was obviously rather careless in his generosity, and easily credulous of good in other men.

Theophilus was already bishop at the time of Synesius's first visit to the Egyptian capital, nine years before; indeed, the Serapeum must have been destroyed before the Cyrenean ever saw the place. As one among the crowd of pagan undergraduates, he was very unlikely to have attracted the notice of the astute prelate, but now the case was altered. Not only had the still youthful Synesius been ambassador to the Eastern court, and come back with a certain reputation both as a statesman and as a scholar, but he had become a landed proprietor and a local magnate. His soul might be no better worth saving than when he was obscure, but he was now a very desirable acquisition to any party.

It is plain, at all events, from Synesius's own expressions that it was Theophilus who "arranged," as the phrase is, a marriage for him with a Christian maiden, besides performing with his own august hands the ceremony which united them. It is a slender little ghost, this of Synesius's Christian bride, flitting swiftly and shyly across the dismal historic page, never so much as called by name. We know, from allusions both in letters and in the later Hymns, that her husband loved her tenderly, and that he defended her position, when afterward it came to be assailed, with a chivalry rare enough in those times. We know that she lived to bear him three boys, of whom the oldest, at least, was born in Alexandria, and we literally know no more. The most probable conclusion, and the happiest perhaps for her, is that she died before her children, and while still very young. She had, plainly, no interest in her husband's literary work, any more than she can have sympathized with his philosophical opinions; and it was to the greater woman, earlier known and always "platonically" loved, that he still turned for sympathy and counsel, and continued to turn until the end.

During the first year of his married life, while yet in Alexandria, he wrote, in answer to some severe criticisms on his modes of thought and expression, a sort of apologia, or history of his own mental development, which he entitled Dion, and dedicated to his unborn child. But he would not publish it without Hypatia's approval, and he submitted to her judgment, along with the manuscript of the Dion, the curious essay on Dreams, already mentioned, written, as he says, in one night, — "or rather in the latter half of one night;" "the one effort being inspired by man, the latter directly by God." To these, "by way of making complete the number" (that is, the number three, beloved of every Platonist), he added a copy of the letter with which, when in Constantinople, he had accompanied the gift to a certain great personage there of a silver astrolabe, or engraved chart of the celestial sphere; and, in the longest letter to her which we have, he earnestly requests the impartial judgment of Hypatia on the value of all these productions. It was probably favorable, since they all exist; and the De Insomniis, at least, is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

full of subtle psychological suggestion, and may still be read with interest by those whom such subjects attract. But in none of them do we find anything which in the smallest degree prepares us to look upon Synesius as a Christian convert, and the reader must judge from the strangely moving letter presently to be quoted how far the masterful patriarch was justified in so regarding him.

In 405 Synesius quitted Alexandria once more, and returned with his wife and child to Cyrene. So good a patriot must needs have felt that his place was there, for the times were worse than ever. He went back to lead for four years more the sort of life which he had broken off in 403, — periods of harassing civic and military service alternating with ever briefer and more precarious intervals of rest in the country home. The letters usually referred to this time are numerous and always high-spirited, if no longer particularly hopeful. Two more boys were born to Synesius; and when they were old enough to begin learning, a little cousin, son of Euoptius, used to share their studies, while a niece, the child, apparently, of the beautiful Stratonice, and greatly beloved by both her uncles, was often a member of the household. But the year 409 brought a sudden arrest, and wrought a great revolution in this anxious and laborious, yet full, humane, and eminently unselfish life.

The Bishop of Ptolemais, now the capital of the Pentapolis, died, and it happened to Synesius, as it had done five and thirty years before to the great Ambrose, to be named, while as yet unbaptized, by popular acclamation, to the vacant see. The cases were after all not very similar. Ambrose, though a layman and a lawyer, was a Christian by tradition and conviction. Synesius, when the popular vote was earnestly enforced by Theophilus as patriarch of the African Church, found himself in a position of painful perplexity. The bishop of those days was also a civil magistrate, clothed with great authority; and so far as the temporal half of his duties went, Synesius probably knew that he was better fitted, by practical experience and the confidence that had been spontaneously reposed in him, to defend the rights and interests of his unhappy compatriots than any other man upon whom their choice might have fallen. But how about his fitness for the spiritual functions of the episcopate, the preparation of heart and mind, the initial and essential gift of faith in the risen Christ? Theophilus might be willing to waive subtleties for the sake of putting a strong man in a difficult place, but Synesius, in the rectitude of his pagan conscience, revolted from so equivocal a position.

The upshot of his mental conflict was that he set forth, in a letter addressed to his brother in Alexandria, but expressly intended to be laid before the Christian authorities there, the fullest and frankest statement possible of his own principles and opinions. Every line of this document — the most significant in some respects of all that have survived out of that transition time — is painfully interesting. We must content ourselves with a few quotations.

After expressing his deep sense of the honor done him by the people of Ptolemais, and of the shame it would be in him to accept that honor unworthily, "You understand," he says, "how it is with me. . . . I habitually divide my days between study and amusement. In the study, especially of things divine, I can isolate and absorb myself completely, but in my pleasures I am peculiarly social. You know that the moment I have shut my books I am ready for any kind of diversion. . . . But a bishop should be a holy man, as inaccessible as God himself to the charm of vain amusements. Ten thousand eyes are on him, scanning the consistency of his life, whose owners will derive scant profit, if any, from their gaze unless he be given over to serious things, and proof against any temptation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to pleasure. Even in sacred matters he is not free to think exclusively of himself, but should take thought for all, as one who is a teacher of laws by which his own conversation is ruled. The labors of all devolve upon him, and unless he is able to perform his task unaided he exposes himself to universal blame." Synesius goes on to say that undoubtedly there are men strong enough to move without staggering under so enormous a load, and at the same time keep the divine spark alight within themselves, but that he is not one of them. He is conscious of misdemeanors and stains without number. But he who undertakes to purify the lives of others should himself be spotless. There is more than this, however, and he cares not who knows it. "Nay, rather I have written with the express purpose of making clear to all men my extreme reluctance to assume this burden, in order that, whatever happens, I may have a conscience void of offense before God and man, and especially before Father Theophilus. For if I tell the truth about myself without reserve, and then leave the decision of my case to him, I ought certainly to be clear of blame. God, therefore, and the laws of my country, and the sacred hands of Theophilus himself have given me a wife, and I hereby declare to the whole world that I will neither put her away nor have clandestine intercourse with her. The one would be contrary to divine, the other to human law. Furthermore, it is the wish of my heart to have a numerous and noble progeny. There is also another point, . . . concerning which he (Theophilus), indeed, has nothing to learn, but I must needs recall it to his memory, pending future discussion, for it is perhaps the most important of all. *It is difficult, I may say it is impossible, that a truth scientifically demonstrated, and once accepted by the understanding, should ever be eradicated from the mind.* Now you know that much of what is held by the mass of men is utterly repugnant to philosophy. It is absolutely impossible for me to believe either that the soul is created subsequently to the body, or that this material universe will ever perish. As for that doctrine of the resurrection which they bruit abroad, to me it is a sacred mystery, but I am far enough from sharing the popular view." He goes on to say that he does not himself believe in imparting transcendental verities to the vulgar. The mass of men ought, he thinks, to be approached in another fashion. "If it were decent for me to accept this charge on the condition of thinking my own thoughts at home, and telling fables to the people abroad, neither teaching them anything new nor disabusing them of old errors, but leaving them exactly where they were before, I might do so. . . . As to preaching doctrines that I do not hold, I call God and man to witness that this I will not do. Truth is of the essence of God, before whom I desire to stand blameless, and the one thing that I cannot undertake is to dissimulate. . . . If, therefore, after this statement, which I have desired to make as explicit as possible, he whom God has empowered shall choose to enroll me among his bishops, I shall submit to the necessity, and regard my commission as divine. I say to myself that I should unhesitatingly obey any mandate of the Emperor, or even of his meanest officer, and how can I dally when it is God who commands?"

Theophilus, as we know, had no hesitation about accepting these terms. He allowed Synesius seven months for deliberation and the study of doctrine, a proceeding as irregular as was the appointment to high ecclesiastical office of a man who had passed through none of the preliminary grades; and so strong, sometimes, during this interval, were the dissuasions of the dæmonic voice in Synesius's own breast that he confesses, in various letters, to having prayed for death, and even meditated flight from his native country, to escape the sharp dilemma.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the end of the period, however, he received consecration, and entered, with little heart, indeed, but with heroic resolve, upon the duties of the sacred office.

The records of his brief and anxious episcopate are tolerably full, but we do not propose to enter into them minutely. All his favorite pursuits were put aside. He managed the temporal affairs of his diocese with a vigor and ability which answered the highest expectations of his sponsor; he even launched, with signal effect, the thunders of excommunication against an incorrigible imperial officer. He conscientiously studied the Scriptures, of which, at the outset of his ecclesiastical career, he confessed himself almost completely ignorant, and, in the two short homilies of his which we possess, he makes no inapt use of that Biblical phraseology which was then *de rigueur* for a preacher.

Less conventional, and indeed almost incredibly ingenuous, is a letter which he addressed to his clergy collectively, very soon, as it would seem, after assuming office: "I would have dared more than one death to escape this charge, for which I felt myself so unfit. . . . How can I ever, under the manifold pressure of affairs, attain again to those joys of the mind whose first condition is untroubled leisure? And to me and my kind, life is barely livable without such joys. I myself am not equal to this. But with God, they say, all things are possible, — even the impossible. Pray for me, therefore, and direct that prayer be made, both publicly and privately, in every church, whether of city, village, or country, if haply by his mercy I may *find the priesthood a help rather than a hindrance to philosophy.*"

Compilers of patrologies and ecclesiastical biographers, most of all the learned and indefatigable Druon, have done their best, as they were bound to do, to represent the conversion of Synesius as authenticated by the sacraments which he must have received, to explain away the anomalies of his position, to charge to an oversensitive humility his obstinate and distressful misgivings. To us the whole moral point and pathos of his story lie in the fact that, for all his rectitude and piety and his deep awe of the episcopal office, he was never, properly speaking, a Christian. A "change of heart" he hardly needed; but whether or no a change of the mature mind be impossible, as he had so simply and solemnly professed his belief, it is clear that, from the hour when Synesius's manly scruples were overborne, his own comfort of soul and poise of spirit were fatally impaired. He does indeed appeal, in his later hymns, to the Son of God as Helper and Saviour. It is as if he craved that Christian consciousness, that sense of the personal sympathy and support of One who had promised to *be with his people alway*, which he must have seen suffice to so many humbler converts. But for him the access to that visionary peace was barred. Private calamities crowded upon him: his fortune melted away, his health was broken, one after another his children were all taken, his house was left unto him desolate. The old props were withdrawn; the new sustained but imperfectly. To his friend Anastasius, after discussing the case of Andronicus, whom he had excommunicated, he wrote, in the sickness of his heart: —

"With me the cure of misfortune has been fresh misfortune. One tempest of the soul has followed another. My very grief for the loss of my boy is now aggravated by wrath" (over the affair of Andronicus). "Do you know that the day of my own death was once foretold to me, and that it proved to be the day on which I was made bishop? My life is changed indeed! Formerly I passed it light-heartedly, as though it were a continual feast-day, and I enjoyed human honors and intellectual pleasures more than any other man who ever embraced philosophy: and this not merely because

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of my external advantages, but through the strength and steadfastness of my own soul. Now all is lost; and the saddest and most desperate part of it is, that whereas formerly my prayers were always answered, now I have come to feel that prayer also is vain."

But the days of this anguish were mercifully shortened; and, as the end approached, we find Synesius opening his heart to his early teacher as he could have done to no other living friend. There are two more short letters to Hypatia, and they run as follows: —

"To the Lady Philosopher:

"Fate, which has taken from me 'many and brave children,' has nevertheless not taken my all. She cannot rob me of the love of right, or of the disposition to relieve suffering; she cannot, please God, transform my nature. I have hated injustice, as was meet. How gladly would I also prevent it! But the ability to do this is among the things which I have lost. It vanished before my children.

'The Milesians were brave men in days of yore.'[1]

"There was a time when I had the power to assist my friends; when you called me the providence of others, and even accused me of abusing, on their behalf, my influence with the great. I did indeed employ the latter like my own hands. Now, however, I have no resources remaining, unless you can aid me; for I count you, like my honor, among the good things of which I cannot be deprived. Your influence is still great, and it would be impossible for you to use it otherwise than nobly. I therefore recommend to your protection and that of all your friends, whether in public or in private life, two very distinguished young men, relatives, Nicæus and Philolaus, who desire to recover their patrimony."

[1] Aristophanes, Plutus.

Later still we have what is probably the last letter of Synesius. It is the cry of a brave but heart-broken man, — a faltering confession of mortal weakness and final defeat: —

"I am dictating from my couch these lines which I trust may find you well, — my sister, my mother, my teacher! to whom I owe so much, who deserve every honorable name I can give you. My bodily infirmity comes of the sickness of my soul. The memory of my dead children overpowers me. Synesius ought never to have survived his good days. Like a torrent long dammed up, calamity burst upon me, and the savor of life is gone. If I cannot forget the graves of my children, let me die. But you, may you live and prosper! Greet all my more fortunate comrades for me: the aged Theotecnus first, and after him Athanasius, whom I loved like a brother, and all the rest. And if there be any other who is now very near your heart, greet him too in my name as a cherished friend, for your affection is enough to recommend him. If you care for me still, it is well; if not, this too I can understand."

There is no record of Synesius's death, but it is supposed to have taken place in 414. He had been some five years bishop, and was about forty. If he died in that year, one horror, at least, was spared him. He did not hear that his revered instructress had been torn limb from limb in Alexandria, before the high altar of "the church which is called Cæsar's;" for this happened on the 15th of March, 415.

"Remember March, the Ides of March remember."

The successor of Synesius in the bishopric of Ptolemais was named Euoptius; but whether or no this was his own less distinguished brother is uncertain.

Harriet Waters Preston.
Louise Dodge.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME WORDS ON THE ETHICS OF COÖPERATIVE PRODUCTION.

I HAVE endeavored in a former paper to give some idea of the development in the United Kingdom of coöperation for productive purposes. It will have been seen that two different methods are being pursued: one, in which production simply springs out of coöperative consumption, being set on foot with the capital economized by its means, and carried on, chiefly by the great Wholesale Societies, for the primary benefit of the consumer, whether or not any share of profit is allowed to the producer; the other, in which production is set on foot with capital supplied or raised by the producer, and carried on primarily for his benefit, whether or not any share of profit is allowed to the consumer.

The former method is evidently the wide gate, the broad way, to success. The capital has made itself; it has grown out of the unfelt savings which result from coöperative distribution. The custom which is to make that capital fruitful is to a large extent ready found. In treating the producer as a mere earner of wages, even though you should make his position an exceptionally favorable one, you remain in the ordinary groove of competitive trade. The other gate is narrow, the way strait. To raise capital implies effort, self-discipline, self-sacrifice, on the part of the workers. They have no assured market beforehand, even though they may hope for support from a portion, at least, of the coöperative world. They cannot, like the consumers, buy labor and skill in the open market. They must, in the main, themselves supply both, and take up the difficult task of adjusting their claims as workers, which alone they have considered hitherto, to the position of employers. Accordingly, we saw that even the most prominent of the producers' associations, that of the Leicester boot and shoe makers, fell, in point of extent of production, far short of the Leicester boot and shoe factory of the Coöperative Wholesale Society, out of which it sprang.

But this already shows the higher ethical, educative value of the latter form of production. The former may develop, in the person of the manager of the particular works, an honorable and benevolent employer, at the cost of an infinitesimally small amount of self-sacrifice on the part of the hundreds of thousands of members of the societies constituting the Coöperative Wholesale. The latter can live only by the justice, patience, self-restraint, self-sacrifice, if need be, of all concerned in it. The wonder is, not that societies of self-governed producers should fail, but that they should succeed; and it is to the highest credit of our British working class that, undeterred by previous failures, they should still be struggling onward by the narrow way, and, it must be admitted, with increasing success.

That the narrow way was in fact also the better way was formerly recognized on all hands. The seventeen original coöperators of Rochdale looked forward to setting themselves to work out of the saved profits on consumption. But when store after store slid into production without heed of any claim of the worker upon the profits of his labor; when the Coöperative Wholesale Society suppressed bonus to labor, and in course of time claimed and exercised the right of trampling upon existing productive societies in order to establish its own workshops, the old idea of the worker's right to claim a share in the profits of his labor fell more and more into the background. And at last the great discovery was made — it is one that is apt to be made by the successful — that the wide gate and the broad way were the right

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ones after all; that the consumers' appropriation of all the proceeds of labor beyond a fair maintenance was the democratic ideal; that social harmony was to be the result of a perpetual tug of war between societies for coöperative consumption, producing all that could be produced by them, and trade unions.

The apostle of this new doctrine was a lady, whose sincerity and earnestness, I hasten to say, are beyond all question, the present Mrs. Sidney Webb, who as Miss Beatrice Potter set it forth explicitly in her work on The Coöperative Movement in Great Britain (1891). Whilst restricting the term "democratic" to that form of coöperation which starts from consumption, she says, indeed, with perfect candor, that "the coöperative store and its dependent federations may either be used as a great engine in the oppression of one worker by another, or as one of the levers whereby the British working class may secure sovereign power in industry as in politics, establishing on a firm basis industrial as well as political democracy. But," she continues, "to bring forth this child of promise we must witness the intermarriage of the coöperative and trade-union movements; not the dissolution of one by the other, but the voluntary interdependence, on terms of equality, of two opposite but complementary corporations, — the citizens organized as consumers, and the workers organized as producers."

Now, before considering the question on the ethical side, let us look at it for a moment from the practical. Who are the consumers? The producers and the non-producers. Who are the non-producers? Children, the old, helpless invalids, idiots, lunatics, loafers, criminals, except so far as child labor, asylum labor, prison labor, may add to the mass of production. Who maintains the non-producers? The producers. According to the new ideal, then, those who are merely dependent upon the producers are to share in fixing the conditions of their labor, and the producers, even if enrolled to the last man in a trade union, must be always numerically the weaker party. But is there the least chance that all producers will ever be enrolled in trade unions? What do Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb say themselves in their History of Trade Unionism? They state the total number of ascertained trade unionists within the United Kingdom in 1892 at 1,507,026, or only 3.98 per cent of the population. No doubt the proportion of members of coöperative societies is smaller still. But what a difference as to resources! The total funds of registered trade unions in England making returns at the end of 1892, according to the last Report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, were £1,546,306, an increase of £13,989 during the year. Let us assume that the non-registered unions had an equal amount of funds (which most assuredly they had not). The result will be a total of under £3,100,000. The share and loan capital of coöperative societies making returns for England (excluding loan societies and trading banks) was £14,468,744, an increase of £997,717 over the previous year. Let us deduct from this the £310,459 stated by Labour Copartnership, the organ of coöperative production, as the capital of productive societies, although several of these are registered under the Companies Acts. There will remain £14,158,285. According to these figures, societies for coöperative consumption in England have nearly five times the capital of English trade unions, but I have put the latter at what must be a greatly exaggerated estimate, since, with very few exceptions, the unregistered unions are far poorer than the registered ones. And this capital is increasing for the consumers, in proportion to that of the trade unions, at the rate of over three thousand per cent. Nor is this all. It is idle to look for any great increase in the funds of trade unions, for the simple reason that all the skilled, well-paid trades may be said to be now in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

union. And already, through the bringing of the unions of unskilled workers upon the register, the average amount per member of trade-union funds tends to decrease. This appears by a most valuable table in the Report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies for 1893, page 56, showing that the extra diligence of the last two years in enforcing the returns of trade unions has had the effect of reducing the average reported amount of funds per member. In 1890, when only 164 returns were received from 405 unions, the average per member was £1821. In 1891, when there were 356 returns from 493 unions, the average fell to £1517. In 1892, when 428 returns were received from 441 unions, it fell still further to £1476. Mr. and Mrs. Webb say most truly that "the influence of trade unionism on working-class life cannot be measured by the members actually contributing to the union funds at any one time." But they candidly tell us that "there are many occupations in which trade unionism is non-existent;" that "whole classes of manual workers are practically excluded from the trade-union ranks by the fact that they are not hired workers at wages;" that in "the trades in which the small master survives, or in which home work prevails, we find another region almost devoid of trade unionism;" that "the great army of laborers, as distinguished from mechanics, miners, or factory operatives, are, in normal times, as unorganized as the women workers;" that, "except in certain counties, . . . trade unionism among the farm laborers can scarcely be said to exist;" that "the large class of tramway and omnibus workers have, after a brief rally, reverted to a state of disorganization," while "the great army of warehousemen, porters, and other kinds of city laborers counts only a few hundred trade unionists in all the kingdom;" and again, that "the branches of a labor union are, for one reason or another, always crumbling away, and the total membership is only maintained by perpetually breaking fresh ground." Surely this shows that trade unionism, as a social force, has nearly reached its limits of influence; that its expansion among the laboring class proper has limits which it can hardly pass, and adds but little to its strength. Thus, if coöperative consumption, claiming to regulate production for its sole benefit, continues to develop itself at the present rate, whilst trade unionism must remain substantially confined within its present limits, there can be no possible "interdependence, on terms of equality, of . . . the citizens organized as consumers, and the workers organized as producers," since the organized producers can never, under the trade-union system, embody more than a fraction of the whole. It is quite possible that the strong artisans' unions may — at all events, for a time — hold their own against the coöperative consumers; the weaker laborers' unions, the unorganized labor masses beyond, must go to the wall before them. The so-called "intermarriage of the coöperative and trade-union movements" means simply a new form of social war, to the great disadvantage of at least the poorer producers.

But let us turn now to the ethical side of the question. We must never, indeed, overlook the fact that production and consumption are married in indissoluble union. They represent the *systole* and *diastole* of all life. Man produces to consume; consumes, if he deserves the name of man, to produce. This is true even of the highest and most spiritual production, the production of Good; true of our blessed Lord himself. His "meat" was to do the will of Him that sent him, and to finish his work. He did not thus merely do good; he fed upon the doing of it. And so it is true of every humblest worker under him. Every human spirit is nourished, like that of Christ, by its own right doings in fulfillment of the Father's will.

Nevertheless, as I have argued else-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where before this, the divine element in man is the productive one; the consuming element is the terrene. The former he shares with God, the eternal producer; the latter he shares with all created things. Production is essentially unselfish; the producer, even if he be a rascal, gives away something of himself in the act of production. Consumption is primarily selfish; the consumer, even if he be a saint, takes something to himself. There is, no doubt, an evil production, — of the burglar's and forger's tools, the coiner's dies, the poisoner's drugs, the false weight and scant measure, the jerry-builder's house, the lie tea and wooden nutmeg, and all the foul products of adulteration and swindling trade. But all that is only the misuse, by man's wickedness, of his own God-given powers. Apart from this willful misuse, all production is good, as adding to the world's wealth, material, intellectual, or spiritual. Consumption, on the other hand, is in itself simply non-moral; can become moral only when bearing fruit in production for the producer's and the world's good. To subordinate production to consumption is therefore to subordinate the unselfish to the self-regarding, the ethically good to that which has no intrinsic morality.

Let us endeavor to test these positions by examples. A man lives on the outskirts of civilization; supplying all his own wants and those of his family, subsisting on the fruits of his tillage, the flesh and milk of his herds and flocks, clothing himself and his with skins and wool. He is essentially a producer; a consumer only so far as he is a creature of flesh and blood. He has, no doubt, duties of hospitality, of humanity, towards strangers. Those duties may rank, by national custom, as of high obligation. In some countries, his very enemies, if he has allowed them to eat of his salt, — in other words, if he has treated them as members of his family, — may become temporarily sacred to him. But has any stranger the right, simply as a consumer, to do as he pleases with the results of the producer's labor and assume the direction of it? Evidently not. Apart from the claims of a common humanity, to the consumer as mere consumer the producer owes absolutely nothing.

Now let us suppose that the producer does not or cannot supply himself and his family with all necessary articles of consumption. What he needs must be obtained by means of an exchange with another man, whether directly or through the medium of money. To simplify matters, let us take first the case of pure barter. A, wanting something produced by B, supplies something of his own in exchange. In this case the rights are obviously the same on both sides. Both are producers, both are consumers; each is entitled to a genuine article, to full weight and measure, and what he takes ought to be a fair equivalent for what he gives. Will it make any difference if B, instead of producing the goods that A wants, is able by some other means to acquire them? None whatever; products will still be exchanged for products, and so long as the exchange is fair there will be no robbery. Introduce money as the medium of exchange: will the case be altered? In no wise: the man with money will be entitled only to a fair equivalent in goods, the man with goods to a fair equivalent in money. And now suppose that, through the complex arrangements of society, the one commodity that a man has to sell is his labor: what is the fair equivalent for that labor? Can it be anything short of the whole net value which by his labor he has added to the material on which he has worked? For labor, be it observed (and under the term "labor" I include all activities of body, soul, and spirit), is the only live thing in the world, the only thing which adds value to dead matter. The Koh-i-noor would be valueless to a tribe of apes, or of men leading mere apelike, laborless lives. Its value is built

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up out of the labor of the millions of millions of men who have wrought and toiled from the beginning of the world, creating human society and human civilization, and all the tastes and wants which grow out of them. Wages, wherever the product is sold at a profit, are a mere advance of part of that added value. The purchaser, as such, cannot possibly have any primary claim to the balance, which he has done nothing to create.

But whilst recognizing to the full the abstract right of the producer to the whole net value created by his labor, let us never overlook the other side of the question. Whatever value is created by labor takes life only through consumption, whether that of the producer or of some one else. There is no use in baking bread for no one to eat, making clothes for no one to wear, building houses for no one to live in. Creating nothing himself, but only destroying, the consumer nevertheless calls forth all production. Even in the case with which we started, the outdweller from civilization, who supplies all his own wants and those of his family, produces only for his and their consumption. As I said before, man produces to consume, as he should consume to produce. And in our complex civilization, where the human want and the means of supplying that want are often half the world apart, the securing of consumption — of a market, as it is technically termed — becomes all-important to the producer. Here indeed comes in an element distinct in some respects from production, though in principle mainly connected with it, which in our diseased social state too often assumes quite abnormal importance, to the extent of exercising absolute tyranny over both production and consumption, — that of distribution. The claim of the distributer to a share in the proceeds of production is a real though subordinate one. And I am far from denying the expediency, which is very generally recognized by the associated producers, of allowing a share in the profits of production to the consumers themselves. But, different from the claim of the distributer, this seems to me a matter of expediency, and not of right.

If then we take the word "production" in the larger sense that modern political economy is more and more disposed to give it; if we view as producers all who promote the world's wealth or welfare, so as to include not only the righteous statesman, the devoted clergyman, the earnest moralist, the poet, artist, musician, who does not pander to evil thoughts and bad taste, but even the singer of a harmless comic song who by a hearty laugh refreshes the spirit of some jaded worker, and the helpless invalid who by her sweet patience in suffering makes all better men and women who come near to her, we shall find that, in point of fact, instead of consumers' having any right to regulate production, the right is that of the producers to regulate consumption and consumers. It is as producers, not as consumers, that men may claim to restrict the sale of poisons, firearms, intoxicating liquors, to restrain vice and punish crime, to provide for the sick and aged, to educate the young, to legislate and to rule. To use an illustration which I gave of the matter many years ago, an honest producer who should chance to be cast on a desert island with a murderer, a thief, a madman, a loafer, and a child, would be in duty bound, so far as he was able, to assume control over all the others, and for that purpose should or might hang the murderer out of hand, compel thief and loafer to work, place the madman out of the way of mischief, and educate the child. All the six would be equally consumers, but the five non-producers would have absolutely no moral right to resist the righteous sway of the single producer.

I hold, therefore, that notwithstanding the easy success so far of production directed by the coöperative consumer, those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

English workingmen are right who persist in the more difficult task of directing their own production. But although the right to a share of profits has been, in the main, the test of difference between the two methods, I hold as fully as Mrs. Webb that the elimination of all profit, the reducing of all trade to a perfectly fair exchange, remains always the coöperative goal. This, however, although she does not seem to see it, involves the tumbling down of the whole fabric of coöperative consumption as now built up, since "divi" is the very mortar that holds it together. She must know that, even if still advocated here and there, the attempt to sell at cost price has been an invariable failure. And how many tolls levied on the producer's work does even cost price include! On the other hand, an interchange of products between establishments of coöperative producers affords a direct way to the goal. At the present moment, the productive associations in the English shoe and boot trade represent an amount of demand for clothing sufficient to maintain an equivalent amount of coöperative production in the tailoring trade, which might be paid for in foot gear, at the fair value of the exchanged articles; the element of profit simply disappearing on both sides in such exchange. The formation elsewhere of coöperative depots like the one now existing in London (Hart Street, Bloomsbury), and the extension of this, would greatly facilitate such transactions.

In the foregoing observations, I have, for the sake of simplicity of argument, left out of consideration the case of those larger and always more and more numerous industries which demand at the outset large capitals. There are two ways of bringing these within the sphere of true coöperative production. One is that of the initiative taken by an individual employer, — Mr. Thomson, of Huddersfield, for example, or Mr. Arthur Brownfield, of Cobridge; or again, of the admission by societies for coöperative consumption, like the Scottish Coöperative Wholesale, of the worker to a share in profits and in management. The other is that of the employment or investment of trade-union funds, beyond what is needed for the immediate objects of the union, in coöperative production. The latter, if the more difficult, is, I believe, the more certain way. And I think it is possible by legislation so to distinguish between the objects of a trade union that whilst its coöperative dealings should create legal rights and legal responsibilities, its dealings as a trade union should remain as now outside of both, until such time as, having brought all production in the trade within its hands, its functions as a trade union would become superfluous, and it would remain simply a guild. Interchange of products between one such guild and another would then be largely facilitated by the habit already acquired of working together for common ends through the meeting together in annual congresses, which are represented from year to year by a permanent committee, and through the personal knowledge which trade-union officials have thus of each other. If work were prosecuted cautiously and steadily on this line, I see no reason why coöperative production on any scale should not eventually be carried on by the producers themselves, supplying from their own collected funds the necessary capital, and from their own ranks the future captains of industry.

J. M. Ludlow.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DIRECTION OF EDUCATION.

THE most important, if not the most obvious gains in the modern economic arts are in the ways of saving labor. The century of invention which is nearing its close will remain forever memorable, for the reason that it has vastly increased the resources of civilized people. During this time, the individual man has manifolded his doing power by means of mechanical contrivances which have given him command of natural forces, or have enabled him the more effectually to apply the strength of his own body or that of his domesticated animals. In his ability to produce in all mechanical fields, the average laborer of to-day is at least thrice as effective as his ancestor was two centuries ago. It is indeed likely that a close analysis of the conditions would show that, in mechanical employments, the productive power of men has increased not less than fivefold over what it was in the later years of the eighteenth century; the last hundred years having been greater in results than all the previous ages during which our kind had been learning the lessons of employment.

The profit which we have won, and are yet to win, from the field of invention is to be attributed to the keen sense that we have acquired concerning the vast resources of the natural world, and the infinite variety of ways in which they can be combined so as to yield a diversity of results. The ancients conceived the world as relatively simple. We recognize it as infinitely complex. To them the earth appeared to be a limited realm, whose stores could be readily inventoried. We see it as a universe holding an inexhaustible store of things unknown, all of which may be made useful to man. Thus, from an intellectual point of view, the advance won in the memory of living man, in all that concerns the resources of this world and its relations to mankind, is far greater than is represented in material successes. The triumph of our age is indeed to be found in the sense of the manifold, the diverse, in nature.

By the diversity of employments which have necessarily arisen in our modern life, we perceive, or at least are beginning to discern, that in our fellow-men there is another universe, as rich in resources as the physical world. So long as occupations were limited in their variety, as they were until this developed age, it was a relatively simple classification which had to be provided to include the several kinds of talent that could be of service to society. Above the plane of the common herd, whose peculiar capacities were no more considered than are those of the sheep in the flock, there were but a dozen or so fields of endeavor in which talent was of value. The activities of the statesman, the soldier, the priest, the jurist, the physician, the architect, with some few minor occupations, represented the walks of life upon which a man of capacity could well enter. When placed by birth or the chance of life in any vocation, little account was taken of the special qualities that he might possess. Differences in power were of course well recognized, but diversities of talent, those peculiarities of nature which, developed by education, might fit the person for particular accomplishments, were, until our own time, commonly disregarded.

Even in our day, the diversity of men, that peculiar accommodation of the mental parts which fits each individual for specific duty, and makes every fairly educated person especially suited to some of the manifold tasks of society, has not been formally recognized. We can only note a rough appreciation of the facts in the endless shifting of our population to and fro among the vocations, as each man looks for the exact kind of labor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which he is fitted to do. Laborers and employers are ever seeking to avail themselves of this diversity of talents; in fact, a large part of the gain in the economic efficiency of the labor of our time has doubtless come from this very modern system whereby the man may make a trial of his talents by essaying various forms of work, until he finds the task which is his birthright. It is altogether probable, we may note in passing, that the efficiency of the American laborer, which is recognizedly greater than is possessed by his brethren of the Old World, is in a considerable measure due to the freedom with which he makes these essays.

So far as we have gone in this task of exploring the capacities of men, as yet indeed not very far, we have been led by the needs of classified industries enforcing a choice of men for each particular kind of labor; fitting one man, for instance, to run a locomotive, and another to care for a stationary engine. Thus, in a way, machinery, from the simplest to the most complicated, has become a means of exploring the diversities of human nature, and is helping to show men something of the meaning of their industries. It now seems certain that their experience with the arts will react on their conception of human nature, and will lead to the study of each youth, as not commonplace and uniform with all others, but exceptional, and unrevealed by mere inspection.

It seems to be clear that the next great advance in civilization should not be sought, and will not be found, altogether or even mainly in further conquests of the outer world. Richer fields for exploration, those which will yield vastly greater returns, are to be discovered in the realm of human capacity; in the development of that store of qualities which is latent in every well-conditioned man. Human intercourse is in its nature so limited that it ordinarily reveals only a very small part of the latencies of the individual. Immemorial custom has habituated us to accept the little of our neighbor which is disclosed to us in his aspect or his speech as a satisfactory indication of the man. For the simpler purposes of life these signs of quality are sufficient, but in this new day, when we have to fit men to do deeds of exceeding variety and delicacy; when, in a word, we have to adjust the man to his duty in a way that was not necessary in the ruder and more primitive conditions of civilization, these rude tests will not suffice. In their place must come a system wherein each person shall be explored for capacity, and the task of nurturing the talent shall receive the attention which we already devote to our mechanical contrivances, or to our domesticated animals and plants.

The problem of gauging the capacities of man, particularly in the formative period of youth, has been so far neglected that there is little in the way of knowledge or prescription based thereon which can serve in our inquiry. Here and there, however, there are shreds of information that enable us to make important judgments as to the variety which exists in the invisible kingdom of the mind. Perhaps the most suggestive of these fragments of knowledge, which may be built into the future science of mental diagnosis, has come to us through the system of examinations that is pursued in the honor work at Cambridge, England. In that system, the men who are separated from their fellows by the possession of mathematical talent are, for some years, subjected to a special training, which is substantially the same in all cases; they are then submitted to a long-continued examination, which is clearly contrived to give a very just and complete testing of their relative ability. The candidates who are successful are afterward arranged in the order of their accomplishment. In the opinion of those who have the examination in charge, the difference between the highest senior wrangler and the lowest honor man is fairly to be mea-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sured in a scale containing several hundred units. In another form of statement, the senior wrangler, so far as this science is concerned, overtops the common man as a great mountain does an ordinary house-roof. And yet this vast difference in native capacity is not revealed by any of those tokens of which we take cognizance in our association with men. The existence of this peculiar ability would have remained unknown even to its possessor save for the exceptional opportunity which is afforded by the prize system which has been developed in Cambridge.

Unfortunately, no other important quality of the mind has ever been subjected to the systematic testing which the tripos examinations give to that of mathematics. It is doubtful, indeed, if the various talents, some of them more significant than this capacity, could be gauged with anything like the same accuracy. There is no reason, however, to believe that the range in the ability to deal with formal relations in the computative way is any greater than that which is possible in the other divisions of the intelligence. The history of mechanical invention clearly indicates that if we could school men to their utmost powers in such work, we should in the end find a like difference in their capacities. So, too, for poetic ability, for investigative work, for the tasks of the soldier or the statesman, or the many other branches of thought and action.

There are those who hold that all capacity is a common or united quality; that if a man have mental power it may be turned in any direction, so that from the same strong mind we may, according to the nurture, make the poet, the statesman, the soldier, or the discoverer of natural order. I doubt if any experienced teacher, who has been willing to be taught by his experience, will affirm this opinion. The evidence which comes to him is to the effect that capacities are special; that though mental strength must be the foundation of all ability of a profitable sort, the direction or set of the individual capacity is, in substantially all cases, determined by the conditions of inheritance; that it is implanted in the individual by events which were shaped before he came upon the earth. We may indeed compare the set of intellectual power in particular directions to the flow of streams over the land. The course of the currents is determined by events, not of the moment, but of antiquity. The chances of the day may vary the amount of fluid which the channels contain; art may divert the tide this way or that; but the drainage is in large measure shaped by the structure of the under earth. In the mind, this topography, as we may term it, is clearly a matter of ancestral experience, and is infinitely diversified. It may be somewhat qualified by the powers of education, but the essential form remains to guide the stream of life.

The diversity in the nature of individual minds is not limited to that measure which depends on the variety in the fundamental capacities. Each of these is to be qualified by the exercise of others, so that in the thought which guides to action we commonly find several of the prime factors of the intelligence showing in the work of the moment. It has to be an unusually simple deed that does not call for the exercise of the constructive imagination, the natural powers, the sympathetic emotion, and many other more or less discrete qualities of the mind. The measure of these interactions is varied, and from the variations, in great part, arise the effective differences in men. We note some of these variations in the so-called mirror of the soul, the face, and know full well that, in all the millions of men who are and have been, no two are in countenance just alike; yet the quality of their thoughts is clearly more unlike than the order of their features. It may be well that we can observe little of our kindred; if we could see them entirely, they would perhaps seem so strange to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us that the bond of sympathy could not be preserved.

So far, the individuality of men has been cloaked by the sense of the commonplace which envelops them; with the advance in the complication of society, it is now necessary to seek out the possibilities of its members, and to develop the store of utilities which may there be had. Such a result can be obtained only by a very considerable change in the ideas and methods of our education.

As at present contrived, our educational systems proceed on the assumption that persons of the same sex and age are substantially alike; and further, that the aim of training is to bring the young to certain standard modes of thought and action which experience shows to be best for people according to their social or intellectual casts; in a word, to bring them into an accepted, a necessary state of uniformity, in order that they may fill their appointed stations. It is indeed essential that education should have this result as its main aim, for the swift succeeding generations have to be made ready for duty and marshaled to their places in life. It is owing to the success that has been attained in this fundamental task that civilization has crept onward and upward. Should it be interrupted for one or two generations, our race would fall back towards the undifferentiated state whence it came. To do this gigantic work at all, education, like other industries of civilization, has had to organize its methods so as to give a good average "mill product," or perhaps we might say, mintage. It is now time that we began to consider a change in methods by which the process may be lifted to the higher plane of a fine art, which differs from the grosser work in that each piece is considered by itself, receiving all the care that can be given to it, and this without immediate reference to the money profit which is to be made from the labor.

It seems perfectly clear that the full value of a man cannot be extracted by routine methods. It is, be it said, equally clear that the expenditure in thought and action that will have to be directed to a really individualized method of education, which, from the beginning of its task, with the youth, shall treat the problem in the fine-arts way, is greater than society at present is able to afford. Such an endeavor would demand for each youth something like the personal care which, in a few instances, learned, discreet, and sympathetic parents of ample means have been able to devote to their children. Moreover, it should be said that there are reasons why the study of the youth, with the view of ascertaining the peculiar qualities of his mind, should not be begun at too early an age. In the first stages of development, the aim should be in the main to awaken the elements of the mind which are of general value, the sympathies, and the race motives of honor, as well as to provide the simpler tools which open the ways to thought and action. We may therefore assume that, during the period of infancy, education should retain its present shape, and the time should be devoted rather to the task of awakening the child's capacities than to seeking out and nurturing those exceptional elements of value which may constitute his individuality. Just when the passage should be made from this ideal of general culture to that of fostering the special capacities is not easy to determine, and this for the reason that mental growth differs exceedingly. Some youths attain to their specialized powers long before others have emerged from the common paths which are followed in the earlier years of life. Herein, it may be noted, lies one of the most evil results of the present system, which assumes that like age means like growth.

During the period which precedes puberty, children are much more alike than afterward, save for the exceptional development of talents which, because of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their power, may obtrude themselves and claim a premature place in their life. In fact, the change which takes place in the mind as boys and girls pass to the estate of men and women generally leads to the awakening of those special powers which may be of high value to society. It is as if nature, in the earlier time, was occupied in laying the foundations for the race life, and postponed the growth of the more individualized features until the time when there was need of them. On this account, and so far as the majority of our youths is concerned, it does not seem to be very necessary to vary our educational methods in any considerable way from the present usage, in the period which may be termed the childhood age. It is perhaps too much to expect a change in our system of education which will provide for the precocious children, those in whom, during what should be childhood, the mind departs from the normal rate of advance, and takes on the qualities that we are accustomed to find at a later age. Yet as these abnormal children are often so because of the very strength of their individuality, and may become the ablest of their generation, it is of the utmost importance that their special needs should be considered. In the case of these youths of exceptional nature and singular promise, it would richly profit society to make provision for a special education which should be fitted to their peculiar needs. As it is, their talents are generally denied the chance of growth which is so necessary to faculties at the time they begin to spring into activity.

Assuming that in average youths the most valuable elements of their mental individualities declare themselves at or about the time of puberty, it may be asserted that at this period of education there should begin a careful study as to the tendencies of their intellectual development. It will evidently cost much in the way of labor to do such work; perhaps the most serious part of the effort will be to bring the world to a sense of the importance of the task. It is much the fashion to say to those who seek advice concerning some young person who, in the great awakening of the second decade, shows a marked ability in a particular path of thought or action, that he or she should be kept at work in the old-fashioned way, in order to lay a good foundation for the special courses that may begin at a later time. Unfortunately, often, when the proposed foundations are laid, the neglected talent has vanished. To the naturalist who has come to recognize the meaning of the normal in organic life, this system appears to be excellently well contrived to secure the extinction of nascent talent. He knows full well that in all processes of growth the inertias of inheritance tend to keep the individuals to the average of the species. The tendencies to depart from the normal are ordinarily weak; so that it requires peculiarly favorable conditions to permit them to attain their possibilities. When, in the second decade, the mind suddenly puts forth its new shoots, those which are fostered may well draw away the life from the others. Every one who has reached middle life can look back and see how certain motives of youth, though for a brief period they may have been strong, have withered from lack of culture, while others, originally of less prominence, have, under favoring influences, become the foundations of the mind or the basis of activities. These facts point us to the conclusion that the easiest way in the world to crush out a peculiar manifestation of talent is to subject the youth to a training which will develop the commonplace qualities of the mind in which it seeks to spring.

The division between the primary and the secondary school work, including in the former class the studies which are ordinarily placed in the grammar-school grade, should in the main rest upon the principle that the diversification of talent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

becomes most active at or about the age of puberty. In the lower, or, as it would be better to call them, the easier grades of work, the aim should be to imbue the minds of the young with the motives of the race, and to provide them with the simpler tools of education. The next step should be to introduce a sufficient variety of studies to afford an opportunity for a discerning teacher to learn the quality of his pupils. It is easy to suggest this work, but it is difficult to formulate it so that it may have a real value. The matter is one of such importance that I venture to set forth some suggestions which have a foundation in observation.

An experience of thirty years as a college teacher has shown me how desirable it is that young men who come to the later stage of their formal education should be effectively introduced to their new helpers. Of late, as dean of the Scientific School of Harvard University, I have had a large correspondence with the masters and teachers of secondary schools concerning the young men they send up to Cambridge. I am glad to say that from many of these instructors there comes a clear account of the previous mental history of the student, — an account which enables me to see something of his nature as it has been revealed to the discerning eye of his master. These teachers evidently make good use of their chances to learn the bent of their pupils, and their advice concerning it is in almost all cases of very great value. In general, however, the statements are too vague to be of service. They say that the candidate is morally all right; that he is a good or fair student, or, at the worst, that he is erratic; rarely, indeed, is there a hint that he has shown this or that particular capacity or incapacity.

This experience, which I believe to be common to all who have had to do with the task of continuing the work of the secondary schools in institutions of collegiate grade, indicates some very grave defects in our system of education. It is easy to see that in the education of a youth the knowledge of his qualities which the instructors acquire is only less in value than that which is gained by the student himself; but neither here nor in other countries is any systematic effort made to preserve this knowledge, and transmit it from the primary to the preparatory school, or, what is more important, from the latter to the university. On each occasion when the youth passes to a new school, the chance is that he has for a time to be treated in a purely categoric way, without any reference to his individual powers. His work is laid out for him with no reference to his natural bent, and his special talent lacks the sympathy which is the breath of life to any rare quality of the mind. In my experience, it requires, even with a practiced person, one or two years, in order, without any knowledge of a student's previous history, to become well enough acquainted with him to serve as his guide. When, as is often the case, the young man instinctively, or because of the ill treatment which his "hobby" has received, hides his light under a bushel, it may be yet more difficult to discern his quality. Thus the youth is seen to be heavily burdened by this fatal lack of knowledge concerning his possibilities, knowledge which should in some way have gone with him in his passage from one school to another. He is fortunate if the absence of system in this matter does not very seriously diminish his chances of development.

To show the hindering nature of this ignorance, let me present the conditions which will be met at the beginning of the next academic year in the Harvard Scientific School. At that time there will appear about two hundred new students; men who desire in part to obtain a general education in science for the sake of the culture which it may afford, but who in larger measure wish to enter on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work of a special character which may fit them for employment as engineers of various kinds, as architects, chemists, field geologists, or teachers in various subjects. In determining the plans of study which these men are to pursue, it would be desirable to know not only their own lives in a complete way, but those of their ancestors for some generations. In place of this acquaintance there is only the personality of the youth, which of course is much; his account of himself, which, like all personal diagnoses, is apt to be erroneous; and the record of his school or entrance examinations, which is even more likely to be deceptive. The dean, or the adviser to whom the new comer is committed, may do his best to interpret these living enigmas who are entrusted to his care, but he would have to possess supernatural powers to divine all he needs to know. Often the result is blundering and discouragement for both the parties in the work. To a great extent, these ills might be avoided if the indices of the student's character and ability, such as are to be gathered in the fitting-schools, could be sent with him when he enters upon his new courses.

There seem to be but two ways in which we may hope to mend the breach in our educational system which comes from the lack of information concerning youths when they most need the advantages that such information might afford. One of these ways would be to have the connection between the fitting-schools and the universities so intimate that the teachers of the two grades would constitute one body, having a common knowledge of the pupils. Although it is common enough, in this country, to find colleges which maintain fitting-schools within their halls, the system has never found favor with the better class of these institutions; therefore, though the experiment of such a close connection, devised to secure a better integrated education, would be interesting, it is perhaps not worth while to discuss it further. The other way is so to unite the secondary schools and the universities that the teachers of the schools may feel that they do not part from their pupils in the last stage of their education. If it could be so contrived that the masters of the academies should be enlisted among the advisers of the pupils, giving counsel concerning their first steps in the final work of their training, a strong point of advantage would be gained. We might expect to develop a sense of responsibility with reference to a youth's education which would bear equally upon the authorities of the academy and of the university. As a first step in this direction, it might be suggested that each student, at his matriculation, should have, as a part of his introduction to the university, not only the formal and generally useless certificate of good moral character and of fitness to pursue a course of study within its halls, but also a statement as to what is known of his mental peculiarities, his aptitudes and inaptitudes; these are ascertained in the class-room of a good fitting-school more clearly than they can be by any system of entrance examinations.

It may be objected to this plan that the teachers in the secondary schools will fall into the way of giving perfunctory statements, or that their judgment will be of little value, and that they will not like to have this responsibility impressed upon them. To me such objections seem of no weight. As a class I have found these men to be very judicious persons, close observers of character, and in most cases knowing the qualities of their pupils in a measure to which a university teacher, because of the methods of instruction which have to be pursued by him, cannot usually hope to attain. There can be no question that their help in the grave matter of planning the later steps of education would be of great value. It may also be urged against this project that it would diminish the independence of the student in the new life which the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

university opens to him; that it would tend to tie him to his past in an undesirable way. To one who sees that the gulf between the academy and the university is a serious evil, this objection will have little weight. Therefore we may assume that a statement of each student's capacities and other mental peculiarities should be sent, as a part of his record, to the university which he is to attend.

Of late years, the custom has grown in this country whereby students are taken on certificate, without special entrance examinations, from the fitting-schools into the institutions of collegiate and university grade. Although there are grave objections to this method, it has one most important advantage in that it serves to ally the fitting-schools in spirit with the institutions to which their pupils go forth. If these certificates were so planned that they would make a real presentation of the individual qualities of the student, and especially if the schools were from time to time inspected and approved by the universities, in the manner now adopted by Harvard through its "schools examinations board," the advantages arising from the system would be so great that they would much outweigh the evils which it might bring. By adopting it, the universities would not only clear away the difficulties of the entrance tests and the evils of cramming which attend them, but would ally the better fitting-schools with their interests in an immediate and effective way. The schoolmasters would no longer feel that their task was done when their pupils were admitted to the universities; they would know that the reception was due to the estimate which they themselves had placed on the qualities and attainments of the youths.

If this practical union between the fitting-schools and the universities should be established, the result would be that, in time, each fitting-school would become the place of preparation for some higher institution. This is, on many accounts, a most desirable arrangement, if indeed it is not a necessary preliminary to the unification of our higher education. A proper integration of the work of the student after he leaves the grammar-school grade demands that the masters of each fitting-school should have clearly in mind the methods and resources of the university or college with which it is connected. They need to keep in close touch with that establishment, for continuance of the educational task they share demands a keen sense of the motives and methods of the institution with which they are collaborating. Such a relation as this between the schools and the colleges or universities cannot be accomplished without an essential unification of their work. Thus contrived, a school could advantageously prepare men for only one seat of the higher learning.

So far as the private schools and endowed academies are concerned, the arrangement above proposed is not only feasible, but is to a certain extent already effected; it is evident that there is a natural tendency towards this alliance of such schools with particular colleges. In the case of public high schools, however, the practicability of the plan is less clear. These schools should not become objects of contest on the part of the universities of this country, as in such a plan of action would be likely to occur. Still, it might be hoped that the pupils who went thence would be helped by such an account of their abilities as would enable those who had to see to their further education to undertake the task intelligently.

It may appear to those who have not faced this problem of the unification of education that too much importance has been given to the need of a knowledge of the past history of the pupil which can be transmitted from one school to another. I must confess that before experience had taught me better, I too should have held that the best plan with a youth was to put the resources of learning before him, leaving him to find his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

profit in a way that his individuality might determine; and this, in part, at least, for the reason that the judgment is likely to be cultivated by the responsibility thus laid upon the young man. Thirty years of life as a teacher have served to increase my reverence for the individuality of men, and have indeed convinced me that the first duty of a university officer is to develop that quality in youths. At the same time it has been made plain that the only effective method of attaining this end is through the most intimate knowledge that can be obtained concerning the pupil, and that all the information which can be gained from his previous history and that of his ancestors is scarcely enough for the need. In looking over the instances where I have been able to help young men find the way to their talents, I see clearly that almost all the successes have been due to a close acquaintance with their qualities. It has very often been the case that a former teacher of the youth has given me the key to the problem, — a key which I could not have found by any personal study. It is well to remember that in other fields of life, where actions are subjected to more strenuous criticism than in that of education, the rule is to search the facts, and to trust no one man for a judgment. No man, before the law, can be deprived of his chances in life without the vote of a full jury and the amplest chance to present proof. Something of the same care is due from educators towards the birthright of talent which is possessed by their pupils, and which, however small, may be the guide to their place in the world they are preparing to enter.

The objections to neglect of the individual capacities of a student's mind, to which our system leads, may be stated in a brief way which in general will sum up the considerations of the preceding pages. Society, owing to its nature, is ever demanding peculiar talents. In this age of mechanical industries, the necessity for a varied educational product is increasing at a very rapid rate. To meet this need, it is essential for educators to seek out those — in my opinion, by far the greater part of the youth — who have a special fitness for certain kinds of duty. The various abnormal powers of young people which we term talent are in most cases exhibited about the age of puberty, or about the time when they are in the secondary schools. Unless these tender shoots of exceptional ability are noted and cared for they are likely to perish. Therefore it is of the utmost importance that those who instruct the young in this period of their lives should watch for those buddings of development which are of good promise, as they have to do for those other aberrations which are in their nature degrading. Where the capacity is discovered, it needs to be nurtured, and the knowledge of it should be sent to the teachers who are next to take charge of the youth's education. This transmission can be most effectively accomplished where the men in the two schools know each other; where, in a word, the institutions are united by means of a full understanding as to the joint work which they have in hand. But in whatever measure and manner it can be done, it will be profitable to undertake it. If our educational system could have been deliberately devised, and this in the light of modern experience, care would doubtless have been taken to arrange the work in such a manner that youths would not have incurred the risk of neglect which arises from the separation between the preparatory schools and those to which they next pass. As it is, the system is firmly rooted in custom as well as in certain conveniences and necessities, so that the most that can be done now is to remedy the defects as best we may.

N. S. Shaler.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY.

THE time is not long past when "a certain condescension in foreigners" easily gave us pain. There was little achievement behind us as a people to awaken us to national self-consciousness and to a realizing sense of our own great possibilities. Time is changing all that. The men have come, and some, alas, are already gone, of whose achievements we may well be proud wherever we are. In the battles for the conquests of truth there are indeed no distinctions of race, and it needs no international congress to tell us that her champions all belong to one great army. One, of name and fame oversea, is cut down in the van, and another, his fighting days past, drops out at the rear, and becomingly we mourn for their loss, and rejoice in their goodly warfare. But now Whitney is gone, and our joy for his life is all the more glad, and our sorrow for his loss is all the more sorrowful, because he is indeed ours, because he is an American. And we call, as did David lamenting for Abner, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel," yea, and like Jonathan, "in the midst of the battle?"

It is fitting that we pause a little, and, in the spirit of generous laudation, pay tribute to the memory of our illustrious countryman. And not only this; it is meet that we consider the significance of a genuine scholar's career, the lesson of a noble life of service. It would be vain to endeavor, within the present narrow limits, to rehearse or to characterize with any completeness the achievements that make up this remarkable life. Many accounts[1] of it have been given of late in the public prints. Here it is feasible only to present, by way of selection merely, a few facts concerning Mr. Whitney which may serve to illustrate certain essential features of his character and fundamental motives of his life.

[1] Most notable among them is the one by Professor Seymour of Yale, in the American Journal of Philology, vol. xv.

And indubitably first in importance no less than in natural order is the great fact of his heredity. William Dwight Whitney was born in 1827, at Northampton, Massachusetts, and in his veins flowed the best blood of a typical New England community, of the Dwights and the Hawleys, — heroes of the heroic age of Hampshire. His stock was remarkable for sturdy vigor, both of body and of intellect, and was in fact that genuine aristocracy which — if it be true to its traditions — will remain, as for generations it has been, one of the prime guarantees of the permanence of democracy in America. Few places in this land have produced a proportionately greater number of distinguished people than has Northampton. Social advantages were thus added to those of birth, and to all these in turn the advantages of dwelling in a region of great natural beauty.

It was in William Whitney's early infancy that his father moved into a dwelling built on the precise site of the Jonathan Edwards house. This dwelling was the second in a row of six neighboring houses, all of which could boast of more or less notable occupants. In the first lived Dr. Seeger, who was educated at the same school and time as Schiller, at "the Solitude." Beyond the Whitneys' was the house in which lived Lewis S. Hopkins, the father of Edward W. Hopkins, the Sanskrit scholar, of Bryn Mawr. The fourth was the original homestead of the Timothy Dwights, in which the first Yale president of that name, and Theodore, the secretary of the Hartford Convention and founder of the New York Daily Advertiser, were born, both grandsons of Jonathan Edwards. The adjoining place was the home of the elder Syl-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vester Judd, and of his son, Sylvester, the author of Margaret. And the sixth house was occupied by the Italian political exile, Gherardi, and later by Dr. William Allen, ex-president of Bowdoin College.

Whitney was a mere boy of fifteen when he entered Williams College as a sophomore. Three years later (in 1845) he had easily outstripped all his classmates and graduated with the highest honors; and with all that he found ample time to range the wooded hills of Berkshire, collecting birds, which he himself set up for the Natural History Society. The next three or four years were spent by him as clerk in the Northampton Bank, with accounts for his work, German and Swedish for his studies, ornithology and botany for his recreations, and music for his delight, — unless one should rather say that all was his delight. These oft-mentioned studies in natural history I should not linger over, save that their deep significance has hardly been adverted upon in public. They mean that, even at this early age, Whitney showed the stuff which distinguishes the genuine man of science from the jobbers and peddlers of learning. They mean that, with him, the gift and habit of independent and accurate observation and of unprejudiced reflection upon what he himself saw were inborn.

This brings us to a critical period in the determination of his career. In the encyclopædias, Whitney is catalogued as a famous Indianist, and so indeed he was. But it was not because he was an Indianist that he was famous. Had he devoted his life to the physical or natural sciences, he would doubtless have attained to equal, if not greater eminence. Truly, it is not the *what*, but the *how!* That he did devote himself to Indology appears to be due to several facts which were in themselves and in their concomitance accidental. First, his elder brother, Josiah, now the distinguished professor of geology in Harvard University, on his return from Europe in 1847, had brought with him books in and on many languages, and among them a copy of the second edition of Bopp's Sanskrit Grammar. Second, it chanced that the Rev. George E. Day, a college-mate at Yale of Professor Salisbury, was Whitney's pastor. And third, he met with Eduard Desor.

There is in possession of Professor Whitney of Harvard a tattered volume of his father's called the Family Fact-book. It is, I am sure, no breach of confidence if I say, in passing, that this book, with its varied entries in all varied moods and by divers gifted hands, is the reflex of a most remarkable family life and feeling. In it, among many other things, are brief autobiographic annals of the early life of William Whitney, and in its proper place the following simple entry: "In the winter of 1848–49 commenced the study of Sanskrit, encouraged to it by Rev. George E. Day. In June, 1849, went out with Josiah to Lake Superior as 'assistant sub-agent' on the Geological Survey." To William Whitney were entrusted the botany, the barometrical observations, and the accounts. And although the ornithology was not formally entrusted to him, there is abundant evidence that he was habitually on the lookout for the birds, with keen eye and with attentive ear. He must, already in the spring, have made some substantial progress by himself in Sanskrit; for his first published article, entitled On the Sanskrit Language, a translation and abridgment of von Bohlen, appeared in the August number of the Bibliotheca Sacra for 1849, and must therefore have been finished before he left home. With him, accordingly, he took his brother's copy of Bopp.

Besides the two brothers, there was a third man-of-power in the little company that spent the summer among the swamps and mosquitoes of the great copper region. That man was Eduard Desor, already a young naturalist of dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinction, and afterwards famous both in science and in public life in Switzerland. He had come only a short time before, with Agassiz, and as his friend and intimate associate in scientific undertakings, from Neufchâtel to Cambridge. He was by nature full of the purest love for science; and that love had been quickened to ardent enthusiasm by his own work, and by his intercourse with other bright minds and eager workers whom he had known in Paris and Neufchâtel and in the Swiss glacier-camps of Agassiz. Small wonder if the intimate relations of that summer's camp life in common gave opportunity for potent influence of the brilliant young Huguenot upon the brilliant young Puritan. It is to Desor, and to his words and example, that my Cambridge colleague attributes in large measure his brother's determination to devote himself to a life of science rather than to business or to one of the learned professions. That the chosen department was Sanskrit may be ascribed in part to the accident of the books thrown in his way; in part to the interest of the language and antiquities of India, intrinsically and as related to our own; and in part to the undeniable fascination which the cultivation of the virgin soil of an almost untrodden field has for a mind of unusual energy, vigor, and originality.

William Whitney has left a full and interesting journal of this summer. Tuesday, July 24, while waiting for the uncertain propeller to come and rescue them from the horrible insect pests, he writes from Copper Harbor: "For my part, I intend attacking Sanskrit grammar to-morrow." And then, on Wednesday: "I have, after all, managed to get thro the day without having recourse to the Sanskrit, but it has been a narrow escape." And five weeks later, from Carp River: "Another day of almost inaction, most intolerable and difficult to be borne. How often have I longed for that Sanskrit grammar which I so foolishly sent down before me to the Sault!"

The autumn of 1849, accordingly, found him at New Haven, and in company with Professor Hadley, studying under Edward Elbridge Salisbury, the Professor of the Arabic and Sanskrit Languages and Literature. The veteran Indologist of Berlin, Professor Weber, has said that he and Professor Roth account it as one of their fairest honors that they had Whitney as a pupil. To have had both a Whitney and a Hadley at once is surely an honor that no American teacher in any department of philology can match. In a man whose soul was beclouded with the slightest mist of false pretension or of selfishness, we may well imagine that the progress of such pupils might easily have occasioned a pang of jealousy. But Mr. Salisbury's judgment upon them illuminates his own character no less than that of his pupils when he says, "Their quickness of perception and unerring exactness of acquisition soon made it evident that the teacher and the taught must change places."

We have come to the transition period of Whitney's life. He is still a pupil, but already also an incipient master. "1850, Sept. 20. Sailed for Germany in the steamer Washington. Spent three winters in Berlin, studying especially with Dr. Weber, and two summers in Tübingen, Würtemberg, with Professor Roth." Thus runs the entry in the Fact-book. A few lines later we read: "Leaving Berlin in April, 1853, stayed six weeks in Paris, three in Oxford, and seven in London (collating Sanskrit manuscripts), and then returned in the steamer Niagara, arriving in Boston Aug. 5." Such is the modest record that covers the three momentous years of the beginning of a splendid scientific career. For in this brief space he had not only laid broad and deep foundations by studies in Persian, Arabic, Egyptian, and Coptic, but had also done a large part of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preliminary work for the edition of the Atharva-Veda.

Meantime, however, at Yale, his honored teacher and faithful friend, Professor Salisbury, "with true and self-forgetting zeal for the progress of Oriental studies" (these are Mr. Whitney's own words), had been diligently preparing the way for him; negotiating with the corporation for the establishment of a chair of Sanskrit, surrendering *pro tanto* his own office, and providing for the endowment of the new cathedra; leaving, in short, no stone unturned to insure the fruitful activity of his young colleague. Nor did hope wait long upon fulfillment; for in 1856, only a trifle more than two years from his induction, Whitney had, as joint editor with Professor Roth, achieved a most distinguished service for science by the issue of the *editio princeps* of the Atharva-Veda, and that before he was thirty.

In September, 1869, — that is to say, in the very month in which began the first college year of President Eliot's administration, — Whitney was called to Harvard. It reflects no less credit upon Mr. Eliot's discernment of character and attainments than upon Mr. Whitney's surpassing gifts that the youthful president should turn to him among the very first, for aid in helping to begin the great work of transforming the provincial college into a national university. The prospect of losing such a man was matter of gravest concernment to all Yale College, and in particular to her faithful benefactor, Professor Salisbury. Within a week the latter had provided for the endowment of Mr. Whitney's chair upon the ampler scale made necessary by the change of the times; and the considerations which made against the transplanting of the deeply rooted tree had, unhappily for Harvard, their chance to prevail, and Whitney remained at New Haven.

It was during his studies under Mr. Salisbury, in May, 1850, that he was elected a member of the American Oriental Society. Mr. Salisbury was the life and soul of the society, and, thanks to his learning, his energy, and his munificence, the organization had already attained to "standing and credit in the world of scholars." Like him, Mr. Whitney was a steadfast believer in the obligation of which the very existence of scientific societies is an acknowledgment, — the obligation of professional men to help in "coöperative action in behalf of literary and scientific progress;" and, more than that, to do so at real personal sacrifice.

The first meeting at which Mr. Whitney was present was held October 26, 1853. More than thirty-three years passed, and he wrote from the sick-room, "It is the first time in thirty-two years that I have been absent from a meeting of the American Oriental Society, except when out of the country." His first communication to the society was read by Mr. Salisbury, October 13, 1852; and his last, in March, 1894, at the last meeting before his death. Of the seven volumes, vi.–xii., of the society's Journal, more than half of the contents are from his pen, to say nothing of his numerous and important papers in the Proceedings. In 1857, the most onerous office of the society, that of corresponding secretary, which from the beginning carried with it the duty of editing the publications, was devolved upon him; and he bore its burdens for twenty-seven years. Add to this eighteen years as librarian and six as president, and we have an aggregate of fifty-one years of official service. The American Philological Association, too, is under deep obligation to Whitney. He was one of its founders, and, very fittingly, its first president. For many years he was one of the most constant attendants at its meetings, a valued counselor, and one of its most faithful helpers and contributors.

It may perhaps be a small matter, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is yet a significant one, that, after paying his Oriental Society assessments for about thirty-five years, at last, and when facing mortal illness, he paid over the considerable sum required to make himself a life member. A little later, — for the candle still burned, — and with strictest injunction of secrecy during his lifetime, he sent to the treasurer his check for a thousand dollars of his modest savings, to help towards defraying the society's expenses of publication, and in the hope that it might serve as a "suggestion and encouragement to others to do likewise."

Added to all this was his service in keeping up the very high scientific standard of the society's publications. The work of judging and selecting required wide knowledge, and the making of abstracts, much labor; while the revision or recasting of the papers of tiros unskilled in writing demanded endless painstaking, not always met by gratitude and docility. All this cost him a lavish bestowal of time, of which hardly any one in the society knew, and that for the reason that he took no steps to have them know. So exemplary was his freedom from self-seeking in all his relations with the society.

The rehearsal of the titles of Mr. Whitney's books and treatises would give to this paper too much the character of a bibliographical essay; and besides, it would merely tend to impress readers who are accustomed to count volumes rather than to weigh them. His distinguishing qualities, as reflected in his work, are everywhere so palpable that it is not hard to describe them. Perhaps the most striking and pervading one is that which Professor Lounsbury calls his "thorough intellectual sanity." In reading his arguments, whether constructive or critical, one can hardly help exclaiming, How near to first principles are the criteria of the most advanced theories and high-stepping deliverances! With him, the impulse to prick the bubble of windy hypothesis upon the diamond-needle (as the Hindus call it) of hard common sense was often irresistible, and sometimes irresistibly funny. Witness this passage from his boyish journal: "On entering the river [the St. Mary's], we found ourselves in an archipelago of small islands, which stretches from the Sault down to the foot of the Georgian Bay. —— says [that] —— actually visited thirty-six thousand such islands. . . . which in my opinion is a whopper. To have done it, he must have stopped upon ten a day, every day for ten years." This may seem trivial. In fact, it is typical. It is in essence the same kind of treatment that he gave in later life to any loose statement or extravagant theory, although printed in the most dignified journal and propounded by the most redoubtable authority.

Breadth and thoroughness are ever at war with each other in men, for that men are finite. The gift of both in large measure and at once, — this marks the man of genius. That the gift was Whitney's is clear to any one who considers the versatility of his mind, the variousness of his work, and the quality of his results. As professor of Sanskrit, technical work in grammar, lexicography, text-criticism, and the like lay nearest to him; but with all this, he still found strength to illuminate by his insight many questions of general linguistic theory, the origin of language, phonetics, the difficult subject of Hindu astronomy and the question of its derivation, the method and technique of translation, the science of religion, mythology, linguistic ethnology, alphabetics and paleography, and much else. Astonishing is the combination of technical knowledge in widely diverse fields which appears in his elaborately annotated translation of the famous Sanskrit astronomical treatise called Sūrya-siddhānta, and which, again, he brought to bear upon his criticisms of earlier and later attempts to determine the age of the Veda by its references to solar eclipses,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and by its alleged implications respecting the place of the equinoctial colures.

But not only in respect of contents were Whitney's writings of conspicuous merit: he had also the sense of form and proportion, — that sense, for lack of which the writings of many a scholar of equal learning are almost nugatory. At twenty-two, his English style had the charms of simplicity, clearness, and vigor, and they held out to the last. And what could be more admirable than his beautiful essay — a veritable classic — The Vedic Doctrine of a Future Life? His subjects, indeed, if treated seriously, do not lend themselves to the graces of rhetorical or ornate writing; and his concise and pregnant periods sometimes mock the flippant or listless reader. But his presentation, whether of argument or of scientific generalization, is always a model of lucidity and of orderly exposition and due subordination of the parts. This was a matter on which he felt deeply; for his patience was often sorely tried by papers for whose slovenliness in diction, arrangement, and all the externals of which he was a master, the authors fondly thought that their erudition was forsooth an excuse.

Indeed, for the matter of printer's manuscript, more than once has Boehtlingk, the Nestor of Indianists, taxed him home with making it too good; declaring it a wicked sin to put time on such things, though playfully admitting the while that he had killed off with his own desperate copy I cannot remember how many luckless type-setters in the office of the Russian Academy.

Where there was so much of the best, it is not feasible to go into details about all. Yet I cannot omit mention of some of his masterpieces. Very notable is his Language and the Study of Language, a work of wide currency, and one which has done more than any other in this country to promote sound and intelligent views upon the subjects concerned. It deals with principles, with speculative questions, and with broad generalizations, — the very things in which his mastery of material, self-restraint, even balance of mind, and vigorous logic come admirably into play.

Of a wholly different type, but not one whit inferior withal, are his Prātiçākhyas. These are the phonetico-grammatical treatises upon the text of the Vedas, and are of prime importance for the establishment of the text. Their distinguishing feature is minutiæ, of marvelous exactness, but presented in such a form that no one with aught less than a tropical Oriental contempt for the value of time can make anything out of them as they stand. Whitney not only out-Hindus the Hindu for minutiæ, but also — such is his command of form — actually recasts the whole, so that it becomes a book of easy reference.

As for the joint edition of the Atharva-Veda, it is a most noteworthy fact that it has held its own now for thirty-eight years as an unsurpassed model of what a Vedic text-edition ought to be. His Index Verborum to the Atharva-Veda, a work of wonderful completeness and accuracy, is much more than its name implies, and may not pass without brief mention, inasmuch as its material formed the basis of his contributions to the Sanskrit-German lexicon published by the Imperial Academy of Russia. This great seven-volumed quarto, whose steady progress through the press took some three and twenty years, is the Sanskrit Stephanus. Americans may well be proud of the fact that to Whitney belongs the distinguished honor of being one of the four "faithful collaborators" who, next to the authors, Boehtlingk and Roth, contributed most to this monumental work.

Of all his technical works, his Sanskrit Grammar, with its elaborate supplement, The Roots, Verb-forms, and Primary Derivatives of the Sanskrit Language, forms the crowning achievement. Here he casts off the bonds of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tradition wherever they might hamper his free scientific procedure, and approaches the phenomena of language in essentially the same spirit and attitude of mind as that in which Darwin or Helmholtz grappled the problems of their sciences. The language is treated historically, and as the product of life and growth; and the work is filled with the results of scores of minute and far-reaching special investigations. The amount of material which is here subjected to rigorous and original methods of classification and scientific induction is enormous; and none but those who were familiar with his writing-table can well realize the self-restraint that he used in order to bring his results into moderate compass.

In all these technical works there is little that appeals to the popular imagination, and absolutely nothing to catch the applause of the groundlings; but much, on the other hand, to win the confidence of the judicious. It was therefore natural that Whitney should be sought as editor-in-chief for what is in every sense by far the greatest lexicographical achievement of America, The Century Dictionary. And despite the ability and size of the editorial staff, we may well believe that this office was no sinecure. For the settlement of the principles of procedure demanded the full breadth of learning, the largeness of view, and the judicial temper of a master mind. Among the great body of his countrymen, this will be Whitney's best known monument.

Mr. Whitney was a genuine lover of nature and of the world out of doors no less than of his books; and so, with his keen sense of humor and love of fun, he was a charming companion for the woods and hills. Physical courage, too, abounded, often with a daring impulse to meet bodily risk and danger, as when he climbed the so-called Look-off Pine, about one hundred and thirty feet high, a monarch overtopping the primeval forests of the Ontonagon River, and broke off its top as a trophy; or as when, with his brother, he indulged in the youthful escapade of passing the forbidden point of the spire of Strassburg Cathedral by clambering out and around the point of obstruction on the outside, and of mounting thence towards the summit as far as there was any opening within the spire large enough to contain a man's body. He was intensely American, in the best sense of the word; and his patriotism, aside from its loftier manifestations (of which a moment later), showed itself in some lesser ways not unpleasing to recall. In describing his passage through the wilds of the Detroit River, he says in that youthful journal, "There was little difference in the appearance of the two sides; but I endeavored to persuade myself that the American offered evidence of more active and successful industry than the British."

I venture to quote in part the words and in part the substance of a recent letter from one of his old pupils. There is no one, said this pupil, whose privilege it was to know him more intimately, who could not speak of the deep tenderness underlying his ordinary reserve, of his profound sympathy with difficulty and misfortune, and of his ever-steadfast loyalties. Of the last a touching illustration is found in his remembrance of the Schaal family, in whose house *auf dem Graben* he lodged during his Tübingen summers of 1851 and 1852. Nearly forty years later he wrote to this pupil, then in Tübingen, asking him to seek out the Schaals, and to be the bearer of kindly messages to them. Fräulein Schaal spoke of the delight her mother and herself had felt at the messages sent them by the professor who had become so celebrated, but who had not forgotten them, and showed the visitor Professor Whitney's room, all unchanged, a typical *Studentenzimmer;* in the middle, a long, plain table, and by it an uncushioned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

armchair. That, said she, was Professor Whitney's chair, and in it he used to sit for hours at that table, almost without moving. When he moved the chair more than a little, I knew that it was time for me to take him his mug of beer, and perchance a bit of bread. And, as a very small girl then, I wondered at the table, which was covered with little bits of paper, which he had arranged in a certain order, and was very particular that no one should disturb. The only adornment which he had in the room was an American flag draped over the mirror; and on the Fourth of July he said he would work an hour less than usual, as it was the anniversary of American independence. The flag was the symbol of a true passion; and in his toils for truth he felt that he was working, first for the welfare, and second for the glory of his country. And as for the latter, how many an American student in Germany has been proud of the generous recognition of Whitney's success! Years ago, continues the letter, I was exchanging a few words with a famous Orientalist. The Herr Professor kindly asked me from what part of America I came. New Jersey, I told him, and his face grew very blank. I know Connecticut, said he. And he knew Connecticut, as did his colleagues, largely because he knew Whitney. So much for the letter of a loving and beloved pupil.

It suggests withal an inquiry: What was the secret of Whitney's great productivity? In the first instance, — that goes without saying, — his native gifts. But it is far from true that native gifts are always fruitful. Next to them came his power of discerning what was the really important thing to do, and his habit — self-imposed, and enforced with Spartan rigor — of doing something every working-day upon that really important thing, and, above all, of doing that something first. Such was his regularity that even the dire necessity — which arose in 1882 — of moving from one dwelling-house into another did not break it. "Even moving," he writes, "I expect to find consistent with regular doses of Talavakāra, etc." The "art of judicious slighting" was a household word in his family, a weapon of might; its importance to the really great is equaled only by its perilousness in the hands of the unskillful. His plans were formed with circumspection, with careful counting of the cost, and then adhered to with the utmost persistence, so that he left behind him nothing fragmentary. We may change Goldsmith's epitaph to suit the case, and say that Whitney put his hand to nothing that he did not carry out, — *nihil quod incepit non perfecit.*

And what shall I say of the lesser virtues that graced him? As patient as the earth, say the Hindus. And endless patience was his where patience was in place. And how beautiful was his gentleness, his kindness to those from whom he looked for nothing again, his gratitude to those who did him a service! And how especially well did the calm dignity which was ever his wont become him when he presided at the meetings of learned societies! How notable the brevity with which he presented his papers! No labored reading from a manuscript, but rather a simple and facile account of results. An example, surely! He who had the most to say used in proportion the least time in saying it. And this was indeed of a piece with his most exemplary habit, as editor of the publications of the Oriental Society, of keeping his own name so far in the background. For how genuine was his modesty of bearing, of speech, and of soul!

And in harmony therewith was his reverence for things hallowed.

> He counted not himself to have attained,
> This doughty toiler on the paths of truth;
> And scorned not them who lower heights had reached.

As was his attitude towards things sacred, so also was it towards those who went

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before him in science. He did not speak sneeringly of what they, with lesser light, had achieved. And to him Aristotle was none the less a giant because some dwarf on a giant's shoulders can see farther than the giant himself.

If I may cite my own words used on a former occasion, Whitney's life-work shows three important lines of activity, — the elaboration of strictly technical works, the preparation of educational treatises, and the popular exposition of scientific questions. The last two methods of public service are direct and immediate, and to be gainsaid of none; yet even here the less immediate results are doubtless the ones by which he would have set most store. As for the first, some may incline to think the value of an edition of the Vedas or of a Sanskrit grammar — to say nothing of a Prātiçākhya — extremely remote; they certainly won for him neither money nor popular applause; and yet, again, such are the very works in which we cannot doubt he took the deepest satisfaction. He realized their fundamental character, knew that they were to play their part in unlocking the treasures of Indian antiquity, and knew that that antiquity has its great lessons for us moderns; further, that the history of the languages of India, as it has indeed already modified, is also yet to modify, and that profoundly, the whole teaching of classical and Germanic philology, both in method and in contents; and that the history of the evolution of religions in India is destined to exert a powerful influence for good upon the development of religious thought and life among us and our children. He labored, and other men shall enter into his labors. But it is this "faith, the assurance of things hoped for," — *πίστις ἐλπιζομένων ὑπόστασις*, — which is one of the most vital attributes of the true scholar.

In the autumn of 1886 came the beginning of the end, an alarming disorder of the heart. Adhering closely to a strictly prescribed physical regimen, he labored on, according to his wavering strength, heaping, as it were, the already brimming measure of his life-work. His courage, his patient learning of the art of suffering, his calm serenity in facing the ever-present possibility of sudden death, — this was heroic. And through it all forsook him not the two grand informing motives of his life, — the pure love of truth, and an all-absorbing passion for faithful service.

With this love of truth, this consuming zeal for service, with this public spirit and broad humanity, this absolute truthfulness and genuineness of character, is not this life an inspiration and an example more potent by far than years of exhortation? Is not this truly one of the lives that make for righteousness? And what then? On the tympanum of the theatre at Harvard are inscribed in the Vulgate version those noble words from the book of Daniel: —

QVI·AVTEM·DOCTI·FVERINT
FVLGEBVNT·QVASI·SPLENDOR·FIRMAMENTI
ET·QVI·AD·IVSTITIAM·ERVDIVNT·MVLTOS
QVASI·STELLAE·IN·PERPETVAS·AETERNITATES

We may say them of him: And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.

Charles Rockwell Lanman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAJOR AND MINOR BARDS.

For those who believe there is no such thing as a long poem, that the mere attribute of length renders it not a poem, this must seem the day of great things in verse. If there was ever a time when the short poem was a main staple of production, that time is now upon us. And not only does this brevity mark the separate pieces of verse, but it is a day, too, of small books. Perhaps there will not be a great lamentation over the passing of epics and five-act tragedies. Economists would tell us that the railroad and the telegraph have changed all that. It must be, then, in answer to some call from the law of supply and demand that the output of thin books of verse, very thin books, is so plentiful. It is, in a word, the day of the Minor Bard. The expression of moods is possibly more than ever a necessity for man. Moods have taken a territory of their own in the chart of the emotions, and it is the mission of the Minor Bard to give them the outward semblance which may or may not keep them from passing into the unexplored regions where many a mood in the previous history of the race must have been lost.

Will it savor too strongly of juggling with words to remark that the term Minor Bard may be taken with some subtler reference to the key in which many of the songs of the hour are pitched? It has been our fortune to read in a comparatively short space of time a large number of these thin books, and it takes no searching eye to detect as their prevailing characteristic that distinct quality of sadness which we are all wont to recognize as a note of our decadent century. If the poet truly fulfills his mission, according to all good authority, he mirrors the spirit of his age, and in the batch of books to be passed forthwith in review necessarily not exhaustive, the singer will be found in many instances to be engaged in this his proper task. The sequence is easy to follow: first, a spirit of sadness abroad in the world; second, a band of singers; third, a collection of books that do not make for joy.

One hardly need say that there are bright exceptions to this tendency. Far be it from us, moreover, to say that in the longer productions some of the truest poetry is not found, and still farther that the bards are completely minor. Where the line of demarcation between the greater and the less should be made, their own consciences and the insight of careful readers will usually tell.

Let us begin with one whose place is, fortunately, not open to question. A new book from Mr. Aldrich is a thing to be thankful for, and in his Unguarded Gates and Other Poems [1] there is a bountiful share of the work which possesses just the kind of beauty one has learned to expect. Most of the poems, if we mistake not, have had their first readings in the magazine. It is of course in a volume that their total impression is first to be felt. There is in them ample evidence of the familiar delicacy of imagination and touch. None but the most sensitive hand could have written such verses as A Shadow of the Night, El Moulok, Broken Music, and parts of Elmwood and White Edith; and rarely, in the lighter vein, does one come upon such gracefulness in narrative as At Nijnii-Novgorod and Nourmadee display. Indeed, it may be said, and especially of some of the more serious poems, that the technique bears so many marks of a master in the singer's art that the poems could be well liked even if their

[1] *Unguarded Gates and Other Poems.* By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inspiration lacked the charm it holds. This feeling makes us the bolder to wonder how so careful a critic of his own writing as Mr. Aldrich could have let one line in the verses — to be sure, rather informal — on The Sailing of the Autocrat creep into the book.

"Look lively lest yourselves get caught,"

would pass in many books without causing the moment of disappointment it gives one here; but it is not our purpose to cavil at motes when there is so much to enjoy, or to pass on to another book without a word of appreciation of Footnotes as the happiest of titles for the hard-worked quatrain.

A younger poet, to whom we turn with interest and expectation, is Mr. William Watson, in whose volume of Odes and Other Poems [1] many will look for an answer to the hope that the good promise of earlier work is bearing itself out. The answer must be that in the best poems of the book this hope is abundantly carried on, if it is not raised to greater heights. Ode, as used by Mr. Watson, is a rather swelling title for what others might call a poetical epistle to a friend. The volume opens with several such pieces of verse, and in one of them, to H. D. Traill, the poet is seen, as before, at his best, or something very like it, in writing of his art of poetry. Again, in stanzas of The First Skylark of Spring he sings of song with an equally true note. But this is no longer the distinguishing note of his work. His eye is perhaps more than before turned inward, and some of the intensity of self-knowledge finds its way clearly into such lines as his Vita Nuova and the latter part of Lakeland Once More. A sterner gift is shown forth in some of the sonnets, notably in the three called The World in Armour, which may surely be said to have a kinship, which the author would prize, with Wordsworth, in the vigor of their conception of man in his larger political relations. These are really noble sonnets, and a few of the others do not fall below them in impressiveness. Such passion as Mr. Watson's work reveals is still intellectual rather than emotional. He is still a disciple of the school in which Matthew Arnold studied under Wordsworth. Was it not Matthew Arnold himself who likened style to well-fitting, comfortable clothes, showing a man at his best, and hampering none of his movements? Somewhat in this way Mr. Watson has style. His movements are not nimble; they are rather those of a dignified, clear, unhurried person, thoughtful more than impulsive, yet not lacking in intensity of feeling, —

"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

There are, again, a few poems which might have been spared, but the book, as a whole, makes an impression of firmness and power. The poet must not be left, however, as a person with all the virtues, and none of the graces, and to show that the less rigorous emotions are not wholly stricken from his creed, we must quote a graceful lyric, one of the few lighter bits in the volume: —

THE PROTEST.

Bid me no more to other eyes
With wandering worship fare,
And weave my numbers garland-wise
To crown another's hair.
On me no more a mandate lay
Thou wouldst not have me to obey!

Bid me no more to leave unkissed
That rose-wreathed porch of pearl.
Shall I, where'er the winds may list,
Give them my life to whirl?
Perchance too late thou wilt be fain
Thy exile to recall — in vain!

Bid me no more from thee depart.
For in thy voice to-day
I hear the tremor of thy heart
Entreating me to stay;
I hear . . . nay, silence tells it best,
O yielded lips, O captive breast!

[1] *Odes and Other Poems.* By William Watson. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is but a part of Mr. Watson which one finds here. In Five Books of Song[1] one has the grateful opportunity of seeing Mr. Gilder in "the altogether," and of noting the complete progress of his poesy. The tendency which has been noticed in his later work towards very *occasional* poems is happily found to be in large measure, indeed, a later tendency. In the five books here done into one there are many poems heartily to be liked, and a few to which it is a genuine pleasure to return more than once. Perhaps nowhere more than in the second book, The Celestial Passion, are these to be found. The feeling, in this volume religious, is very true, as Holy Land, a sonnet, and The Voice of the Pine will show. In the next book, A Woman's Thought is welcome as an old friend; and still farther on, who will not be glad again to "hear the barking of Leo"? The subdivisions of each book into parts is, to a reader's sense, somewhat subtle, and the rivulets of text and meadows of margin do not always please the eye; but having seen the body of the work, one may be sure that a single smaller book of high excellence could easily be made by judicious selections, — and of how many contemporary poets can this be said?

After this manner two poets from overseas are presented to American readers, though in the case of the first, Aubrey de Vere,[2] the selection has not been carried to such a point as to make the volume a small one. From his total work, however, Mr. Woodberry has chosen such poems as body forth the qualities pointed out with insight and skill in the Introduction. The poet is clearly shown "on his own recognizances" to be worthy of the place he has taken as a pure worker in high themes. These, as many know, are largely drawn from Irish history and tradition, especially in the days of early Christianity. Without a strong element of popular appeal, the work has dignity and elevation. That it is not altogether modern one may partially infer from the fact that little of it belongs to the family of short poems; indeed, the greater part of the book is made up of long extracts from longer works. The sonnets, songs, and personal verses which follow them, all speak from a sensitive heart, capable of warm and understanding friendships. To what Mr. Woodberry has said of the poet it might not be amiss to add at least the conclusion of the sonnet to him, in William Watson's book, at which we have just glanced: —

"Not mine your mystic creed, not mine, in prayer
And worship, at the ensanguined Cross to kneel;
But when I mark your faith how pure and fair,
How based on love, on passion for man's weal,
My mind, half envying what it cannot share,
Reveres the reverence which it cannot feel."

The second book of selections from a poet not thoroughly known in America will give many readers a first acquaintance with Arthur O'Shaughnessy.[3] Mrs. Moulton's account of his life and work is sympathetic and temperate. To all her recognition of the poet's qualities of tenderness and fine sense, his modern yet mediævally mystic thoughts of the soul, and, no less, of the body before and after death, we would add a word touching a power in him which we should not expect a woman to overlook. This is his strange understanding of women, whose souls he seems to have read as

[1] *Five Books of Song.* By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Co. 1894.

[2] *Selections from the Poems of Aubrey de Vere.* Edited, with a Preface, by George Edward Woodberry. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

[3] *Arthur O'Shaughnessy.* His Life and his Work, with Selections from his Poems. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1894.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they could hardly have read them for themselves or from one another. Perhaps as well as any other the selection from Chaitivel will show this inner knowledge. The Dream and A Love Symphony are wholly the work of a poet and a lover, as The Fountain of Tears is the song of a true singer. Withal it must be said that O'Shaughnessy touched rather than attained the element of permanence, and is a poet for the few, not for the many.

Related by nationality and mystical flavor to his work is the thinnest book of our collection, The Land of Heart's Desire,[1] by Mr. W. B. Yeats. It is a little Irish play in verse, and tells the story of a new wife called on May eve to join the fairies, with whom more than with her matter-of-fact relations all her kinship lay. It is an attractive piece, with the true poetic feeling which must thrive by the side of a true flavor of fairyland. Nor is it undramatic in its way; one can easily conceive the effect upon spectators, as upon the characters in the play, of the troops of fairies, unseen but felt, coming to the door and dancing through the house. In all the play there is a sort of modern old-worldness that sets it apart as having a charm of its own.

From these singers of other lands let us turn to a few of the New World. In one of his sonnets, Mr. Aldrich, peering into the future of "this young Land," asks: —

> "What other singers shall the womb of Time
> Bring forth to reap the sunny slopes of rhyme?"

With a dozen or more new books of new bards under our eyes we cannot fear that the reaping is to be given over. The value of the harvest remains still to be seen. In Mr. Carman's Low Tide on Grand Pré[2] one of the most individual new notes may be detected. When one has complained of the mannerisms, of the evasions, as they seem at times, of sense in sound, of the suspicions that the poet himself is not always quite sure of his intentions, the fact persists that the writer is a poet, and that the volume as a whole casts over the reader the spell which poetry only can effect. One does not care greatly for words like "unhaste," for phrases — later than Spenser — like "the footing of her feet," and for finding the singer and his themes so often in what the Concord philosophers would call a state of *betweenness*.

> "Between the roadside and the wood."
>
> "Between the woodside and the road."
>
> "Between the winter and the sea."

These are three of the states, and there is yet another, but in a stanza which has a characteristic charm: —

> "Because I am a wanderer
> Upon the roads of endless quest,
> Between the hill-winds and the hills,
> Along the margin men call rest."

One does not care to get out a geography and place these roads; it is enough that they lead one into the vague land of imaginings. Many verses in the book might well be pointed out as showing this land to be far too vague. Yet the impression left by a few such poems as The Eavesdropper, The End of the Trail, and The Vagabonds, and through them by the entire volume, is that of a singer filled with the mystery of the north, with a spirit of unrest, — "unhaste," too, if you will, — in vast sympathy with the persons Stevenson spoke for in the Apology for Idlers, and one — shall we not say? — with the class of vagabonds described by the Old English Statute printed with the charming poem in their praise. Inaction and dreams demand their song no less than stirring life, and of them Mr. Carman sings in this book. Of the means to his

[1] *The Land of Heart's Desire.* By W. B. Yeats. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1894.

[2] *Low Tide on Grand Pré.* A Book of Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1894.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

end all praise is to be spoken, for invariably he uses the simplest metres, so musically woven that one does not stop to think of their simplicity, and the restraint which by reason of it is put upon the writer. A more careful criticism of his own work will bring him one day, we hope, to drawing clearer distinctions between the really beautiful parts of it, and the exercises of imagination and expression from which the restraint so well borne in his rhythms is absent.

On the title-page of Songs from Vagabondia[1] Mr. Carman's name is joined with that of Mr. Richard Hovey, or, as the verses within the volume show his more familiar name to be, "Black Richard," or "Dickon." Perhaps the book is best to be regarded as a piece of elaborate fooling; for certainly the three men in the waning moon whose images appear on its cover cannot take it very seriously. "Free" is the note struck at the outset, and the shaking off of conventional trammels is the constant theme of rejoicing. The liberty that is sung is apparently of the kind which Milton identified with something else. Yet after all, like certain collegians who make a boast of wickedness, the singers do not quite convince one of being as bad as they wish to seem. Of the bee in their More Ancient Mariner it is written, —

"His morals are mixed, but his will is fixed."

Their intention, too, is very firm, but the mixing of the morals seems a little more amusing than dreadful. It must be frankly said that there is a good share of rubbish in the book, though one cannot but admire the ingenuity of such rhymes as *tree-toad*, *three-toed*, *vetoed*, and *Gounod's*, *Bluenose*, *who knows*. Now and then, moreover, there is a note, if we mistake not, in which Mr. Carman is recognized at his best, as for example in The Mendicants: —

"Let him wear brand-new garments still
Who has a threadbare soul, I say."

These capital lines of the poem speak from his confessed love of vagabondage, which here has brought his verse into inferior company, and shown his own less creditable work. So "young" an enterprise seems a pity, but it cannot really matter very much.

Another writer with whom "freedom" is a watchword is Mr. Hamlin Garland, and in his Prairie Songs[2] one may taste firstfruits of that "Great Middle West" with which Mr. Garland's hopes for American literature are so bound up. He says in a "Foreword," "I do not expect . . . to have these verses taken to represent my larger work;" but for the Middle West they may surely speak. The songs are largely of the sort which spring out of "remembered emotion." From what Mr. Garland calls "the rancuous tumult of the street," his mind turns back to boyhood and the prairies, and many a verse about them is the result. Most of them have a genuine ring, and some are vivid and some impressive. But through all there is a note of abiding sadness, the note so well known to be characteristic of the prairies. The dull tragedies of the women's lives is again shown clearly forth. To say that this effect of dreary monotony is produced is to say that Mr. Garland has done his work well; but to join with him in the hope that the Middle West will provide us henceforth with American literature is to give melancholia the first place as the national disease of the future.

From the prairies to the schools is a far cry. Several books have come to us, however, bearing unmistakable marks of the study. Sonnets and Other Verses,[3]

[1] *Songs from Vagabondia.* By Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. Boston: Copeland & Day. 1894.

[2] *Prairie Songs.* Being Chants Rhymed and Unrhymed of the Level Lands of the Great West. By Hamlin Garland. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1893.

[3] *Sonnets and Other Verses.* By George Santayana. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1894.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Mr. Santayana, is one of the best of these. In the "other verses" there is something less of distinction than in the sonnets. These, it seems to us, are possessed of a clear, cold beauty of form, and in their thought have an equal elevation. The most considerable group of them reveals a person who has been forced to turn away from the earlier things of faith, and now, though he respects them, and half envies those who hold to them, seeks such solace as nature and abstract thought can afford. The singer's attitude towards the world is best summed up in the three lines, —

> "The crown of olives let another wear;
> It is my crown to mock the runner's heat
> With gentle wonder and with laughter sweet."

Four sonnets on the death of a friend must also especially be mentioned for their beauty. The writer's themes and skill alike lend themselves to the sonnet form, and if the work is to be thought

> "somewhat lacking root in homely earth,"

yet the plane on which it moves is high and pure.

Another volume clearly from the schools is Mr. Hugh McCulloch's The Quest of Heracles.[1] Here, too, there are poems which do not so much concern us as the one thing which is best in the book. This is found in the several long poems of which classical stories are the theme. At their best, as in Antinous and parts of Phaeton, these show a distinct narrative gift, a power to tell old stories in a direct yet imaginative way, with skill in construction not only in the larger plan, but in the technique of episodes and lines. Of the shorter verses in the collection, it is certainly to be remarked with gratefulness that the world is looked upon in an aspect not altogether gray. A few stirring songs of action and love and a group of five sonnets are really attractive. But it is the more sustained work which encourages one to hope for still better things from the new writer. As in Mr. Santayana's book, there is here enough good work to remind us of the creditable place "Earlier Poems" have sometimes taken in the collected writings of men who have "arrived."

Linked with Mr. McCulloch's book by its classicism and its promise is The Wind in the Clearing, and Other Poems,[2] by Mr. Robert Cameron Rogers. Here, too, the best things are based upon classic models, and, for example, in Hylas and Odysseus at the Mast the result is effective. Some of the shorter poems have strength and delicacy, and in the lighter verse it is interesting to find the most attractive bit, An Open Question, a sort of eclogue which turns the memory immediately back to Vergil. Mr. Rogers seems a man with something to say, and if his message and his way of delivering it are not supreme, he has a pleasant skill, from which more important results may yet spring, presumably along the lines which here display most of promise.

Neither from the prairies nor from the schools, but from the factory comes a small book, Skipped Stitches,[3] Verses by Anna J. Grannis, which may remind us how independent of surroundings the gift of poetry can be. The writer, we are told, has worked in a New England mill since she was fifteen, and naturally many of the songs have to do with mill life. There is also a share of the "homely domestic," in which cradles and armchairs play their parts; but throughout the book there are evidences of genuine poetic feeling, of true insight, and here and there is a touch of lyric beauty. The source, if nothing else, would justify us in reprinting this bit: —

[1] *The Quest of Heracles and Other Poems.* By Hugh McCulloch, Jr. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1894.

[2] *The Wind in the Clearing, and Other Poems.* By Robert Cameron Rogers. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

[3] *Skipped Stitches.* Verses by Anna J. Grannis. Fourth Edition. Keene, N. H.: Darling & Co. 1894.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APRIL.

April laughed and threw a kiss;
Then afraid it seemed amiss,
Quick she dropped a shining tear,
And it straightway blossomed here;
Seeing this, she then threw more,
Crying harder than before —
A tear for every kiss she threw;
From every tear a blossom grew,
Till she laughing, ran away,
And left her flowers all to May.

This lyric brings us to a book which is all lyrical, Poems [1] by John B. Tabb. Father Tabb has found metaphors for very many phenomena of nature and experiences of life. These he has put into small verses, rarely exceeding the length of a sonnet, usually shorter, and frequently a mere quatrain. Many of the conceits are attractive, and the work is nearly always skillfully polished, but the little poems are things best read where many of them first appeared, at the end of a page of prose in a magazine. There they are welcome bits of fancy; here their effect is to leave one feeling as if one had risen from a dinner of crumbs. But it is a pretty little book, and has in it many graceful images which may well be looked at one by one.

Father Tabb is a Southern singer; so, too, is Mr. William Hamilton Hayne, whose Sylvan Lyrics and Other Verses [2] has at least a kindred fanciful quality. Mr. Hayne has a pleasant, imaginative way of seeing analogies in birds, winds, and trees, and putting them into easy verses. There is little in the book, however, that has marked individuality. It is an "oaten stop or pastoral song" with which he soothes our "modest ear," and as one may expect of the music blown through an oat-stalk, strength is not its conspicuous quality. A few tender tributes to the singer's father, a poet himself, mark out some of the best pages in the book.

Through the poetic inheritance the world comes rightly, also, by the volume of Poems [3] by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, Dr. Weir Mitchell's son. It is a book which would have been more effective had some of the longer productions been spared, for they are by no means always the best things in the collection. Such shorter poems as True Captivity and My Comrade are proof enough of a genuine gift in verse. Mr. Mitchell, however, does not come to us with the only collection which would have gained strength by abridgment. Such another is Poems, New and Old,[4] by William Roscoe Thayer. A few verses like The Last Hunt and the series Echoes from a Garden, which we take to be adaptations of Hafiz, show the writer capable of really poetic work. The pity is the greater, therefore, that several long productions have found their way into the volume, and have made it one which may be expected to add little to the gayety even of towns.

There is, nevertheless, in both of these books a more personal note than one finds in The Flute-Player and Other Poems,[5] by Mr. Francis Howard Williams. There is attractive writing in the book, and a few bits of it stand out by ample reason of their own charm. Such are Servus Servorum Dei and An Ionian Frieze. But much of the work is of the sort that could not possibly have been but for previous poets. For example, the narrative Woman o' the Watch is as good an echo of Enoch Arden as if it had been produced specifically as an exercise in Tennysonian art. In other poems the re-

[1] *Poems.* By John B. Tabb. Boston: Copeland & Day. 1894.

[2] *Sylvan Lyrics and Other Verses.* By William Hamilton Hayne. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1893.

[3] *Poems.* By Langdon Elwyn Mitchell ("John Philip Varley"). Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

[4] *Poems, New and Old.* By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

[5] *The Flute-Player and Other Poems.* By Francis Howard Williams. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minders of the past come through separate phrases, and one finds that Shelley, Milton, George Eliot, Carlyle, and others have lodged their words or turns of speech irretrievably in Mr. Williams's mind. It is not unpleasant to have one's memory of so much that is good renewed, but it does impair a sense of freshness in the book with which the process begins.

Only in its plan A Lover's Diary,[1] by Gilbert Parker, is remindful, too, and that of no less formidable an object of comparison than George Meredith's Modern Love. We say only in plan, for this present series of sonnets, though it tells of the separation and coming together again of lovers, falls infinitely short of the intensity of sense and phrase which stung itself into every line of George Meredith's sequence. In every way it is a less serious "affair" with which Mr. Parker has dealt, and the apparent ease of his sonnet-writing gives the impression that neither the depths nor the heights of the soul were touched in preparation. This may be merely the effect of a "fatal facility;" for surely the verses are so written as to leave one thinking the author might have done them with or without a potent draught from the experience out of which they should at least seem to spring. Many of them are attractive in fancy, as they are fluent in form, and one, calling upon the beloved to know the best things in the singer as the trace of his mother upon him, is of a particularly happy vein.

One more book, another collection of sonnets, and we are done. In Mr. Eugene Lee-Hamilton's Sonnets of the Wingless Hours [2] there is all the rigor which Mr. Parker's collection lacks. From the world, as Mr. Lee-Hamilton sees it, faith, hope, and most of love, except for his art, are gone. Yet to this he hardly brings all which, in his just conception, it deserves. To the sonnet, as his medium, we look for a high expression of art, and find more of desperate vigor than of beauty in his cultivation of the "scanty plot of ground." He has, moreover, the doubtful habit of writing sonnets in pairs, not as separate though allied verses, but as single poems of two stanzas. Yet there is certainly strength in the best pages of the book, and a sort of grim consolation and encouragement for those who would see life as it has appeared to this undefeated singer. For all such persons, especially when they seek consolation in writing verse, perhaps it is well to reflect,

> "The worst is not
> So long as we can say, 'This is the worst.'"

Reviews, like books, must have a beginning, middle, and end. We have had to do mainly with the middle of the volumes at hand. Now it is time to speak of their end, and come to our own. How can we better call attention and pay tribute to a new fashion, restored like many other fashions of our day from the Middle Ages, than by bringing our notice to a close imitated as nearly as possible from the last page of half a dozen of the books at which we have glanced? Then let us write: —

Here
endeth this
notice of a score
of bards, read with
sympathy, and reviewed
with candor in Jan-
uary the year of
our Lord
1895

[1] *A Lover's Diary.* Songs in Sequence. By Gilbert Parker. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1894.

[2] *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours.* By Eugene Lee-Hamilton. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1894.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURTIS AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

Mr. Cary, in the concluding chapter of his well-proportioned book on George William Curtis,[1] says: "In writing the life of Mr. Curtis as an 'American Man of Letters' I have not forgotten his claim to such a designation, though I have tried to give as nearly as possible within the limits of the book the materials for an estimate of his course as a man of public affairs." And he goes on to say: "Had he devoted himself to letters only, or were he known only by his literary work, his reputation in that kind would have been more distinct, and might be more lasting." It happens that along with Mr. Cary's study we have a collection of distinctively literary papers by Mr. Curtis from which to form some judgment of his capabilities in this direction.[2] The volume contains his estimates of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thackeray, Longfellow, Holmes, and Irving, as well as papers on Rachel and Sir Philip Sidney; and they range in time from 1853 to 1891, so that they cover nearly the whole of his active period as a writer. They show the sympathetic side of his nature rather than the specially critical, and are interesting as appreciations of personality quite as much as studies in literature. The substance of his printed work is to be sought elsewhere, in the dignified volumes of his speeches, and in the successive numbers for many years of a magazine and a weekly journal, in which he spoke to an audience which was almost as much his own as a congregation is the personal property of a minister.

Of course we do not measure the literary production of a man by the extent of his writing on literary themes. Prue and I is a better example of what Mr. Curtis might have contributed to literature, had he been more exclusively a man of letters, than this group of essays. But the deliberate appraisal which a writer makes of other writers is often a somewhat unconscious disclosure of his own relations to the craft, and in reading Mr. Curtis's essays one is reminded constantly of his idealistic temper. Always graceful and unfailingly cheerful, he regards literature and literary men with the perceptions of a man of taste. Books, pictures, music, the drama, all interested him, but his love may be said to have been given to the acted drama. He had that kind of imagination which is fed and exhilarated by harmonies of color and form: a stage well set, and the scene of well-equipped men and women acting and singing, contributed that fullness of enjoyment which was essential to his artistic temperament; but it must be choice and clean; it must have simple meaning; mere ornateness had no power to entrap him. Mr. Cary tells a capital story of a competition in eloquence in which Curtis and Senator Conkling indulged; Curtis reciting the peroration of Emerson's Dartmouth address, and laughing over Conkling's recitation of a bit of meaningless rhetoric.

It is tolerably clear from what Curtis accomplished in pure literature, as from what he failed to accomplish, that his attitude was rather that of a man of fine taste than of one who had creative power. He was an appreciator, and some of his most delightful writing is in his reminiscences of men and women in literature or art who had given him pleasure. His taste was a discriminating one, and he gave excellent reasons for his likes and dislikes; but literature did not exist for him as an end in itself, it did not compel

[1] *George William Curtis.* By Edward Cary. [American Men of Letters Series.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

[2] *Literary and Social Essays.* By George William Curtis. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1895.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him, and he had not that studious regard for it which might have made him an artist in criticism when he failed of being an artist in creation.

The impelling force in him was moral, and the idealism which was so distinct an element in his nature was made to serve large moral ends. With his fine presence and beautiful voice, there was no profession in which he could take his place so naturally as that of lecturing; and at the time when he came forward into the world the platform was a more effective place for Archimedes than the editor's chair. His ascent of the rostrum was also coincident with the awakening of the moral sense of the nation in its application to national problems, and Curtis easily caught fire from the flame which was rising. He was an artist in his lecturing; he used his exquisite taste to refine and make persuasive the demand which his moral nature thrust upon the attention of his hearers. Phillips had a greater oratorical power, rendered forcible by a stinging invective. Curtis brought his grace and playfulness, his rich harmonies of rhetorical art, to compass the same end. These two would be listened to by men who hated their doctrines, but paid a willing tribute to their oratorical charm. Later, Curtis passed readily from the platform to the editor's chair in a weekly journal; and here, as there, the moral force applied to questions of public concern was the controlling impulse. Literary form was an important constituent in his work as a publicist, but his editorial articles were not designed for their attractiveness to the critical mind; they had something to accomplish in the way of stirring the public conscience, of quickening the sense of right action. He did not regard literary effect as an end in itself, but his artistic sense was not therefore ignored.

We think Mr. Curtis made no mistake in thus yielding his life to the guidance of his morally didactic spirit. Indeed, literature has much to gain from such an example, and the young man who has literary aspirations, and will read Mr. Cary's interesting and manly narrative of the career of a noble American citizen who had by nature a beautiful instrument at his command, and made it do a great and needed work for his country, may well take to heart the lesson implied, but never obtrusively thrust upon him. It is of the utmost consequence to the man of letters in America that, lacking as he does any very close connection with the practical concerns of life through the medium of his profession, he should avail himself of every opportunity to ally his work with those large interests of his fellows which meet them whenever they lift their eyes from the daily task. The man of letters, by virtue of his calling, is almost necessarily an idealist, and it is one of the most desirable features in the discussion of public affairs that the idealist view should be presented. In the case of Mr. Curtis, such was the stress of the times, and such the insistence of the moral force in him, that he subordinated, in obedience to the law of his being, literary to moral activity. In the case of other men, it will be found that, with a primary regard for letters, they have yet so allied themselves with matters of public concern as to leave their impress upon their time. The more the man of letters can identify himself with the interests of the community and the nation as expressed in institutions and organizations, the more sure he is of deliverance from that airy bondage to self which is the chief peril of his vocation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. History of the United States, by E. Benjamin Andrews. With Maps. Two volumes. (Scribners.) Dr. Andrews's division of our history is interesting. His Introduction is devoted to America before Columbus. Then follows the Fore-History, which extends to the establishment of the government in 1789. This, again, is divided into three periods, the first period, of Discovery and Settlement, from Columbus to 1660; but this throws out the Carolinas and Georgia. The second period covers English America to the end of the French and Indian War; that is, from 1660 to 1763. These divisions strike us as somewhat arbitrary, and as likely to disturb one's sense of the preparatory period which proceeded with no real break until the fall of the French power. The third period carries the history forward to 1789. The first division of the history of the United States proper is well made to extend from 1789 to the end of 1814; but the title of the second period, Whigs and Democrats till the Dominance of the Slavery Controversy, 1814–1840, though easily justified, removes the fundamental basis of development to a sort of false bottom. The party strife was superficial beside the industrial development. For the rest, Dr. Andrews has written with his customary incisiveness, and has made his book rather an essay on the history than a close chronicle. Indeed, it would not be unfair to call it a high-class journalistic work, in which proportion is not the strongest characteristic. But what does he mean by his map of the Southern Confederacy? — Alexander III. of Russia, by Charles Lowe. (Macmillan.) Mr. Lowe writes with what may be called a journalist's impartiality. He has been in the thick of contemporary Russia, and he reports with animation various incidents in history illustrative of the late Czar's attitude, and seeks to trace fairly the several threads of Russian relations with the rest of Europe. He calls in Stepniak, Curzon, and others as witnesses, and on the whole writes an open sketch. — South Africa, the Cape Colony, Natal, Orange Free State, South African Republic, and all other Territories South of the Zambesi, by George M. Theal. The Story of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) The first thought of many, on taking up this book, will probably be that South Africa can hardly be called a nation, in any proper sense of the word. But this is a matter of small consequence when an extension of the term brings into this series so lucid and well-digested a summary of the rather confusing history of the Dutch and English in that far-away land, their contests with each other and with the natives; the annals of every state being supplemented by a succinct account of its present condition. In his larger history, which gives in detail much that is here presented in outline, Mr. Theal has shown his mastery of the subject. His narrative is straightforward and reasonable in tone, and he deals equably with all classes of that mixed population, even with the aborigines, though his views regarding them are not exactly those of the English humanitarian. He shows convincingly how the welfare and even the safety of the colonists have sometimes been sacrificed to the home government's mistaken theories respecting the natives. As South Africa is yearly becoming a more important factor in the development of Greater Britain, this is a welcome as well as an enlightening book. — Edwin Booth, Recollections, by his Daughter, Edwina Booth Grossman. And Letters to Her and to His Friends. (The Century Co.) It is a pity that the letters of one who had such exquisite taste in costume should be placed between such ugly covers. One soon forgets, however, both covers and costumes; for the Booth of these interesting letters is, for the most part, not the actor, but simply the man. And how attractive is the personality here revealed of the most artistic of American actors, and the most poetic, the most imaginative, of all actors of recent times! The book, by the way, contains some excellent pictures of Booth in his more famous parts. — Historical Characters of the Reign of Queen Anne, by Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. (The Century Co.) An estimate of Queen Anne at once just and sympathetic is, we think, found for the first time in these pages. With her keen but kindly insight and trained skill in depicting char-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acter, Mrs. Oliphant has drawn to the life the mild, commonplace woman who was to give her name to a brilliant epoch, and be in a manner the central figure in it. The pathos of her humble feminine history is not overlooked, as it has been by masculine chroniclers, and the high light in the picture, her passion for friendship, is given its true value; while the dazzling dominant figure of the friend is found an always enlivening presence in the scene, with a vitality so strong and enduring that it sensibly influences the now so distant observer. The studies of the Queen and the Duchess are followed by those of Swift, Defoe, and Addison. The great dean is more gently dealt with than is usual, and the opinion is maintained, and well maintained, that Stella's lot was far from a pitiable one. In the interesting comments on Defoe's literary art, its most perfect example is rightly found in The Journal of the Plague Year. The paper on Addison and his Spectator is written *con amore*, and the author's feeling is easily shared by the reader. The volume, in its make-up, — binding, typography, and illustrations, — is an exceedingly handsome one. Especially are the admirably selected and beautifully engraved portraits a delight to the eye, after the process pictures, relevant and irrelevant, which are now lavishly scattered through so many historical works. — Life of St. Francis of Assisi, by Paul Sabatier. (Scribners.) This book, translated by Mrs. Houghton, is written by a French Protestant clergyman, and the spirit in which it is written marks well the happy change from a controversial to a sympathetic attitude on the part of Protestant scholars. M. Sabatier writes with enthusiasm and a strong admiration for his subject, with a disposition, possibly, to pare down the supernatural element, but showing in this rather a general Protestantism than a distinct antagonism. The effect of the memoir is to bring into clear light the human and very beautiful spirit of St. Francis, and to show pathetically how apparently futile was the escape of such a man from the net of ecclesiasticism which wound and wound about him, hampering him and enmeshing his disciples. — Roger Williams, the Pioneer of Religious Liberty, by Oscar S. Straus. (The Century Co.) To Roger Williams, as the first person to secure equality of rights for Jews in the New World, it is fitting that a writer of Mr. Straus's descent should bring this earnest tribute of biography. It is a thorough record of the pioneer's career, told as largely as possible in his own words, and turned constantly towards the light most favorable for showing forth his distinction as an apostle of religious liberty. Not the least of its virtues is that it takes a place amongst the books of recent years which show our Puritan forefathers as they really were. Roger Williams, by contrast, appears as a man almost of our own day and thought. — Pestalozzi, His Aim and Work, by Baron Roger de Guimps. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.) — The Life and Educational Works of John Amos Comenius, by S. S. Laurie. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.)

The Drama and Poetry. Theatricals. Second Series. The Album, The Reprobate, by Henry James. (Harpers.) In a preface, Mr. James says of the unacted play that has been put into print, "This sealing of its doom constitutes precisely the ground for an obituary notice." This notice, in the present instance, is in effect a recital of the difficulties that beset the way of a dramatic writer, particularly one who has turned to the stage from other fields. The little essay is most characteristic and readable. The comedies that follow it suffer from the same disabilities which marked the Theatricals published last year. The sententiousness of the dialogue belongs much more to the writer — especially as he is Mr. James — than to the persons of every-day life who are represented. They are cast, in great measure, in a single mould, and it is no more surprising to hear one than another make answer thus to an eager question: "My attestation was unconscious of its fallacy." It may not be quite fair to pick out a single line of this sort, but it indicates a general tendency which makes for anything but spontaneity and the mirrored reproduction of life as it is lived. — Judah, an Original Play in Three Acts, by Henry Arthur Jones. (Macmillan.) The mere fact of the publication of this play by a house of the first standing is another sign that contemporary drama has in it something closely akin to literature. A still surer sign, in the present instance, is that the play reads nearly, if not quite as well as it acts. Its performance by Mr. Willard is so well remembered that nothing need be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said of its plot. In the reading, there is, perhaps, one gain over the stage presentation of the play. It was hard to believe that just such a person as Mr. Willard made Judah Llewellyn could have spoken so promptly the lies which his love for Vashti wrung from him. As one reads the play, with no strongly visualized personality of the young minister before one's eyes, the fall from truth is somehow more readily condoned. Has Mr. Willard presented Judah in his first estate as too true a person, or has Mr. Jones written the lines with too convincing an effect? — The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, a Play in Four Acts, by A. W. Pinero. (Walter H. Baker & Co., Boston.) Given such an idiot as the first Mr. Tanqueray, and all the rest follows. — Because I Love You, Poems of Love, selected and arranged by Anna E. Mack. (Lee & Shepard.) All sentiments, bitter and sweet, from our lyric poets are brought together for this volume. That it has limitations as a complete anthology of the tender passion appears in the omission of Shakespeare and the restriction of Byron to a single short bit. Yet there are many charming things, as there must needs be in the sum of any wide selection of this nature from the poets. A slip from the publishers defines the work as "a rare book to con over with a sweetheart, or from which to select sentiments to accompany a gift of flowers." Here, at least, is a practical suggestion for its future. Let the florists keep it in their shops, as their druggist brethren keep the directory. — An Imaged World, Poems in Prose, by Edward Garnett. With Five Drawings by William Hyde. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) To the senses of touch and sight this is a charming book. To the mind and emotions its appeal lies in the writer's imaginative pictures of a lover's thoughts in autumn, "in grey crowds," and in spring. It is the second series of these impressions that makes the strongest effect, for the sights and suggestions of London dethrone, for the time, the more usual rhapsodies of the lover, and in the streets and hospitals such images are presented to his mind as to make themselves felt also in the imagination of the reader. It may be seen, therefore, why the book is classed with poetry. — Verses and Fly Leaves, by Charles Stuart Calverley. (Putnams.) It is a pleasure to think that this new, pretty edition of Calverley's book will introduce him to readers who have perhaps known his name only, hitherto. Scholars especially, or we may better say well-read persons, will find genuine delight in this plaything of literature. Parodies, charades, Dickens examination-papers, light chaff, all in the best of good taste, make a book which does for literature what Praed did for society. — Adirondack Readings, by Edward Sherwood Creamer. (Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo.) — Nathan the Wise, a Dramatic Poem in Five Acts, translated from the German of G. E. Lessing. (John P. Hopkins, Printer, New Orleans.) — The Songs that Quinte Sang, by Marie Joussaye. (Sun Printing and Publishing Co., Belleville, Can.) — Good Night, Schatz! Realistic Joke and Earnest in One Act. By Adolf Hepner. (St. Louis News Co., St. Louis.) — Oh, Slander not the South! or Two Virginians, by the Author of A Tribute to Grover Cleveland. (Printed by the Stillings Press, Boston.)

Nature and Travel. Riverby, by John Burroughs. (Houghton.) That Mr. Burroughs names his latest collection of papers after his place on the Hudson not only gives a personal flavor which his readers will appreciate, but emphasizes the fact that he is at home among the scenes which he describes. Now and then, as in his paper on the Mammoth Cave or on the Blue Grass Country of Kentucky, he strays from his doorstep, but for the most part he enforces the delightful acquaintance with the world which lies in our own ken. There is about these later essays a mellowness, a genial leisure, which draws the reader into a charmed circle, and gives him a sense at once of wide outlook and close scrutiny. — A Florida Sketch Book, by Bradford Torrey. (Houghton.) Many of the papers in this volume have appeared already in The Atlantic, where they charmed by the lettered vagrancy which marked them. Mr. Torrey is a most discreet rambler. His walks lead him always to something interesting, yet they are not painfully purposeful. As a companion before one goes to Florida, after one comes back, and while one is not even contemplating the journey, he is most agreeable, gently insistent, but never tedious. — In Bird Land, by Leander S. Keyser. (McClurg.) A pleasing collection of sketches from outdoor observation by one who has not only a keen eye, but a humane spirit. The neighborhood of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

observation was that of Springfield, Ohio; but the true bird-lover, though he marks his locality, is no more confined to that locality than a student of human kind is interesting only to his immediate neighbors. Mr. Keyser devotes a chapter to an anthology drawn from Lowell. — The Birds' Calendar, by H. E. Parkhurst. (Scribners.) An informal diary of a year's observations, made in the intervals of business, in Central Park, New York, and practically confined there to the Ramble. But in looking for birds the writer saw many other signs of nature, and the book becomes full of interest thus as a local stimulant, besides being agreeable reading to the lover of outdoor literature. — Voyage of the Liberdade, by Captain Joshua Slocum. (Roberts.) A sea-captain's true story of the loss of his bark, the Aquidneck, on the South American coast, and his building a craft, thirty-five feet over all, in which he sailed safely from the scene of his wreck to Washington. The first half of the volume is given up to the story of the Aquidneck; and but for the good salt flavor which pervades the whole narrative, this seems rather a pity, for the Liberdade part of the tale is the really extraordinary and sufficient cause for writing the book. — Our Animal Friends is an illustrated monthly magazine, published by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, New York. The bound volume, covering the year beginning September, 1893, shows very well the scope of the publication. A few important documents, like laws, annual addresses, and the like, are preserved, but the conductors wisely give up a considerable portion of space to anecdotes, narratives, and practical suggestions. — The Georgian Bay, an Account of its Position, Inhabitants, Mineral Interests, Fish, Timber, and other Resources, by James Cleland Hamilton. (James Bain & Son, Toronto.) — Four Months in New Hampshire, a Story of Love and Dumb Animals. Gold Mine Series, No. 3. Sequel to Black Beauty. (American Humane Education Society, Boston.) — Observations of a Traveler, by Louis Lombard. (Louis Lombard, Utica, N. Y.)

Literature and Literary History. A Little English Gallery, by Louise Imogen Guiney. (Harpers.) Miss Guiney has dedicated her painstaking and scholarly studies of Lady Danvers, of Vaughan, of Farquhar, of Beauclerk and Langton, and of William Hazlitt much too modestly to Edmund Gosse as a "friendly trespass on his fields." Just as the phrase is his who turns it best, so is the field *hers* who makes it yield most abundantly. Miss Guiney has proved that her title to a goodly patch in the spacious domain of three centuries is at least quite as sound as anybody's. She has, moreover, proved her right to a place among the American essayists with whom the publishers have associated her. For her style abounds in the firm, fine strokes that tell. It is always stronger, perhaps, in the selection of details than in the arrangement of them, but this is least notably the case in her hearty, wholesouled appreciation of Hazlitt. — We referred to Dent's sumptuous edition of Sir Thomas Malory's Le Morte Darthur when the first volume appeared. That contained Professor Rhys's Introduction, and Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's — we hesitate to call them illustrations; perhaps "accompaniment" will do. The second volume, completing the work, is now at hand, and we have an opportunity to see how Mr. Beardsley's work stands familiarity, for he and his disciples have been busy with the new gospel of art since the first volume was published. Little is sacrificed to grace. Now and then, as in the frontispiece, there is an austerity of sweetness which commands admiration; but for the most part, the frank, audacious, if you please, subordination of every other purpose to the glorification of the stencil in art leads to striking decorative effects, and occasionally permits a certain solemnity in the figure and suggestive symbolism. We may accept Beardsley, but Heaven preserve us from Beardsleyites! — A History of English Literature, by J. L. Robertson. (Harpers.) This textbook for secondary schools ambitiously undertakes to cover the ground from 449 to 1894! It carries out this purpose merely, of course, in the most general way, — only by taking the longest and most rapid strides. In doing so, it makes some curious omissions and observes some strange proportions. At its best, however, it is good enough in its way — a very bad way — as a fund of bare fact and accepted opinion, as so much grist to be ground in the examination-mill. — Studies in Mediæval Life and Literature, by Edward Tompkins McLaughlin. (Putnams.) Professor Lounsbury laments, in an Introduction, the loss Yale University has suffered in the death of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young teacher and student a part of whose work is represented by the six essays of this little volume. That it is the work of a person from whom good fruits of scholarship might have been expected appears clearly enough. The essays are rather the result of research and resuscitation than of creative thought; nor are they conspicuously "literary" in feeling; but such a paper as Ulrich von Lichtenstein, the Memoirs of an Old German Gallant, has a distinct value in the telling of a quaint, utterly mediæval story of chivalry. In A Mediæval Woman, too, the tale of Heloise and Abelard is retold with such understanding and clearness of vision as to leave one thoroughly regretful that the end of the book is the end of the writer's work. — American Song, a Collection of Representative American Poems, with Analytical and Critical Studies of the Writers, with Introductions and Notes by Arthur B. Simonds. (Putnams.) The singers represented in this volume are grouped in sequence as Classics, Pre-eminent Later Writers, Forerunners, At Swords' Points (war-poets), and Contemporaries. It will be seen that, aside from the strange chronological order which results, a certain lapping over of class upon class is inevitable. We must confess, moreover, to a failure to grasp the author's principle of selection. Two out of the three "representative poems" by Dr. Holmes are On Sending a Punch Bowl and The Stethoscope Song. Joaquin Miller is represented by five poems of some length, and for Mr. Aldrich's work the slight lyric of two stanzas, Wedded, is the sole voucher. At its best, the book could hardly have been a work destined to fill a "long-felt want," and with its various shortcomings one cannot see for it any very distinct career of usefulness. — For Twelfth Night and All 's Well that Ends Well, in Dent's Temple Shakespeare (Macmillan), the etchings are of the courtyard of the Grammar School and Middle Temple Hall. — The latest couple of the same series includes A Winter's Tale and King John. Mr. Gollancz's prefaces are, as before, excellent examples of editorial self-restraint, and the glossaries and notes are helpful and pertinent. The etched frontispieces are the kitchen in Shakespeare's birthplace and King John's tomb in Rouen Cathedral.

Education and Instruction. Practical Elements of Elocution, designed as a Text-Book for the Guidance of Teachers and Students of Expression, by Robert I. Fulton and Thomas C. Trueblood. (Ginn.) "*Clenched.* (Fig. 16.) In the hand clenched the Mental fingers are drawn into the hollow of the Emotive palm and locked under the strong clasp of the Vital thumb, making a formidable weapon of attack." This, and more, with a picture, is thought necessary to give "Teachers and Students of Expression" a fair idea of a fist. It is quoted here as showing the method employed in large measure by the writers of the book. It is one of those educational works which carefully describe an infinite number of technical points, and therein tell many things which most of us know without being told. It is eminently fitted, however, for the making of "elocutionists." — Curb, Snaffle, and Spur, by E. L. Anderson. (Little, Brown & Co.) A clear and firm presentation of a method — akin to military discipline — of training young horses for the cavalry service, and for general use under the saddle. — History of Higher Education in Rhode Island, by William Howe Tolman. (United States Bureau of Education, Government Printing Office, Washington.) — The Questions and Answers in American History, Civil Government, and School Law, given at the Uniform Examinations of the State of New York. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.) — From the same publisher we have Boys as They are Made, and how to Remake Them, by Franklin H. Briggs. — Henry Holt & Co. send us Marianne, par George Sand, with Explanatory Notes by Théodore Henckels, and A Laboratory Course in Invertebrate Zoölogy, by Hermon C. Bumpus. — D. C. Heath & Co. publish Mathematics for Common Schools, in three volumes, by John H. Walsh. Part I., An Elementary Arithmetic. Part II., Intermediate Arithmetic. Part III., Higher Arithmetic. Also, Geometry for Grammar Schools, by E. Hunt; Stories of Old Greece, by Emma M. Frith; and My Saturday Bird Class, by Margaret Miller.

Books of Reference. Comprehensive Index of the Publications of the United States Government, 1889–1893, by John G. Ames. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) A valuable because carefully studied and well-devised index. The editor has had many difficulties to over-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come, but his method appeals to the judgment, since it is a subject index, yet gives the material by which one can tell at a glance who was the author of the document, from which department it issued, and in what shape it is to be found. An index of personal names, again, enables one to trace the work of any one man. Such an index published once in five years, and accessible as a card catalogue meanwhile, is simply indispensable. — Sixth Annual Report of the Statistics of Railways in the United States, for the Year ending June 30, 1893, prepared by the Statistician to the Interstate Commerce Commission. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) Is this work by the government to crowd Poor's useful manual out of existence? — The Navigator's Pocket-Book, filled with Pure Gold, arranged for Immediate Reference to any Navigation Subject, by Captain Howard Patterson. (Scribners.) We print but a small part of the title-page of what appears to be an excellent little book of reference for those who follow the sea. It is too much to suppose that a landsman armed with this work, and entrusted with the navigation of a ship, could bring her into port; but if, as a passenger, he should keep the small volume in his stateroom, and from time to time, on deck and in the smoking-room, should give vent to the results of his studies from it, he might easily pass as a sea-going person. For more practical ends, the book contains many concise definitions and rules of nautical procedure. — Five Thousand Words Often Misspelled, by William Henry P. Phyfe. (Putnams.) We do not mean to say that Mr. Phyfe often misspells these five thousand words, any more than that he is in the habit of mispronouncing the seven thousand which made up the bulk of his previous book. He merely sets them down correctly spelled, and provides the reader with various rules. Thereto he adds the rules and list of amended spellings recommended by the Philological Society of London and the American Philological Association. In his own list of five thousand there must be some hundreds that are not often misspelled, for the simple reason that they are not spelled at all. *Monocotyledon* is one of these, and *shough* is another. *Hieroglyfic* is more often used, but without a *ph* would not some of us suspect it of being in the wrong list? — The latest two issues of Murray's A New English Dictionary (Macmillan) cover the opening pages respectively of Volumes III. and IV., D-Deceit, F-Fang. The articles Day and Face, of eight and eleven columns each, indicate the fullness of the treatment, and such words as *fad* and *daisy* — the latter in its slang use — the freshness of the matter. In order to give the results of all this inquiry as promptly as possible, the conductors of the enterprise purpose publishing a section of sixty-four pages in each of two letters once a quarter. D and F are now racing.

Books for and about the Young. Beckonings from Little Hands. (John D. Wattles, Philadelphia.) The author of this little book intimates quite distinctly that these eight studies in child life were made from nature, and are as close to real life as he could make them without throwing aside absolutely the veil of privacy. They have a distinct value as interpretative of childhood in some of its more evasive expression. One suspects possibly a somewhat high-strung temper in the domestic life thus disclosed, and to some it will seem as if the child who is principally concerned lived in a rarefied atmosphere; but there is much delicate discrimination in the observation, and in these days, when we are in danger of a too severely scientific spirit in the examination of childhood, it is very well to be reminded that there is often to be discovered in the child's nature lofty-vaulted chambers to be entered by very low doorways. — The Wagner Story-Book, by William Henry Frost. (Scribners.) Gazing into the fire, the narrator sees the stories of the music-dramas unfold themselves in blazing log or glowing embers, and with such adaptation as may be needful he tells them to a child, — tells them in the right tone, simply, yet with imagination and feeling. But why should every opera appear under an alias, and the characters have no names at all, with the single exception of Venus? — certainly an invidious distinction. If the Knight and the Princess, why not the Goddess? — Olaf the Glorious, by Robert Leighton. (Scribners.) Longfellow, in his Saga of King Olaf, has made that valiant warrior well known to the young English reading world, and Mr. Leighton essays to tell the same story in prose and in much greater detail. He follows the life of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hero, as recorded in the Heimskringla, with incidental help from old English chronicles, from his boyhood of slavery in Esthonia to his death, king of Norway, in the glorious defeat at Svold. It is an exciting history, full of incident and variety, and is set forth in a simple, dignified, and yet vigorous style, well in keeping with the subject, as are also the fictitious adornments of the narrative. The tale is alive, a quality not always found in attempts to revivify old Scandinavia for youthful readers. — The young Norseman of to-day appears in several different guises in Norseland Tales, by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen (Scribners), and, like his Viking ancestors, — though a more welcome guest, — often in other lands than his own. The stories are brightly written and easily readable, and range in subject from a not too severe realism to fairy lore, including a liberal sprinkling of adventure. — Little Miss Faith, by Grace Le Baron. (Lee & Shepard.) A story for children, of a little girl's country week, wherein she brings great comfort to one of her own age, the angelic invalid, Miss Faith. The tale is rather stiff in style, and the incidents are drawn from story-books rather than from life. — The White Cave, by William O. Stoddard. (The Century Co.) A spirited story of exciting adventure in the Australian bush. There is an outlaw in a wonderful cave with bags of gold galore, who of course proves to be the brother of one of the English traveling gentlefolk who share certain dangers with him, — dangers which at times threaten to annihilate the whole party, though the reader never loses confidence in the author's ingenuity, which will make escape possible for all but the undeserving. — Toinette's Philip, by Mrs. C. V. Jamison. (The Century Co.) A juvenile romance, whose plot is worked out by the aid of some too familiar devices. But the writer is an agreeable as well as a skillful *raconteur*, and her youthful audience will enjoy the story without being conscious of the artificiality of certain portions of it. — The Story of Alexander Retold from the Originals, by Robert Steele. (Macmillan.) The Man who Married the Moon, by Charles F. Lummis. (The Century Co.) Two books which every child ought to own, and which, like most others of the same sort, are for elder folk, also, brimful of delight. In the former, Mr. Steele has told, in an English style of some distinction, the tale that used to be heard, when this big world of ours was younger, in the ruddy glow of castle halls; and in the latter, Mr. Lummis has translated some stories that are told even now to groups of dusky, wide-eyed Indian boys and girls in the pueblos along the Rio Grande. This Indian folk-lore, as the product of a crude but slowly unfolding imagination, seems to us akin — too remotely, perhaps, to mention it in the same breath — to the old-time legend of Alexander. The print, paper, and binding of Mr. Steele's book, by the way, and the illustrations by Fred Mason, are worthy of especial mention.

Fiction. The Royal Marine, an Idyl of Narragansett Pier, by Brander Matthews. (Harpers.) The climate of Rhode Island is well known to affect strangers with somnolence, but it has rarely, if ever, been so potent as to make the hero of a "Little Novel" (for so the series to which this tale belongs is named) forget whether he has proposed to the heroine in a waking or a sleeping moment. On so important a point the main interest of this story of a "summer girl" hangs. One should not expect too much of seriousness, however, in an Idyl of Narragansett Pier; and one's gratefulness would not be less if the clever old spinster of the tale had said more things as good as her definition of reading the Sunday papers, — a Half Hour with the Worst Authors. — P'tit Matinic, and Other Monotones, by George Wharton Edwards. (The Century Co.) A group of artist sketches, partly from life, apparently, and partly from imagination, all touched with a somewhat large brush used lightly. The book is a fantastic piece of bibliopegy. — The Chase of Saint-Castin, and Other Stories of the French in the New World, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. (Houghton.) Seven stories, all but one of which have been printed in The Atlantic. Now that they are brought together, one sees how deftly Mrs. Catherwood has strung her beads, and how skillfully she has touched, one by one, points of contact between Englishman, Frenchman, and Indian. The swift course of each story, also, illustrates well the art which the author has learned of sparing nothing from and adding nothing to the needed strokes. — The Rousing of Mrs. Potter, and Other Stories, by Gertrude Smith. (Houghton.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These are tales rather of promise than of achievement. The first one, to be sure, has an amusing plan, and is effectively enough told. But most of the others strike one with a lack of firmness and "grip." They are generally stories of Western life; not of the stirring frontier, but of the dull country which has settled down into the unhappy way of mistaking small things for great. There are touches of reality in nearly all the stories strong enough to remind one that the true significance of the small things can be brought out by just the right handling; and it is in these touches rather than in the completed tales that the hope of more distinctive work from the new writer is encouraged. — No Enemy (But Himself), by Elbert Hubbard. (Putnams.) The hero of this rather scrambling story is a rich New York bachelor, who takes to the road as a tramp, and, after a battle with drink, walks himself and a girl he has befriended, thinking her at first a boy, into the East River, where they are both drowned. In the tramp period of the tale there is a fair share of humor of the type affected by the vaudeville comedian. An audacious wit to whom the world "owes a living" has many chances of saying funny things to the farmers' wives and others who supply him with food; and into the mouth of his hero Mr. Hubbard has put a deal of the waggishness which newspapers attribute to the tramp mind. It is needless to say that this humor is of the broader type; but such as it is, it stands out as the most successful element of the book. — Paving the Way, a Romance of the Australian Bush, by Simpson Newland. (Gay & Bird, London.) — The Redemption of the Brahman, a Novel, by Richard Garbe. (Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) — The Abraham Lincoln Myth, an Essay in "Higher Criticism," by Bocardo Bramantip. (Mascot Publishing Co., New York.) — The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ, by the Discoverer of the Manuscript, Nicolas Notovitch. Translated from the French by Alexina Loranger. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York.) — A Story from Pullmantown, by Nico Beck-Meyer, and Elsie, a Christmas Story, from the Norwegian of Alexander L. Kjelland, by Miles Menander Dawson. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.)

Music. The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged. Edited by Rev. Charles L. Hutchins. (The Parish Choir, Boston.) The edition of this well-known Hymnal to which we wish to call attention is the Organ edition, the copies of which measure 8 by 12 inches. The book is printed in large, bold type, in both music and words; it is flexible in binding, and must rejoice the heart of every organist who is obliged to bend over his instrument to make out the notes in his ordinary Hymnal. As a piece of book-making, the Organ Hymnal is admirable, in good taste, and with nice regard for all the proportions to be observed. — Observations of a Musician, by Louis Lombard, Second Edition, Augmented. (Louis Lombard, Utica, N. Y.)

Religion and Philosophy. The Pilgrim of the Infinite, a Discourse addressed to Advanced Religious Thinkers on Christian Lines, by William Davies. (Macmillan.) Mr. Davies will be remembered as the author of the discriminating sketch of James Smetham prefixed to the Letters of that artist. In this little volume he has a dozen chapters pointing to a high conception of the personal relations of man to God. The divine in us is postulated, and with temperate, well-weighed words he makes his appeal to this consciousness, seeking to strip his subject of merely conventional dress, and to lay bare those depths of the soul which appear when great waves of life — like suffering, for example — sweep over it. The single-mindedness of the thought is its special charm. The author writes with a sincerity and confidence which give weight to his words. — The Deeper Meanings, by Frederic A. Hinckley. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.) The four exhortations which fill this small book are not sermons, as the word is commonly understood, so much as moral discourses with an intention that is religious in the broader sense. They are all pleas for a higher spirituality in human life, and have the clear merit of sincerity. — The Philosophy of Mental Healing, a Practical Exposition of Natural Restorative Power, by Leander Edmund Whipple. (Metaphysical Publishing Co., New York.) — Philosophy of Reality. Should it be Favored by America? By James McCosh. (Scribners.) — The Supreme Rite of Christianity, by Frank Hallam. (Baughman Stationery Co. Print, Richmond.) — Uplifts of Heart and Will, Religious Aspirations in Prose and Verse, by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

James H. West. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.) — A Broader Christianity, an Essay on the Direct Teaching of Jesus, by Philo Hall. (Lovell Brothers Co., New York.) — Heart-Beats, by P. C. Mozoomdar. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by Samuel J. Barrows. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.) — The New Bible and its New Uses, by Joseph Henry Crooker. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.) — What is Inspiration? A Fresh Study of the Question, with New and Discriminative Replies. By John DeWitt. (Randolph, New York.) — The Purpose of God, by Joseph Smith Dodge. (Universalist Publishing House, Boston.) — The Religion of Moses, by Adolph Moses. (Flexner Brothers, Louisville.)

Social Philosophy. Socialism, the Fabian Essays, edited by G. Bernard Shaw. With an Essay on the Fabian Society and its Work, by William Clarke. (Charles E. Brown & Co., Boston.) An American edition of a collection of papers which in England have been taken as the programme of the opportunists in the socialistic party. It is introduced here by Mr. Bellamy, who takes pains to show that the Nationalists accept the socialistic creed, but go farther. The main interest of the book for American readers is in the survey which it gives of the current opinions of intelligent Englishmen on the relation which industrialism bears to society at large. — A new edition of Andrew Carnegie's Triumphant Democracy has been brought out by the Messrs. Scribners. Except in its revised statistics, which are based on the census of 1890, it does not differ materially from the earlier issues of the work. — The Social Contract, or The Principles of Political Rights, by Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Translated by Rose M. Harrington, with Introduction and Notes by Edward L. Walter. (Putnams.) — Political Reform by the Representation of Minorities, by Matthias N. Forney. (The Author, New York.) — Primary Elections, a Study of Methods for Improving the Basis of Party Organization, by Daniel S. Remsen. (Putnams.) — The Annual General Meeting of the Cobden Club, 1894, with the Committees' Reports and Speeches. (Printed for the Cobden Club.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Nameless Season.

In the March page of our almanac, opposite the 20th of the month we find the bold assertion, "Now spring begins;" but in the northern part of New England, for which this almanac was especially compiled, the weather does not bear out the statement.

The snow may be gone from the fields except in grimy drifts, in hollows and along fences and woodsides; but there is scarcely a sign of spring in the nakedness of pasture, meadow, and ploughed land, now more dreary in the dun desolation of lifeless grass, débris of stacks, and black furrows than when the first snow covered the lingering greenness of December.

It is quite as likely that the open lands are still under the worn and dusty blanket of snow, smirched with all the litter cast upon it by cross-lot-faring teams, and wintry winds blowing for months from every quarter. The same untidiness pervades all outdoors. We could never believe that so many odds and ends could have been thrown out of doors, helter-skelter, in three months of ordinary life, till the proof confronts us on the surface of the subsiding snow, or lies stranded on the bare earth. The wind comes with an icier breath from the wintrier north, and yet blows untempered from the south, over fields by turns frozen and sodden, through which the swollen brooks rush in yellow torrents with sullen, monotonous complaint.

One may get more comfort in the woods, though the snow, barred and netted by shadows, still lies deep in their shelter; for here may be found the sugar-maker's camp, with its mixed odors of pungent smoke and saccharine steam, its wide environment of dripping spouts and tinkling buckets, — signs that at last the pulse of the trees is stirred by a subtle promise of returning spring.

The coarse-grained snow is strewn thickly with shards of bark that the trees have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sloughed in their long hibernation, with shreds and tatters of their tempest-torn branches. But all this litter does not offend the eye nor look out of place, like that which is scattered in fields and about homesteads. For nature, left to herself, has a knack of making her rubbish unnoticeable, and herself seemly even in her untidiness. When this three months' downfall of fragments sinks to the carpet of flattened leaves, it will be at one with it, an inwoven pattern, as comely as the shifting mesh of browner shadows that trunks and branches weave between the splashes of sunshine. Among these is a garnishment of green moss patches and fronds of perennial ferns which tell of life that the stress of winter could not overcome. One may discover, amid the purple lobes of the squirrel-cup leaves, downy buds that promise blossoms, and others, callower, but of like promise, under the rusty links of the arbutus chain.

One hears the resonant call of a woodpecker rattled out on a seasoned branch or hollow stub, and may catch the muffled beat of the partridge's drum, silent since the dreamy days of Indian summer, now throbbing again in slow and accelerated pulsations of evasive sound through the unroofed arches of the woodlands. And one may hear, wondering where the poor vagrants find food and water, the wild clangor of the geese trumpeting their aerial northward march, and the sibilant beat of the wild duck's pinions, — hear the carol of an untimely bluebird and the disconsolate yelp of a robin; but yet it is not spring.

Presently comes a great downfall of snow, making the earth beautiful again with a whiteness outshining that of the winter that is past. The damp flakes cling to every surface, and clothe wall, fence, and tree, field and forest, with a more radiant mantle than the dusty snow and slanted sunshine of winter gave them.

There is nothing hopeful of spring but a few meagre signs, and the tradition that spring has always come heretofore.

It is not winter, it is not spring, but a season with an individuality as marked as either, yet without a name.

A Point of Departure.

— The journey across continent, from west to east, in midwinter, is very like a voyage. When one lands at St. Paul from the overland train, it is with all the sensations of making port after having passed over the ice-bound sea of the plains. The uniform dazzle of miles of monotonous snow, broken only where it sinks to indigo shadow or swells to crests of intolerable light, has for days given to the world outside the pane a sentiment of immensity rarely matched by the moving sea. There is majesty in the limitless sweep of level earth, so slightly overarched by the level sky, but majesty that becomes desolation when seen in intimate relation to human life. A furry team of horses struggling across the plains, drawing a meagre sledge-load of firewood along a narrow trail in the snow to some unseen farmhouse, hibernating through the long winter months for the resurrection of a few fierce weeks of summer sunshine; a little schoolhouse of unplaned boards perched on a swell of the vast, silent landscape; a farmhouse backed by barn and corral, with a tiny yard in front encircled by a tawdry frill of whitewashed paling, showing yellow above the snow, — all these, with miles of snow between, pierce one with a keener sense of loneliness than could any personal experience. The human element is so inadequate that one passes these scattered evidences of a struggle for life as, in a sound ship, one might pass a frail raft at sea. There are eagle minds upon which this solemn hostility of unconquered nature acts as a challenge; one sees this in the voice and step and eye of men who have built Dakota and Montana towns. Sturdy and unawed, they have fought their way, and wrested for themselves a foothold on the great inhospitable plains. The level, iridescent blaze of cloudless winter days; the treeless prairies aflame with color materialized in a thousand wild flowers; the dreary swells of autumn brown, lifted here and there into sharp buttes of threatening stone, — each in its own way impresses the imagination, but repels the nestling instinct of home-seeking man.

The port of St. Paul once gained, one sees the meeting of East and West. Here the two are not blended the one into the other by imperceptible degrees; it is a sharp encounter. With the possible exception of the old Castle Garden, the Union Station at St. Paul is the most picturesque centre of distribution in this country. It is here that a large part of the westward-crowding world must halt. Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Poles, Germans, Britons, pour into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the station as into the hopper of a great sorting-machine, are labeled with their tickets, and sent on their way. The peasant groups from north Europe are wrapped about with a dull and hidden romance. They have come so far, so laboriously, these small, overburdened women, clumsy in heavy homespun skirts wadded as with concealed treasure from the old country. In their arms and holding to their skirts are peasants of a smaller growth, in scarlet wool stockings and clattering shoes, whose blank faces have nothing, not even a cold in the head, to conceal. There is in the mien of these people such a curious mingling of dullness and suspicion that one falls to wondering from what harsh conditions this new life is an escape, and what future opens to men and women so ill equipped in all things except a capacity to work and endure. As one ponders, the flapping doors that give upon the outer platforms open and shut, and the West receives them into its capacious maw.

Of the many and sharply contrasted peoples who make this station the theatre of a moment's tableau, the Swedes predominate. They, too, vary greatly among themselves, from the peasant, simon pure, showing a glazed tan upon the skin and centuries of stupidity about the eyes, to men of local importance, who are full of affairs even at this last moment before going on a journey. The tongue bewrays them with its suggestion of the droll Swedish seesaw, but they are citizens. To this fresh, vital people of the north the negroes, who are about the station in surprising numbers, form a curious contrast. In St. Paul a negro loses all the oily blackness of a true 'possum-eating negro of the South; in the cold his face blanches to a dry, ashy color that is pitiful to behold. He is utterly out of place, and yet he hangs about in the employ of a company that may possibly make him a porter in the tropical luxury of a Pullman car,—it must be hope of this that holds this wan lover of delight.

Beside the steady tide that flows through the generous arches there is an accelerated wave of excitement every ten or fifteen minutes when the station-master chants the arrival or departure of an Eastern, Western, or Southern train. The rush of feet over the tiled floor, the hurried buying of tickets, the coercion of dazed or sleepy children through the doors that open outward, are followed by a lull, which in time yields to the rising *crescendo* of the next wave. In the crowd, men hurry by in splendid fur coats almost to their heels, with collars rolled above the ears, one great, shimmering, delicious caress of warmth and softness. Occasionally a well-dressed woman passes, glowing from the cold, with something in her swift step which makes one fancy that her furs, if touched, would emit a sharp snap of electricity. Nowhere else is the line between well and ill dressed so distinct. Fur is worn in every stage of disrepair, from deep, luxurious piles of Christmas newness to coats whose sleeves and tails show shining expanses of polished hide. In spite of all wrappings, the cold has a curious withering effect upon elderly faces, pinching the skin into heavy creases, so that it shows, as in a frosted apple, the native color through a thousand lines of cold.

The great station is an asylum from the cold to passers-by. Flocks of children, on their way from school, rush in for momentary warmth and shelter, their cheeks flaming, and here and there an ear rimmed with a deadly whiteness that shows where protection has come too late. Some of the children stay to romp stealthily, with an eye on the station-master, from one to another of the breathing registers set in the tiling of the floor. A preternaturally solemn little Swede slips away from her mother and shyly joins the schoolchildren; but when she makes a discovery of the blistering air blowing from the holes in the floor, she walks, with dilated skirts, back and forth across the register in grave, unquestioning content.

But of all those who come and go, there is no figure so sturdy as the north country logger, in his heavy jacket of blanket cloth woven into a gay pattern of orange, red, and brown. High ankle-laced boots swallow his trousers and define the turn of his strong leg, and a great peaked cap stands above his head, cutting the air in high disdain. It is no fancy that he carries with him from his hardy, adventurous life the balsam of the pines.

Beyond the doors, in the still cold, the converging steel rails stretch an unobstructed pathway to the Pacific Ocean, to Mexico, to Canada, and day by day, along these furrows, the unmeasured seed of an alien humanity is sown.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Fealty to Apollo. — The Club turns so sympathetic an ear to every manifestation of love for art and literature that I think I am not doing amiss in calling attention to a Roman event of the year 1895. I translate roughly a programme which has just appeared, charmingly designed and printed on parchment paper by the Danesi phototype firm, which a few years ago issued the facsimile copy of the Codex Vaticanus.

Il Convito (The Banquet). A few artists, writers and painters, united by a common and sincere cult for all the noblest forms of art, propose to publish each month, in Rome, — from January to December, 1895, — a collection of prose, verses, and designs, selected with severity of choice, and printed with exceptional elegance of type and paper.

These small monthly books are intended to contain whatever is most perfect in contemporary Italian art. The undertaking is not an easy one, but the beginning is well augured by the approval and coöperation of Giosuè Carducci; by a new novel of Gabriele d' Annunzio; by original designs of F. Paolo Micchetti, Marius de Maria, Guido Boggiani, G. A. Sartorio, Giuseppe Cellini, Eugenio Benson, Mariano Fortuny, Alessandro Morani, and others.

The subscription for the series of twelve books will be thirty-six francs.

Editor, Adolfo de Bosis,
Borghese Palace, Rome.

The editor is known by his exquisite and faithful translations of Shelley's poems into Italian, and, to any one at all acquainted with Italian literature and art, the names given in the above are sufficient guarantee for the rare value of the publication. It meets a want in Italy, as hitherto there has been no high-class illustrated monthly. It will, however, appeal only to an elect circle, and there is a fine carelessness of pecuniary interest in the ardent group of artists and poets who have initiated the enterprise. There is something of the old Greek worship of the beautiful and love of art for its own sake in their calm recognition that the magazine will scarcely pay expenses, and that they probably will be able to sustain it for one year only.

A Gentle Communist. — Main Street, in Derby township, was so carefully guarded by the spreading branches of giant shade-trees that it was difficult to distinguish the unpretending home of Tabitha Treadwell from the more stately mansions of her neighbors. It required no close inspection, after the gateway was passed, to discern a certain air of neglect clinging to her front yard, and making even her yearly crop of turnips a somewhat problematical result from the unkempt garden in the rear.

Nothing within doors breathed of disorder. Even the cooking-stove looked impertinently bright, and at three stated periods each day a wholesome and abundant variety of well-cooked food was served to a lonely woman, unless indeed it so happened that a guest was present. It was a queer dwarfed maid, of uncertain age and equally uncertain temper, who possessed such domestic skill, and it was a smooth-cheeked, plump little Quakeress, about sixty, but simulating forty, to whom her achievements were offered.

Tabitha was born in the rubble-stone annex, and had seen one after another of her family laid beneath the greensward at the base of the hill; but no more surely were these individuals buried than the hopes and fortune of their survivor. One thing alone remained to sustain the cheerful, rotund matron, and that was her invincible belief in the duty of others to provide for her. There had been times and seasons when some rash Friend had felt it right to remind the good dame that her own hands were made for activity; but Tabitha always responded that she was not disposed to break down the excellent health with which the Lord had blessed her; and indeed, how otherwise would the dwarf Johanna be provided for? — forgetting to add that the wages for her handmaid were the never-failing result of certain quarterly visits that the contented mistress paid to some of her well-to-do neighbors.

The particular resort of this odd householder was to her immediate companion in meeting, the owner of a beautiful homestead near by. Her own garden might remain uncared for, but certainly her table would be well supplied with seasonable vegetables. For fruit she confessed a peculiar fondness, and the best varieties always appeared before her in plenty. As to fresh eggs and poultry, no fowls had she ever reared, but it was a frequent subject of her remark to others that she believed in a community of interests, and therefore carefully saved the household scraps to carry

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

across the garden to the prolific hens of Friend Jonathan Biddle. It is necessary to state, however, that the daughters of Friend Biddle were sometimes disposed to find fault with this unconventional method of getting one's living; but they were always reprimanded by their gentle mother, whose open hand was never drawn back from the needy. She had, moreover, a keen sense of humor, and, with all her meekness, enjoyed many a quiet smile at Tabitha's eccentricities.

It so happened that, during a peculiarly warm season, the large house was filled with guests, and on more than one occasion Mercy Biddle asked for a little extra help from Johanna. She gave it, indeed, and very good help it was; but instead of accommodating her neighbor at an early hour in the morning, Johanna did not appear until all the household work had been done in the most particular manner at home.

Friend Biddle mildly inquired whether she could not come sooner in the day, and was confronted by Tabitha in fresh and spotless linen.

"Thee must not forget, Mercy, that those who are not blessed with thy portion of worldly goods are as liable to distress of mind when their domestic affairs are neglected."

That very afternoon, Tabitha came in person to say that she wished to be taken in the Biddles' carriage to call upon a sick woman; adding with some severity, when her request was granted, "It is only right, Mercy, that I remind thee that thy material possessions are but loaned thee, and that the Lord who lends also wishes thee to bestow freely." And as the carriage deposited the calm woman at the door again, she thanked the good neighbor by alluding to her desire to have a drive frequently, since her appetite seemed increased thereby.

It would be unjust to suppose that Tabitha was a selfish person. Many there be in Derby township to-day who can recall her exceeding goodness in time of distress. Was there a sick woman with a family of little children? Tabitha took the flock to her home and gave them all a romp in Friend Biddle's orchard; sending them back to their parents at last with well-filled baskets. Who was it that might be summoned in a moment to help out in entertaining, or to fill a vacancy in a board meeting? Always Tabitha Treadwell: and she served in the most satisfactory manner. If a Friend had a "minute" to visit certain localities and speak to family gatherings, Tabitha was deputed to accompany her. Indeed, it was the impression her cheery presence made upon strangers that the families talked about most, after the preacher and her companion had left them. Everybody remembered her, too, for one of many peculiarities. She could not make a bed. True, she apologized on the occasion of each visit, mentioning Johanna's dexterity in this labor, as if the lustre of the dwarf's domestic glory was reflected upon her mistress. Of course the bed was made chiefly by the preaching Friend, but no one thought the worse of Tabitha.

She was very hospitable; her spare chamber was frequently put at the service of those who were pressed with too much company. Did a carriage-load arrive unexpectedly to dine, she greeted them warmly: "Glad indeed to see thee and thine. Inconvenience me? Oh dear, no! Fortunately we have a roast to-day." The roast generally turned out to be of two or three pounds, flanked by an extra portion of vegetables hastily gathered in the communistic way.

The Friend who sold her a winter's supply of fuel contented himself with the payment implied in her trite remark, "Those who give to the poor are lending to the Lord, Samuel." The fishermen knew that a fresh bass or a string of perch would be well received, and counted only on her smile; and it is a question whether smiles ought not to go further in the coinage of worldly favor than they do. She was as careful in her choice of golden butter balls, and as particular in her charges to the dairyman regarding the quality of his cream served daily, as though she paid a premium on his wares, instead of expecting a considerable reduction.

Her wardrobe was steadily replenished. To quote her oft-repeated saying, "It is poor economy to allow one's garments to run short; better to add a little continually." And how was this economy practiced? By a timely mention: "I trust I do not offend Friends by wearing this bonnet, which is somewhat soiled." Or, more pointedly, "Mercy, why does thee permit me to appear at meeting in a gown that thee would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hesitate to wear?" And immediately the new dress and the new bonnet were forthcoming.

Did one of Friend Biddle's daughters remonstrate against a lavish expenditure in this direction, the good mother mollified her by answering, "Perhaps thee does not realize what it would be to have nothing of thy very own."

Then, too, Tabitha was so dainty in her ways, so irreproachably "Friendly" in all the bearing of her garments, that it was an æsthetic delight to watch her walk into meeting. More than once she was mistaken for the proprietor of the establishment whose benefits she enjoyed, and without the faintest embarrassment she would say, "Yes, my lot has fallen in pleasant places. Mercy and I take great comfort in the gifts of our Creator."

Perhaps the most serious trial that her neighbor ever passed through with her was in regard to a certain new variety of raspberry, then very valuable, and of which Jonathan Biddle had procured a half dozen roots. These he had cultivated with extreme care, and had watched and patiently awaited the ripening of a few clusters of delicious-looking fruit. He had destined them for the refreshment of a certain Friend, many years an invalid, and he had already spoken to his own household in reference to this disposition. It must have been a trial, therefore, when the good man, wandering through his garden after tea, one evening, saw Tabitha Treadwell calmly gathering the reward of his horticultural labors. As he related the story to Mercy, Jonathan admitted that a strain of impatience crept into his voice as he discovered his loss.

"Tabitha," he said, "I can but think thee is taking great liberty in my garden."

The plump face, rosy with health and exercise, turned full upon him, and the calm voice responded, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof;" then Tabitha continued to gather the berries, and Jonathan found his immediate way back to the house. Later in the evening he made a call upon the invalid for whom the fruit was originally destined, and, to his surprise, saw on a stand beside the bed a clear glass bowl filled with the choice product of his bushes.

"Look, Jonathan," said the sick man with a pleased air, "behold the result of a kindly thought in the mind of Tabitha Treadwell. I had not realized how varied is the handiwork of the Creator in this direction. I must beg thee to taste these berries;" and the aggrieved man partook of his own fruit, and extolled its excellence. Then he walked home with a humble heart, querying within himself what possible difference it could make who bore the present to the poor invalid.

"Tabitha's thought was as kindly as my own," he murmured, "and I rejoice that the Spirit of the Lord turned my wrath into an occasion of blessing."

The Scotch Diminutive. — Charles Lever, although a Protestant Irishman and a loyal British subject, seems never to have had much patience with the Scotch, and particularly resents certain un-Irish qualities displayed by such Scotchmen as have cast their lot in Ireland. There appears to be something in the thrift, the stinginess, the honest dishonesty, of a frugal Scottish emigrant that is peculiarly distasteful to a true Irishman. The latter has no indulgence for the overreaching which makes a shrewd bargain, even if all its terms are faithfully adhered to (this being a Scotch characteristic); while Pat, on the other hand, has the deepest and most chivalrous sympathy with the man who evades the payment of all his debts whatsoever, and stands ready to shoot the process-server.

But to return to Lever. In the pages of this novelist certain Scotch characters are made the objects of much hearty ridicule because of their propensity to diminutives, especially illustrated in the converse of daily life. To an Irishman, it seems little less than mockery for a man to address his boy as "bairnie" when about to administer the rod and richly deserved discipline, or to allude to his ill-fed and oft-berated hound as "dōggie." And yet everywhere in Scotland we find this tendency to apply diminutives to everything that is familiar in current life. Its use even smacks of the patriarchal sentiment, and quite as much betokens ownership as petting affection. In this way Robert Burns took almost everything in Scotland under his patriarchal wing, and attached the badge of affectionate ownership to the foods and drinks, the cattle, the fields, the brooks of his native land; if tradition speaks aright, he was himself included in this category of privileged chattelage by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all who knew him, and by many who deplored him. He was ever "Robbie" Burns to his friends, and "Burnie" to his critics. Probably no other man writing the English language, or any dialect thereof, has been so much beloved: and this not alone because of his obvious faults, which make us all seem virtuous by contrast; not alone, as George William Curtis remarks, because his penitence for those faults was most sincere and simply rendered; but partly, we trust, because he inculcated a warmer and more loving view of his species, a more childlike faith in God, and an unfailing readiness to bestow abundantly the charity he did himself need so much.

Home-makers, home-stayers, home-defenders, preëminently, are the Scotch; is it any wonder that their home-endearing phraseology appeals to the world? The diminutive has for some reason been used to imply love of the gentler order, which obtains in households, rather than the more vivid passion which ornaments and gives motive to the drama, and doubtless has its origin in the maternal shibboleth. By being everywhere repeated and echoed, this fond coinage has come to be the language naturally applied to children, animals, and all things claiming our protection or indulgence. The Teutonic and Latin peoples also address every child with the *du* or the *tu* (or some equivalent therefor); and even our harsher English phrasing seeks to make vagrant childhood the property of all manhood and womanhood by addressing every small boy as "bub" or "sonny," who in turn retorts with "pop"!

The Table of Contents.

— "But don't you see," a writer for the magazines was heard saying, "that my contribution" — referring to a short story in a leading monthly — "is given a killing environment; that the hanging committee have sandwiched it with an essay and a poem that do for it all that unfavorable companion pieces can do for a picture in an exhibition?"

It was a new suggestion; and yet how many of us do scan the table of contents as we would a sheet of music. How much our appreciation of an article depends upon the impression made, the flavor left, by that which precedes it! And then who has not had one's estimate of an article entirely changed by what followed in its wake? Surely, the making-up of the *menu* must be as serious an affair with the magazine editor as it is with all givers of feasts. The individuality of the magazine — and what a marked individuality each magazine has! — depends so much upon the table of contents, upon its *tout ensemble* when first seen. I have a friend who declares that he can tell what magazine, if any, a grown-up family has been chiefly raised upon. He holds that each one of the leading monthlies leaves an unmistakable stamp upon its constant readers. "In war times," he asks, "could we not, in college, pick out the boys who had been brought up on the Tribune? Was there any mistaking those who had been bred upon the Liberator?" Speaking of this in a literary circle, some one remarked that the surest way of preventing the rising generation from reading so much trash as does the present (the extent of this reading may be seen in the enormous sales of books which can be called nothing else) would be to encourage those libraries which are largely patronized by public-school children to circulate as widely as possible, in place of the books now mainly called for and given out, the best of the monthly magazines. Why is not that a suggestion worth considering?

Heterophemy.

— Heterophemy, the curious disease which consists in using one word when meaning to use an entirely different one, gives rise to many amusing combinations. An old lady living in a town on the Hudson River is thus afflicted. She is tall and stately in appearance, courtly and gracious in manner, and this makes her incongruous sentences all the more ridiculous. Strange to say, she herself is totally unconscious of her infirmity, for the family, friends, and even the servants endeavor to save her from the mortification she would feel.

Not long ago, when she was recovering from a serious illness, the bishop of the diocese chanced to be making his annual visitation, and at the suggestion of the rector they went together to call upon Mrs. Drew.

She was delighted to see them, and entertained them with her usual grace and cordiality. The conversation naturally touched upon her illness, and her thankfulness at her recovery, which for a time had been despaired of.

Presently she turned to the bishop, say-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing earnestly, "My dear bishop, let us have a little drop."

The startled prelate glanced at the rector. He, knowing his old friend's infirmity, cast about in his mind for her probable meaning.

"Bishop," repeated the old lady seriously, "let 's have a little drop."

"Certainly, Mrs. Drew," interposed the rector, waiting for her to make some move which might disclose her meaning. But Mrs. Drew waited expectantly, also.

"If you have not your Vade Mecum with you, there is a Prayer-Book," she said, after a moment.

The rector, with a sigh of relief, turned to the bishop. "Mrs. Drew will be glad to have you *read prayers* with her," he said quietly.

Prayers were read, and then the gentlemen prepared to take leave.

"Your visit has been a pleasure," Mrs. Drew said warmly. "Now, Mr. Belknap, won't you take this little boy home to your dear wife, with my best love."

For a moment Mr. Belknap wondered if she could mean the bishop, but she relieved his mind by lifting a magnificent bunch of roses from a vase on the table.

Allied to this is another form of misspeech, to which most of us are occasionally subject, — the exchange of syllables. A certain young lady, who, to her intense mortification, often reverses her vowels thus, says she is entirely unconscious of it, even after speaking.

One summer evening she was sauntering with a friend towards the village post-office of the little town where they were staying. On the way they encountered an acquaintance with a handful of letters.

"Ah, good evening," she said, in her peculiarly gracious, suave manner. "Are you strailing out for your mole ?"

The mystified young woman made some inarticulate reply and passed on. As soon as the friend could recover her gravity, she gasped, "I suppose you intended to ask Miss May if she was *strolling* out for her *mail ?*"

The same young lady was relating a sad story of various misfortunes which had overwhelmed a dear friend.

"Think," she concluded pathetically, "of losing husband, children, property, and home at one swell foop !" And a howl of laughter rent the roof.

The sister of the young woman in question recently accepted the position of instructor of Latin and Greek in a well-known girls' school.

"Miss Brown," asked an acquaintance, joining her as she stood, one evening, with a group of friends, "where is your sister, Miss Helen, now ?"

"Helen is teaching Latin in a young ladies' cemetery in ——," responded Miss Brown promptly.

"An appropriate place," broke in an irrepressible youth, "for her to teach *dead* languages."

One more example : —

Pupil in Greek class : "Does that mean that the canals grew smaller and smaller as they got further from the river, or that from the main canal there were little ditches branching off ?"

Teacher (hurriedly). "Little britches dancing off. Next."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED